MAR 22 1921

Everybody's Magazine

Univ of Mich
Gen Libr
Ann Arbor Mich
NOV23

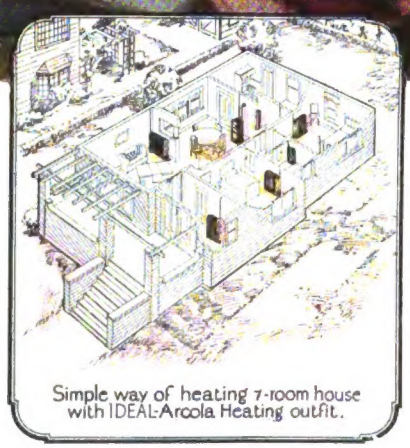
GENERAL LIBRARY
MAR 22 1921
UNIV. OF MICH.

APRIL 1921
25¢

Fiction:

KENYON GAMBIER—A Complete Novelette
WILLIAM J. NEIDIG **FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT**
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW **A. S. M. HUTCHINSON**
SAMUEL MERWIN **GEORGE F. WORTS** **DORNFORD YATES**

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Simple way of heating 7-room house with IDEAL-Arcola Heating outfit.

A Warm-all-over Home

THE Change of Seasons passes unnoticed in the home that is fortunate enough to enjoy the advantages of "ARCOLA Hot Water Warmth." The raw, damp days of Spring cease to be disagreeable. Indoor life has a new charm.

Just now—but a little warmth is required to remove the chill from the home, and this cannot be accomplished more economically or faithfully than with an ARCOLA Heating Outfit.

Every small home should have ARCOLA Hot Water Heat—it is a profitable investment returning generous dividends in fuel saving, comfort and protection of the family's health.

The IDEAL-ARCOLA gives low-cost healthful warmth, through hot-water radiators, to the small home, store or school. Places the cottage, with or without cellar, on the heating plane of the First Mansion in the Land. Replaces stoves, leaks no coal gas, wastes no heat up chimneys. Heats all rooms on less fuel than a stove requires for one room. Complete system, installed by your local dealer, costs but little more than a stove for each room; and far less than the old expense for a hot-water heating system.

Write for illustrated catalog showing open views of IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit installations in 4, 5, 6 or 7-room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools and small business buildings.

Ideal-ARCOLA Heating Outfits

IDEAL

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 20, 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago · Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He sells Magnet Wire on a totally new basis

When the Acme Wire salesman calls on you, think of him not as a man who sells insulated magnet wire at a price, but as a man who offers you a very tangible service, applied to your own *winding problems*.

He sells wire that "*goes in the space*"—wire so uniform, so free from lumps and bare spots and imperfections, that it winds better coils in less time than other wire not made to so high a standard of *winding efficiency*.

He sells wire that has proved itself as effecting savings in winding costs of from 10% to 20%—because it will better meet actual winding conditions.

He sells wire that makes your operators more productive and better satisfied—wire that will enable you to cut your coil costs, or to make better coils at no greater costs.

And in these days of close figuring on costs, the Acme salesman is bringing forward again the important factor so often overlooked during the past three rush years—the factor of low-cost *winding*.

Let the Acme Wire man show you how his wire performs in the winding room; how cheap wire does not necessarily mean low-priced coils.

Acme Wire products include: "Enamelite," plain enameled Magnet Wire; "Cottonite," Cotton-covered "Enamelite," "Silkenite," Silk-covered "Enamelite"; Single and Double Cotton Magnet Wire; Single and Double Silk Magnet Wire. We also have a complete organization for the winding of coils in large production quantities. Our new illustrated catalog will be sent to Engineers and Purchasing Agents on request.

THE ACME WIRE CO., New Haven, Conn.
NEW YORK CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Some Users of Acme Magnet Wire

American Bosch Magneto Corporation
Bijur Motor Appliance Co.
Century Electric Co.
Crocker-Wheeler Co.
Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.
Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Delco Light Co.
Domestic Electric Co.
Eisemann Magneto Corp.
Emerson Electric Mfg. Co.
Ford Motor Co.
General Electric Co.
Holtzer Cabot Electric Co.
Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
Klaxon Co.
Robbins & Myers Co.
Sangamo Electric Co.
Scovill Mfg. Co.
Simms Magneto Co.
Westinghouse E. & M. Co.
Willys Corporation (Auto Lite Division)

Acme Wire

"*It goes in the space*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 4 APRIL, 1921 Vol. XLIV

CONTENTS

THE BLACK ROOMS IN THE HILLTOP INN. A Complete Novelette
A whimsical romance seasoned with a touch of mystery — KENYON GAMBIER — 5
PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS by A. P. MILNE

QUEER NOISES. A Business Romance — FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT — 9
A story of woolen mills and petticoats
ILLUSTRATED by J. HENRY

THE OTHER SIDE OF AL JOLSON. American Entertainers Series
Disclosing the white man under the burnt cork — GEORGE S. KAUFMAN — 16

THE BEACH OF VANALONA. A South-Seas Adventure
Savage natives open a game wherein a woman dices with Fate — BEATRICE GRIMSHAW — 18
ILLUSTRATED by HARVEY DUNN

A TRICK OF MEMORY. A Humorous Story — DORNFORD YATES — 25
Of a fickle dog, a business-like burglar, and an impromptu reception
ILLUSTRATED by GALE HOSKINS

DETOUR—ROAD WASHED OUT. A Story — GEORGE F. WORTS — 32
A modern knight-errant wields a pitchfork for a lady fair
ILLUSTRATED by NORMA VIRGIN

THE FIREBUG. A Detective Story — WILLIAM J. NEIDIG — 39
One Mr. Weiler devises an ingenious arson plot
ILLUSTRATED by H. FISK

IF WINTER COMES. V. A Serial Story — A. S. M. HUTCHINSON — 46
Effie Bright comes to Penny Green, and Sabre stands a night watch
ILLUSTRATED by L. PERN BIRD

PROSE OR WORSE — GRIDLEY ADAMS — 53
Why Constant Reader laughs when Friend Editor nods
ILLUSTRATED by STUART HAY

SAMUEL PERKINS, UNABLE MARINER. A Story — WYNDHAM MARTYN — 54
A harsh parent gets an involuntary treatment of sea air
ILLUSTRATED by H. FISK

THE GUILD OF PETER PANS — ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT — 63
Footlight favorites who have discovered the fountain of youth

IN RED AND GOLD. VIII. A Serial Story (Conclusion) — SAMUEL MERWIN — 64
Hui Fei, Dixie Carmichael, Rocky, and Doane go their respective ways
ILLUSTRATED by LEROY BALDRIDGE

CALL IT WHAT YOU PLEASE. A Story — VETA HURST GRIGGS — 70
Love takes a box seat at the theatre
ILLUSTRATED by WALTER J. DUNCAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 76
ILLUSTRATED by STUART HAY

VERSE, by CHARLES BUXTON GOING, JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD, EDMUND LEAMY — 15, 38, 45

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 3

FRONTISPIECE: The Village Smithy — 4

COVER by LESLIE THRASHER

GEORGE F. WORTS

VETA HURST GRIGGS

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Issued monthly.

Yearly subscription, $2.75 in advance.

Single copy, twenty-five cents.

Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

Copyright, 1921, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.

Entered as Second-Class Matter August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT — C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.

SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With

EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WE HAD the opportunity lately to read through several hundred communications from magazine readers, all written within the period of a month. From the courteous but perfectly frank expression of such a body of opinion there was much wisdom to be harvested.

It is a temptation to share with you many things brought out by these letters—to ask you to tell us if you are in agreement with the likes and dislikes of their writers, but we humanely refrain.

From the whole correspondence we select a single theme. One which, emphasized or subordinated, ran throughout—Fiction.

No matter how divergent the views as to the utility or futility of other topics treated or departments carried, there was unanimity in the demand for fiction. Of course preference for this or that writer was freely avowed, as well as for types of fiction, and the old battle over the serial versus the short story or the complete novelette was fought again vigorously. But folks far less clever than the Big Four at Paris could have found the basis for a speedy and lasting settlement in a program of more fiction.

Briefly, we found in this correspondence, as we have on the news-stands and in our Subscription Department, strong support for the policy which has given you month by month a larger proportion of fiction in *Everybody's*, and the reasons are not obscure.

Where a few years ago you had to depend on what we all knew as the "general magazines" for informative articles on politics, science, the arts, business, and a score of special topics, to-day there is intense magazine specialization in these topics. A perfect example, and we cheerfully present the advertising herein involved to our contemporary, is the *National Geographic Magazine*.

Trained to the task of gathering the pictures and facts illuminating the far corners of the earth and with no other demands upon their space, the highly specialized staff and writers for that publication can best serve a keen appetite for such material. But imagine, if you will, that same staff trying to pan out from thousands of fiction manuscripts coming to *Everybody's*, the true goal worthy of presentation to *its* readers.

No. It is a better-balanced world when Homer tells its tales and Herodotus its history or geography.

And how old the telling of tales!

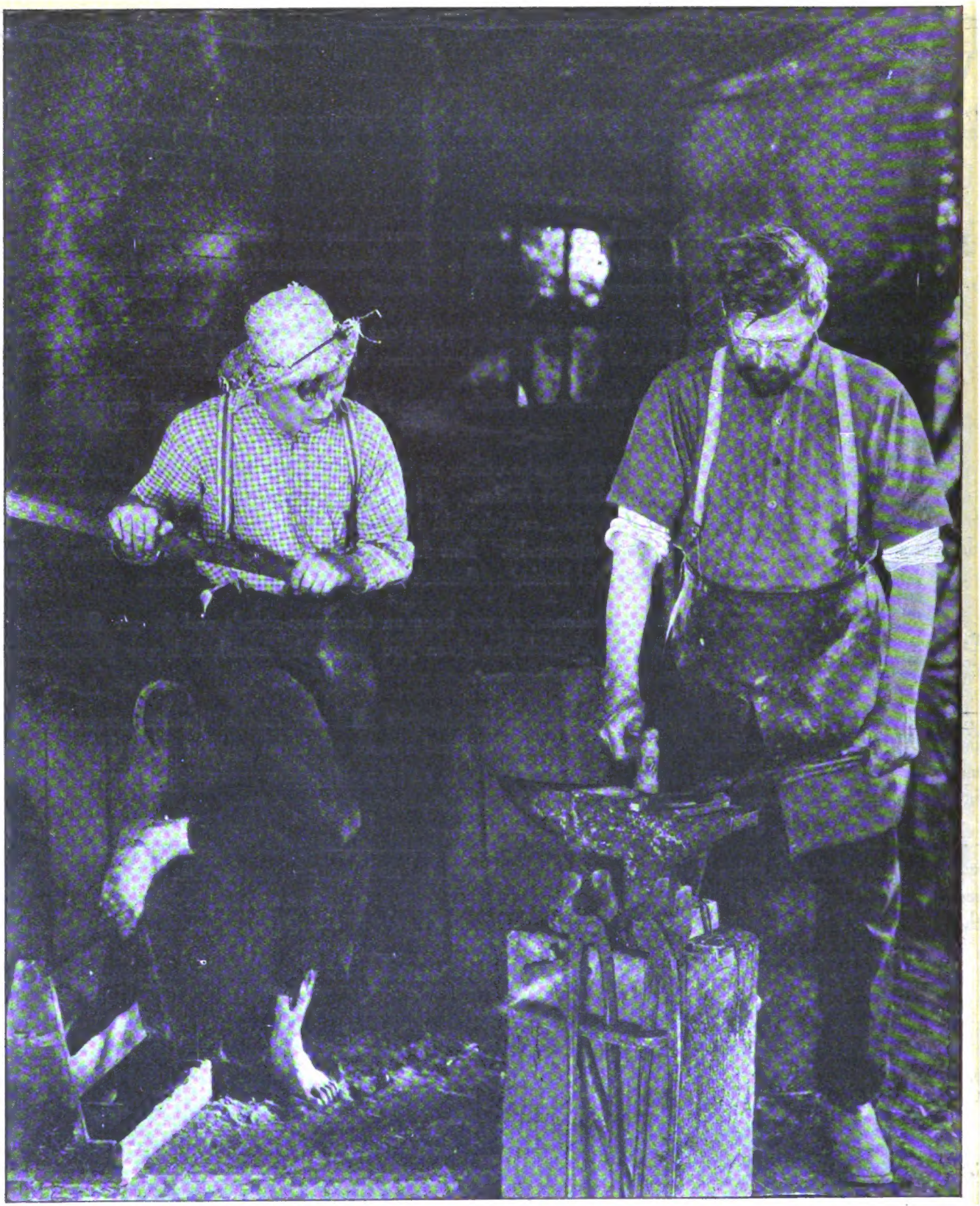
Exactly, so the London *Times* Literary Supplement informs us, two hundred and two years ago was printed the first "serial." Would you guess it to have been "Robinson Crusoe" serialized by De Foe in his *Original London Post* in 1719? A fact, and so popular that while the periodical itself has vanished, torn-out portions of "Robinson Crusoe" remain, for that year.

And here is Thoreau, for once almost lyrical, saying:

> All nations have the same jests and tales—Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and the same translated do for all. All men are children, and all one family. The same tale sends all of them to bed and wakes them in the morning. Joseph Wolff, the missionary, distributed copies of "Robinson Crusoe" translated into Arabic among the Arabs and they made a great sensation. "Robinson Crusoe's adventure and wisdom," says he, "were read by Mohammedans in the market-places of Hoyeda and Loheya, and admired and believed. On reading the book the Arabians exclaimed, 'But that Robinson Crusoe must have been a great prophet!'"

And even now, because the Henry Jones of to-day may be the De Foe of to-morrow, editors search eagerly through manuscripts, and readers through stories for the new "Robinson Crusoe."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Charles Ray as Ezra *in "The Old Swimmin' Hole."*

The Village Smithy.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FOUR APRIL, 1921 VOLUME XLIV

The girl saw a woman sitting before a warm fire, so propped with cushions that she could rest without disturbing a broad starched ruff.

The Black Rooms in the Hilltop Inn

A Novelette Complete in this Issue

By Kenyon Gambier

Author of "The White House and the Red-Haired Girl," "The Girl on the Hilltop," etc.

It is a splendid party that Mr. Gambier takes us to at an old Gloucestershire inn, made merry by the presence of smart society assembled for a gorgeous masque. Once the guest of honor—an American girl—appears on the scene there is an uninterrupted chain of exciting events culminating in a sumptuous wedding supper.

Chapter One

The Wedding Supper

THE Cotswold Hills of Gloucestershire, in England, are bounded on the north and east by the Vale of White-Horse hounds and on the south and west by the Badminton and Berkeley packs. This had been the simple geography of old Bill Ganter, a sportsman dead at ninety-three years, who had inherited, owned, lived in and left to his great-granddaughter the Cornish Chough, a roadside inn snuggled below crowded cypresses and spruces on a Cotswold hilltop. He had seen the distant western sky turn pink at the burning of Bristol in the reform riots of the early nineteenth century; had lighted the Victoria Coronation beacon bonfire and its Jubilee successor fifty years later; and in

Copyright, 1921, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the meantime had mourned the departure of the glories of his house.

Though the railways had not come within sight of his hilltop home, they had robbed him of his customers. The thirty stage-coaches which had daily changed horses at his home had one by one been laid away to rot and rust; the two hundred head of horses in his stables had dwindled to two for the farm, a cobby pony and two good hunters; the post-chaises had disappeared; the post-boys had long ago drunk themselves to death in despair at a changed world; but old Bill Ganter had hunted with the fox-hounds three days a week up to his eightieth year, and had smoked a weekly pipe with old Squire Pethick up to the year before he died.

After that happened, the conifers crept closer, the slow yews showed somber dark among the spruces, and the house from down the valley looked like a well-kept giant tombstone in a wild graveyard. Inside it was snug and cozy; Rachel Ganter saw to that. The fishermen who came when the mayfly was up; the hunting folk who stopped there of a morning for a bite and a sip; the antiquaries who were lured by the old oak and the Jacobean interior; the shepherds and the carters and the small farmers who came sometimes on a Saturday night: all these basked in the warmth of great wood fires and drank sound old home-brewed and ate ham and eggs or bread and crumbly old double Gloucester cheese.

Then mad Goreham Pethick, home on vacation from Mexico, started a rotting old mill-wheel half a mile away, carried wires over tree-tops, and starred a thousand lights in the Cornish Chough. He put down a maple floor in the square inner courtyard into which the coaches had been used to come. He stretched a canvas roof and thus made a spacious ballroom surrounded by the four balconied inner walls of the house, which rose in carved oaken tiers. He transformed the large dining-room, where half-frozen passengers had once thawed out, and snatched hasty meals while horses were changing, into a supper-room lighted by myriads of fantastically colored electric sparks. All this was for one night only, and for one girl—an American girl.

WHEN this night came, the hilltop flare alarmed foxes and pheasants in the coverts, startled sheep in the fields, excited the whole countryside, almost brought the volunteer fire department from Cirencester, and became a summons and a guide to invited guests from half the county. Among the converging automobiles was one driven by a young lady who had no companion. She wore a heavy fur coat with a turned-up collar which met her fur cap above her ears and left visible only her eyes and nose. Her hands, though uncovered, were warm, for she was driving a hired machine which required coaxing on the short, sharp uphill runs and much shifting of the hand-brake on the down dips. She had come through Cirencester on main roads, but now she watched alertly lest she take the wrong turning and for the fork which should lead her to the hilltop.

At a cross-road she stopped by the sign-post, stood up and flashed a torch. Not close enough, she got out and read. She glanced down the road and saw a small bundle of fur which seemed to be swiftly but invisibly dragged toward the lights of her automobile. It catapulted into her ankles, and she stooped swiftly and grasped the rabbit by the ears. She leaped to her seat just in time to escape the pursuing dog, who checked, puzzled, then jumped at her. Her doubled fist luckily caught him full on his muzzle. He slipped backward and did not come again. As she drove on she could feel through her heavy fur the beating of the tiny heart.

SHE had no further need of sign-posts. Automobiles were centering and before long hers was one of a dozen in procession. These turned into the brilliantly lighted approach to the Cornish Chough; but the girl kept on till all was darkness. Then she twisted the automobile into a clump of ragged pines, shut off her lights, dropped the rescued rabbit softly to the ground, and made her way back along the gloomy road. Overtaking equipages twice forced her into the trees, where she picked her steps by tiny flashes from her torch. She found a path, but it led to the farm-yard and lights and parked autos, and so she made a circuit, her feet crunching crisply on the light frosted grass. As she approached a tree, she heard the soft, half-protesting, wholly willing giggle of a country girl who is being hugged by a man.

She stepped back on tiptoe and went round. Music burst out, sounding so close in the still clear air that she jumped; yet she was two hundred yards away, outside the faintest line of light which came from great lamps hung in the trees in front of the house. She followed the edge of the paddock, a heavy belt of spruces on her left. She heard footsteps, but she could no more than stand in the shadows, pressed against the close wire-netting fence which kept the rabbits in the wood from coming to the grass. A man clumsily got over the netting not ten feet away and plodded across; a gamekeeper, she thought, for she could just make out that he carried a gun. She ran now, for she heard him whistling, and she thought of the rabbit-scent on her fur coat. The coat alone, she knew, would rouse the sporting instinct of any country dog, but combined with rabbit-scent would excite to frenzy. She had forgotten that when she had rescued the scuttling ball of fur.

She turned inward now, for she saw, as she had hoped, that one side of the house was dark; a stile, then a door in a high wall, which opened to her touch; she was in the kitchen garden, and she hurried breathless by the side of leafless apple-trees, trained *en espalier*, which looked like gaunt, stretched fingers. A gate, locked; she dropped her hand-bag over and vaulted. From beneath a drawn blind on the ground floor of the looming house came a line of light. The girl peered in. She saw a woman sitting before a warm fire, so propped with cushions that she could rest without disturbing a broad starched ruff. Where this woman was not starched and stiff she was whaleboned to iron severity; and her impatient twists showed how irksome was this Georgian harness. She was fat and pleasantly ruddy of face and jolly looking, and she was evidently basking in so far as her dress would let her.

The watching girl studied the woman for a minute, turned, and found a side door. As she opened, the music struck so sharply on her ears that it seemed a fanfare of welcome centering all eyes on her; but no eyes were there to see. She went hurriedly through the bar-parlor and entered the presence of the Georgian woman without pausing to knock.

Rachel Ganter, seeing a cloaked and hooded figure and hearing the clicking of a shot bolt, bounded to her feet with astonishing agility. She laid a plump hand on the broad embroidered bell-pull which hung down the wall, silently watched the intruder unpeeling from wraps, and lowered her arm as a tall, slim, vivid girl briskly advanced.

"I am a guest of Mr. Pethick," this girl said calmly, fixing persuasive dark-blue eyes on Miss Ganter. "I have a bet of one dozen pairs of gloves that I will not be discovered by Mr. Pethick before we unmask."

The sporting landlady chuckled with instant comprehension. She put a finger on her lip as a tap came at the door and the handle was turned. The girl, incredibly swift in her movements, had flung bag and cloak beneath a sofa and herself behind a curtain before Miss Ganter had reached the door. But her precautions were unnecessary, for the landlady opened no more than an inch.

"I'm having a rest, Maggie," she said. "I'm that tired. What is it?"

"Please, Miss Ganter, Mr. Gorey—oh, he do look splendid—he wants to know who's that supper for in the Black Rooms?"

"Oh, he does, does he? And what was he doing on this side?"

"He said as he'd took the whole 'ouse, Miss, and——"

"YOU can just say as you heard Miss Ganter tell as she wasn't putting up for herself with no suppers down from London, with sparrows in white sauce miscalled ortolans, and turkeys stuffed with tinned tongue and misnamed boned turkey, and minced veal mouthfuls as is so-called chicken patties. You say them rooms is Miss Ganter's to-night and that's Miss Ganter's supper. Here, Maggie, don't be in such a hurry. Just say Miss Ganter's compliments and she's dressed up to please Mr. Gorey, and she's going to eat to please herself. Maggie! Here! Say Miss Ganter's compliments and she will explain. That's all. Now, what are you waiting for? Run along."

Miss Ganter shot the bolt again. "This house is fairly topsyturvy, Miss," she said, turning. "I wouldn't have allowed it for nobody but a Pethick. But it's been the rule here in all the two hundred years as us Ganters have had this place that what a Pethick wants, he must have. They was Cornish, you know, Miss, and when one of 'em married in Gloucestershire he brought my great-grandfather's father along with him as butler and set him up when he retired. And that's how we come to have the picture of that thieving Cornish jackdaw on our sign-board. Not as——"

"I quite understand, Miss Ganter." The interruption was a trifle abrupt, but the voice was charming, the manner attractive. "About me? I could never win my bet if my people knew I was coming. We have a large house-party. Some one would give me away."

Miss Ganter chuckled again. "And quite right, too, Miss—Miss——?"

An instant's pause; the young lady's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

She was suddenly seized by her impetuous host. "It is old-fashioned to tango," he said, "but only South Americans know or ever did know how."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

smile was engaging. "'What a Pethick wants, he must have,'" she quoted. "And if you knew, and he asked you?" She paused and her eyes pleaded.

A ticklish moment; Miss Ganter eyed this well-dressed, well-bred girl with a look that demanded full confidence.

The astute girl promptly obeyed the unspoken command.

"I am supposed to be away," she ran on. "I motored here alone. I have nothing in my bag but a pair of slippers. I have heard of you, Miss Ganter. Everybody has. I trusted to you. And I know I can trust you. I'm Tip Turner, and I'm staying at Andover Hall."

The Georgian landlady beamed. "That's a long way off, Miss Turner," she said.

"It is so," was the answer. "I'm tired already."

Miss Ganter promptly produced sandwiches and a glass of sherry, which latter she drank herself when the girl refused. "You won't talk that way, Miss Turner, when the music's got into your toes. There's plenty more," she added hospitably as she watched the girl munch.

A loud step without, a thunderous bang on the door, an abrupt lift at the latch, an imperious voice; Tip Turner leaped to hiding, her mouth half-full, a sandwich in her hand; Miss Ganter opened and jumped back with a little squeal.

"Why, Mr. Gorey," she cried; "you frightened me."

Gorham Pethick swaggered to the table. "Some of the old sherry?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Gorey. The *solera* from your father's cellar." She handed him a glass and stood between him and the curtain, staring at his dress. He wore buckskin trousers with thick fringes all down the legs, and they widened ludicrously at the bottom over dancing-pumps. The breast of his blue shirt was heavily embroidered; his tie was of the same brilliant crimson as the sash wound around his waist. His short jacket was heavy with gold bullion. A band of bullion also adorned the sombrero. Its brim was so broad that Rembrandt himself could hardly have painted the black shadow over the face.

She gave another little squeal as he lifted his hand to pour the wine.

"ON THE other hand, too," he said. "Fourteen rings altogether." He set down his glass and twiddled his fingers, enjoying the sparkles from the facets. "I have to do it," he said, "to be in the costume. Zapata, the biggest bandit of them all, wore more than that. I bought these from Alvarado, one of his lieutenants. Loot, of course; snatched, perhaps, from a lady's fingers, maybe from a dead woman's hand. Makes them all the more interesting, I think. Do you see that one, Miss Rachel?" He pointed to one on his little finger. "That's for you to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, Mr. Gorey. I'm wearing no murdered women's rings."

He laughed. "Jolly good stuff, that." He smacked his lips. "I say; the Black Rooms; that supper?"

Miss Ganter took a card from the high chimney-piece. "Mr. Richard Starr Wainwright," she read. "The gentleman ordered before you did, and I couldn't cancel him because I hadn't his address."

"But he hasn't come?"

"No."

"He won't now. That's a bridal outfit, Miss Rachel."

"Yes, men don't order orchids and a bushel of chrysanthemums and send in strawberries and such like unless for brides. They've come and gone, Mr. Gorey, that's my opinion. Do you think any bride would suppose she was coming to a select quiet place and then find this madhouse, as you have made it this night, and not say, 'Drive on?'"

The Mexican pushed back his sombrero and laughed. "Where I am, things happen," he said complacently. "Lady Throicey and Miss Westerholme and I will eat that supper, Miss Rachel. What do you say to that?"

"THAT there's a duchess coming," she answered drily, "and two marchionesses, and a lord-lieutenant and——"

"Hang precedence," he broke in impatiently. "We'll slip away from the ball supper. Keep up a big fire. It looks jolly cozy in there, and it will just suit Miss Westerholme."

"If Mr. Wainwright should come——"

"Nonsense. It's nine o'clock."

"And your guests arriving, Mr. Gorey."

"That's so." He twiddled his sparkling fingers in her face and swaggered away.

Miss Ganter stared after him. "If his father could see what them foreign parts had turned him into," she muttered, shaking her head; then she turned. "Feel up the panel, Miss, and push the hasp. I'll follow. There's too much interruption here."

Tip Turner obeyed directions, mounted steep stairs, and found herself in a large bedroom where mellow firelight played on mahogany furniture polished to velvet surfaces of tawny port-wine color by successive generations of strong-armed country girls.

Miss Ganter followed shortly, laden. "Your cloak, Miss," she said, "and your bag; and here's a domino and mask, or there's more and better where this come from." She pointed to her dress, and opened a curved-fronted drawer in the big tallboy. The girl sniffed the scent of lavender released from this receptacle and watched Rachel Ganter.

"You've read of them perhaps, Miss," the latter cried in triumph, "but you never saw a skirt before that would stand alone." The firelight seemed to cascade down the stiff folds of the yellow, lace-flounced brocade. "Would you rather, Miss Turner; that or a domino? The folds are a little thin after a hundred years, but it's been well cared for."

"Oh, your choicest old treasures, Miss Ganter——"

"Yours and welcome, for to-night, Miss. Pethicks ain't everybody. You teach him."

A touch of malice was perceptible. The director of the London catering firm had almost ordered her from the supper-room. The conductor of the celebrated string band had abruptly demanded another bedroom for himself. The artist decorator had snubbed her. The owner of the Cornish Chough had suffered one humiliation after another; and to-night she was a cipher in her own house. She bustled about, produced mellow old lace, stretched a fall to the vizard which would cover the mouth, got hot water, appearing and reappearing mysteriously from the steep stair wall. "You didn't notice when you came in," Miss Ganter explained with pride, "a secret door. They hid priests here in them Reformation days."

A half-hour later a supple daughter of Spain in a lace-flounced, lemon-colored dress twirled along the gallery on the tiptoe of youth, keeping time to the insistent music, and with the measured gliding footsteps on the fast-filling floor below. The lace mantilla hid the graceful outline of the long head, but it also effectively concealed a personality. Tip Turner knew that no one there could be more effectively disguised. Her voice alone could betray her. If she could only remember always to pitch it high; and did Goreham Pethick know that she spoke Spanish? She must chance that.

She passed along by the dressing-room. Ladies came and went in a medley of costumes, most of them only a pretense at disguise. Some were masked, others not; some dowagers were in evening dress only. Some of these, as always happens, looked askance at some of the dresses, which they called daring. Tip tried her tongue on a girl whom she knew. In broken English she asked the way downstairs. This fluffy-haired pierrette told her without suspecting that it was not a genuine inquiry from a stranger.

Below, by the improvised entrance, the swarthy Mexican stood, joyously welcoming his guests, whose names were announced by a herald. This herald wore a satin tabard, brilliantly embroidered with the arms of the Pethicks. These arms were mysteriously described in the language of heraldry thus: Argent, a fesse, gules, between six Cornish Choughs, proper. But the six black crows on the silver shield looked very well, for all that.

The masked and the mysterious sometimes gave their characters only. Thus came the strange combination: "Lord Abergellin and Psyche." So the beautiful young marchioness fixed forever on her stout elderly husband the soubriquet of Cupid. Tip Turner laughed, and a man whom she knew turned and looked; she was careful after that. A charming lady, note-book in hand, asked details for a London ladies' weekly.

"Has the little country party got as far as that?" asked Tip, in slow, broken English.

"We shall take a flashlight before supper, and we have a picture of the Black Rooms," the lady answered. "All antiquaries know those."

"Please say that Miss Theophila Turner was dressed as the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

THE lady laughed. "She was not beautiful," she said.

"A great gentleman adored her," was the answer.

Tip slipped in with a crowd, was announced in her suddenly assumed character amid amused smiles, and addressed her host in Spanish.

"Do I know you?" asked pleased Goreham Pethick in the same language, peering eagerly into her eyes. She explained that she was from Argentina, visiting the Arbuthnots at Andover Hall.

"But they're not coming?"

"No, but they let Mrs. Vallance bring me." She pronounced this name very

(*Continued on page 82*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Queer Noises

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

OLD man Delano made a success of the woolen business by a lifetime of toil. His son, Barney, has quite other ideas of management. Polo, fox hounds, and golf, for instance, require much of his time, and then there is a girl. Singularly enough, though, the business thrives under the new régime—a success for which Barney is obliged to pay handsomely in another direction. "Stranglehold," another business romance of the woolen industry, by Mr. Bartlett, will appear in EVERYBODY'S for May.

IF BARNEY DELANO, instead of wasting four years at college, had put that time into his father's woolen mill as the latter advised, he would at twenty-four have known something about the manufacture of cloth, instead of believing it to be more or less an automatic process starting at the dirty rear where bales of wool and shoddy were dumped, and coming out at the other end in the form of neatly wrapped parcels, ready to be converted through the front office into cash. On the other hand, it is doubtful if he would have known as much about golf and polo-ponies. His knowledge of the latter could not be put down as a dead loss because he had been able to turn it to some service for his government during the year and a half he was in France.

For that matter, his father also had, through his woolen mills, contributed his bit toward winning the war, although incidentally he added considerable to his fortune in the process. But this had meant night-and-day work which told seriously on the health of Delano, Senior. A man can not do that sort of thing at fifty-five, on top of a past that has called for from fifteen to eighteen hours a day of worry and attention to petty details, without feeling it.

Joshua Delano had learned the business from the bottom, and then, starting his own plant on a capital saved out of his hide, had literally lived in his mill from dawn until late at night. The result showed in his success, and under this final strain in the collapse that in April sent him to his bed, with the knowledge that his business career was over. And all he had to lean on in this emergency was a son who did not know wool from horsehair, a bobbin from a spool, serge from worsted.

BARNEY came down from college and talked the matter over with the doctors, who informed him that while Mr. Delano might recover to a point where he could hobble around, he must never again undertake active work.

"That's all right," answered Barney. "Why should he? I advised him to quit five years ago."

Barney was fond of his father, although he had never been able to agree with him on anything; but it was in just this way that Mrs. Delano all her life had been obliged to be fond of her husband. He was as he was, and people had to take or leave him on that basis. Most of those free to do so left him, but those who did not acquired a sort of taste for him that lasted for years. This was true of many of his employees who had stood by him ever since he established these mills in the pretty country town of Lancaster.

Sitting beside the long, lank form on the bed—it looked beneath the coverings extraordinarily long and lean—Barney tried his best to encourage his father. He himself was long and lank, but in a different way. His bones were covered with muscle and firm flesh that showed in the ease with which he handled his body. It gave almost the effect of indifference. This was reflected, too, in his somewhat drawling speech; also in his slouchy clothes, which were redeemed by the fact that they were of imported homespun and designed by a well-known tailor who made a specialty of just that effect. His features were almost as rugged as those of his father, but tempered by an easy good humor, particularly manifest in the gray-blue eyes and in the inclination of the big mouth to turn up in a half-smile at the slightest provocation. It was rare, however, that this developed into a laugh, but when it did it was sure to be a hearty one, with the well-shaped head thrown far back.

"Dad," he said, "all you've got to do from now on is to take life easy. That's all—every darned thing. Relax and don't worry—that's what the docs say. Simple, isn't it?"

The father turned his restless eyes to his son. "And what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I? That's sure one thing you don't have to worry about. My idea is to go back to college and finish out my course—only a couple months longer now. I'm on the 'varsity golf team and I want to see that through. Looks as though we had a cinch this season. With that cleaned up, I'll land back here and take up the reins. The little old mills seem to be running along smoothly enough now and I guess we can keep 'em going. Don't fret about that."

"You?" said the father.

That was all he said, but there was a world of meaning in his voice. It was lost, however, on Barney. He placed his firm hand on his father's sagging shoulder.

"Relax and don't worry," he concluded. "That's all there is to it."

DELANO, Senior relaxed all right because he had to. You can not accomplish much with legs which refuse to do your bidding. After a week or so he even succeeded, in a grim sort of way, in not worrying. Actually, he reasoned, he had lived his life. To all intents and purposes he was dead. It was possible, as the doctors said, he might hang on a few months, even a few years longer—not as a participant but merely as an observer. He would be, in a sense, his own ghost. He could call his own affairs concluded, just as though he had been buried and his estate administered. Undoubtedly he would have died intestate anyway, for he had always refused to face that final contingency. His present position gave him the advantage, seldom enjoyed, of being able to follow the course of events generally concluded at the death-bed.

Humor had never played a very important part in the life of Delano, Senior: it was commonly supposed he was devoid of that great attribute. It began to appear, however, that it was merely dormant or possibly held in subjection. At any rate he found himself chuckling, greatly to the alarm of his wife, over the possibilities in the present situation. Mrs. Delano could not be blamed if she felt uneasy about sitting alone in the room with him when every now and then that hard face suddenly brightened into a grin, and a cackle something like an exaggerated death-rattle came from the dry throat. Such amusement was unnatural. It was like laughter from a corpse. If he had only

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The thing that stuck was the picture she made with her hair blowing free, her eyes a bit of June sky, her teeth flashing, as they rode the leafy lanes together.

shared his joke with her, he might have relieved her of much anxiety

But he did not, he hugged it to himself jealously; this was his first jest and he was selfish about it.

"I'll land back here and take up the reins," the boy had said. "The little old mills seem to be running smoothly enough now and I guess we can keep 'em going. Don't fret about that."

No, he would not fret about that. He was out of it now and little difference it made to him. But Barney! This was going to be something worth watching. He was off playing golf now—knocking a rubber ball over the grass with a stick—and when he was through with that strenuous and brain-racking undertaking, he meant to fill in his idle time running those mills. And he hardly knew the front entrance from the rear; a carding-room from a spinning-room; shoddy from Australian wool. But he was going to keep those mills running smoothly. Never fear about that.

Lordy, but it was going to be worth all those mills had cost; all the sweat and worry and long hours; all the money which at the beginning had come so hard; to watch the boy get his lesson. If the property all went to pot, no matter. He had enough in outside investments to protect himself. Such a catastrophe would be only anticipating the future a few years. And from it the boy was bound to learn and perhaps appreciate.

He made that noise again and Mrs. Delano sprang from her chair.

"Joshua," she exclaimed, "don't you think I'd better summon the doctor?"

II

BARNEY helped to win the college golf championship that year and after this packed up his clubs and came back to Lancaster. Considering the discouraging reports his mother had written, he was surprised to find what seemed to him a decided improvement in his father.

"You wait until you hear—that noise," she shuddered.

"What's it like?" he asked.

"It's as though he were picking the covers," she answered.

Barney kept alert for the symptom during the first few days, but he never heard it. The lean face remained as immobile as ever when he was in the room and the voice was as he had always known it. Only once were his suspicions at all aroused. He came in one morning and his father asked:

"Begun work yet?"

"Not yet," answered Barney. "Guess there's no great hurry. I went by there yesterday and everything seemed to be running. Sort of want to get settled first."

His back was turned and he thought he caught a peculiar sound, but, though he swung around instantly, he found his father's face blank.

There was one important thing Barney wanted to get started before wasting time on anything else: a golf-club for the town. If he was going to be here indefinitely, he must provide himself with some means for preventing his game from getting rusty. So he had been around and sounded out some of the younger leading citizens of the town and found them, on the whole, enthusiastic.

The Carters were especially keen for it—particularly young Hugh and Nancy. Curious how that girl had grown up. He had not seen her for a couple of years and then she had been hardly worth noticing—just a rather scrawny, shy young thing without any significance whatever. Yesterday she met him with an assurance that forced him to address her as Miss Carter. Not only had her face and figure filled out, but her eyes had changed. They could not have grown any larger or bluer, because eyes do not change that way much after eighteen, but they had, if that is possible, deepened. He found himself turning back to them again and again with increasing interest. After he left he found himself remembering them with distinct pleasure.

Another fact that struck him as peculiar was the interest she displayed in the mills.

"It is fine," she had said, "that your father now has you to fall back on, isn't it?"

She spoke, he remembered, of a Robert Winsor she knew who was employed there

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as assistant agent. If he was not mistaken, he had heard his father mention him. He had a vague recollection that this was the chap who during the last few years had been flung in his face as a model of all an ambitious young man should be. He asked about him:

"I say, dad, isn't Winsor the bright young chap who has done all those things I should have done and left undone and so forth?"

"He knows his business. Met him?"

"Not yet, but I mean to look him up as soon as I get around to it."

"I don't suppose there is any hurry?"

"No immediate hurry."

There was more chasing around in connection with the golf-club than Barney had anticipated. Still that was not an unpleasant activity because he had brought down a couple of polo-ponies, and when it came to the selection of a site he found no trouble in persuading Miss Carter to mount one of them and ride with him.

Together they scoured the countryside for five miles around—a distinctly healthful and entertaining occupation. It gave him a new slant on the pleasures of a rural life, for Miss Carter was distinctly keen about it. And yet as he recalled those rides at the end of each day it seemed to him that he always did most of the talking. She had a way of tossing up her head, smiling and shooting a question at a man that got him started. He had a notion that in a few days he came pretty near to reviewing his entire life for her benefit. Generally, too, she managed to lead him back to the subject of the mills with mention in some form or other of young Winsor. But in the end the thing that stuck was the picture she made in her khaki riding-habit with her hair blowing free, her cheeks the color of red roses, her eyes a bit of June sky, her white teeth flashing between ruby lips, as they rode the leafy lanes together.

He considered it almost a misfortune when they finally ran across the farm that was so obviously what they wanted that no choice was left—a hundred acres of rolling fields and pastures, intersected by a brook, and with an old Colonial house ready as it stood for headquarters. The day they discovered it, Barney opened negotiations through the local lawyer, and this left him for the moment free.

HE TOOK advantage of this opportunity to visit the mills the next morning, riding down on his pony—rather a striking figure in his gray corduroy riding breeches, leather puttees, old army shirt and a Hunt Club polo cap. It was a pity that Delano, Senior could not have caught a glimpse of him. It would have brightened his day, as it did that of most of the villagers who saw him pass, for he rode like a cavalryman.

Leaving the pony to graze on the little plot of green before the mill, Barney strode in, passed a group of clerks threatened with apoplexy in their wild efforts to suppress their mirth, and made directly for his father's private office. The room had been closed for three months now. It smelled musty. He threw open the windows, lighted a cigaret and sat down in his father's chair. A moment later a quick-stepping, dark-haired, keen-eyed young man appeared. He paused at the entrance a second and then stepped in with outstretched hand.

"My name is Winsor," he announced.

Barney rose and grasped the hand. "Fine," he nodded. "You're just the man I want to see."

He liked the young fellow's grip. He liked his clear, unflinching eyes. He liked his thin straight nose and his firm but flexible mouth. Barney had met a good many young men in the last few years on polo fields and golf courses and it had been necessary to judge them. And after all, basic qualities are revealed quicker in sports than in business. The crises come faster and more often. He would expect young Winsor to play a hard game, a sincere game, an intelligent game, without perhaps the resourcefulness that comes with more flexibility. He would be apt to play so hard as to be a trifle muscle-bound. He might, too, be lacking in strategy. He would, however, be dependable and every well-balanced team needs one such man to offset the possible errors of the more brilliant players.

"Sit down," he suggested. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks—not till the end of the day."

Barney inhaled a deep puff and allowed the smoke to curl out lazily. "It looks," he said, "as though it is up to me to take over the management of these mills. The doctors say dad won't be able to come back."

"I'm sorry about Mr. Delano," said Winsor with honest feeling.

"I THINK we can put him on his feet again if we keep him out of here," said Barney. "In time I hope to get him on a horse. But one thing is certain; there won't be anything doing unless he forgets this little proposition. That's why I'm taking it on."

"I see," nodded Winsor. "Perhaps you'd like to go over the mills this morning."

"Why?" inquired Barney.

"It would give you a general idea of the property and from that you could work down to details."

"Thanks, but I can hear the wheels go around from here."

"Then perhaps you want to spend the morning on the books?"

"No," answered Barney decidedly. "I don't. That's a job for public accountants and I'll send for a team from Boston. Or you might do that yourself, Winsor, and let me know when they come."

"I'll do it at once."

Barney had finished his cigaret. He tossed the dead butt to the floor and Winsor leaned forward a little and stepped on it. Barney noted the act with approval. The cigaret was out, but Winsor was making assurance doubly sure. He could depend on this sort of man—even without Miss Carter's recommendation. He rose. It was stuffy in here even with the windows open. A sort of greasy atmosphere pervaded the room.

"Well," he drawled, "I guess that's everything. Of course the management will stay as it is with you as the active head. How long you been here?"

"I began as a boy of fifteen. It's most ten years now."

"Fine work. What salary you drawing?"

"Twenty-five hundred," answered Winsor.

After ten years—beginning as a bobbin boy! And that is what his father would have had Barney do.

"As soon as we find out where we stand, we'll see if we can't better that," said Barney.

Winsor flushed with the excitement of mere anticipation.

"I—I'd appreciate it if you could," he stammered.

III

THE accountants came and spent a week on the books, going back five years at Delano's request, and putting the result in plain English. For a modest fee they gave him an understandable digest of the business that he could not have acquired by himself in a year. This fact interested him quite as much as the profits that were revealed—a hundred per cent. on invested capital, jumping on war contracts to three hundred per cent., and promising this last year, even with the excess-profits tax out, close to two hundred per cent. It is doubtful if Delano, Senior ever stood in such full possession of all the data of his plant as Barney now did. This information had cost him only a few hours of his time and a few hundred dollars.

It brought home a truth he had been mulling over in college—a truth suggested to him by the endowment-fund campaign the alumni were conducting, which revealed so dramatically the position of the professors in the university. These big-calibered men, the pick of a group of their fellows who had spent from twenty-five to thirty years in hard study and original thinking, could be hired for from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars a year—the price of a few polo-ponies. And while waiting for a chance at this munificent salary they worried along for twenty years on scarcely more than a motor-man receives. These men, too, were the leaders in their profession. The little fellows had all been dropped by the wayside in smaller colleges and secondary schools where they would remain the rest of their poverty-stricken lives.

Their social position was pathetic enough, but it was the economic side that interested Barney—the fact that it was possible to hire able men at such a figure. Looking about, he saw that the same situation existed to some degree through the business world; that for a pittance of a salary it was possible to hire men of extraordinary mental ability. Every organization had dozens of them who received but a fraction of a per cent. of what they contributed to the earnings of the company as a whole; less of a per cent. in many cases than that received in wages by the manual laborers.

Brains, so called, were apparently the cheapest commodity on the market. For a comparatively few thousands a year it was possible to employ the entire time and efforts—the whole life—of a man far above the average in technical training and intelligence. It was being done in every branch of industry and in every profession where the salary system existed. Even executives of big companies were required to produce from ten to a hundred times their salaries in savings and new earnings.

With this condition existing, concluded Barney, why worry over the mastery of details? For ten, if not twenty years, his father had been troubling himself with a lot

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of work he had much better have hired done for him. It was as absurd of the latter to waste his energy in this fashion as it would have been to go into the mill and run a bobbin, if that was what the thing was called which made the cloth. Plenty of men stood ready for wages to relieve him of that petty job; plenty of other men stood ready for salaries to run his mill.

Delano, Senior had had one at hand for several years in young Winsor; one who had prepared himself for the task by starting at the lowest rung of the ladder and working himself year by year through department after department, putting into the job the best decade of his life, submerging to it every personal interest, sacrificing to it the cream of his youth. This he had done eagerly for a pittance. Apparently he was willing to continue for the remainder of his life on the gamble of having this salary increased a few hundred dollars from time to time. The proposition was worth testing. The fellow was capable, experienced and energetic, and had helped to make the mill earn one hundred thousand dollars net, last year. It might be possible to better this record in the next twelve months. At any rate an extra five hundred was not much to gamble.

On the first of July, Barney called again at the mill and summoned Winsor.

"Everything going smoothly?" he inquired.

"Couldn't be better, Mr. Delano," answered Winsor.

Barney pondered a moment over the phrase.

"I wonder if you mean just that," he mused. "I've been over the report of the accountants and it looked good. No doubt about it. Our final score showed a sound game, but it's dangerous business, to let a game stand still. Dad is going to watch me pretty closely during the next few months and I'd like to show him something. Suppose we can?"

Winsor flushed a little. "We can try anyhow," he replied, his lips tightening. "Your point about standing still is well taken."

"It's up to you," smiled Barney. "Your salary from to-day is three thousand."

"That's mighty good of you!" exclaimed Winsor.

"Don't mention it, Winsor," answered Barney. "I'm going to be too busy to be around much this summer, but I've arranged to have my accountants go over the books once a month to keep me posted. That won't bother you?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Then we're off," concluded Barney as he rose to go. "Bully weather we're having, isn't it?"

"Fine," answered Winsor.

He went with Barney to the door, and as the latter rode off took a hungry look at the blue sky and the warm sun that suggested woods and trout-fishing and tennis, and—Nance Carter. Then he squared his shoulders and turned back into the greasy atmosphere of the mill.

IV

WITH rest and careful nursing Delano. Senior reached a point where he could be dressed and rolled in a wheel-chair to the side piazza. The advantage this gave him was that with the wind just right he could from there hear the distant melodious clatter of his looms when the birds were not noisy. They were running sweetly enough now of their own momentum, but as sure as fate there was coming a day when something was going to happen; a day when, strain his ears as he might, he would hear nothing; a day when it would be his turn to throw back his head and laugh as the boy did now. He meant to live until that day arrived. Perhaps it was this determination, as much as the nursing, which had to do with a recovery the doctors considered remarkable.

"You're coming along finely, dad," Barney used to greet him. "We'll have you on the golf course next!"

"Perhaps," Delano answered grimly. And then, as often as he dared without exciting suspicion, Delano liked to ask: "Going down to the office to-day?"

"I'm afraid I can't make it, dad. Guess I'll play a round at Chester to-day."

A REPLY like that was like a tonic to Delano. It braced him to a point where it was difficult to restrain his chuckle. Yet always he managed until the boy in his nobby golf suit was well out of hearing. Then sometimes it broke free and echoed through the house and reached Mrs. Delano's ears. But by the time she arrived at his side his face would be set again.

Some day something was going to happen as sure as the cub was a foot high. In six weeks the boy had been in the mill twice and then only for an hour or two, yet he called that taking over the reins. At his age Delano, Senior was getting down there at six in the morning and staying on the job until the wheels stopped at night and then spending an hour in the engine-room to watch the fires banked. At Barney's age there was not a nook or cranny in the buildings that he did not know as thoroughly as the oldest and grayest rat. There was not a man's job in the whole plant that he could not have jumped in and filled; did not, from time to time, jump in and fill. That was the way he had learned the business; the way he knew it to-day. And Barney sleeping until nine and slipping off at ten to a golf course until lunch, cantering away again in the afternoon until night with some girl or other, and dancing or playing bridge all the evening, thought he was running a mill! Lordy, the fall that was coming to him!

Yet, as the months slipped by and Delano grew somewhat stronger, there were moments when he had to struggle to keep himself in a fit mood for getting all there was out of the approaching *débâcle*. For a good-for-nothing son amply deserving all that was coming to him, a ne'er-do-well wasting his heritage in idle sport, the boy was wonderfully decent—and likable. In spite of himself Delano used to look forward to seeing him in the morning. The gentle slap of the boy's hearty hand on his shoulder braced him for the day. And there was a tenderness about him—a man's tenderness—that somehow got to his heart. If it were not for the fact that this was the only way the lad could ever learn, there might easily be another side to this little jest.

In the meanwhile Barney was seeing a good deal of Nance Carter. This was natural enough because she had a good deal of free time on her hands, and enjoyed both golf and riding; while Barney was finding men, as playmates, not as available as they had been in his undergraduate days. This was really his first intimate acquaintanceship with any woman and he was surprised at the amount of what he called "stuff" in her. She played a good game of golf and could ride hard—surprisingly hard. Her sex seemed to be an added charm—a beautiful finish—rather than a difference. You get something of the same effect in blooded racing horses; a sort of lithe, high-strung development.

They had, too, a common interest in the country club and while he looked after the slow development of the links she took over the job of remodeling the old farmhouse. It was surprising what she accomplished with the buildings as they stood; the taste and common sense she revealed. Not only that, but she showed a good deal of executive ability in the way she pushed the work ahead. She had only three or four men to help her, labor was scarce that summer, but she secured results. In a month she had enough of the house habitable so that it could be used in connection with two fairly good tennis-courts which she had laid down.

Barney was not quite sure that he altogether approved of such haste, because this, inevitably, meant others. Until then the two rather had the place all to themselves. It was a distinct novelty to ride out here with her and plan details, almost as though it were a private estate. It was always "We must do this" and "We must do that" which, although it seldom amounted to more than "I must do this and that," gave him a pleasurable sense of proprietorship. He helped her, in this fashion, select wall-papers and rugs and furniture, nodding his approval at all her decisions.

THEN, suddenly, this all changed. She organized little parties for tennis at the end of the day, followed by suppers where often as not she served as cook.

"We must get them to using the club," she explained. "That will make them take an interest in it."

It did. No doubt about that. Even Winsor began to frequent the courts an hour before dusk.

"It's good for Bobby," she explained. "He's working hard and needs exercise."

He looked it. He had lost weight and color, not so much because of the extra time he was putting in at the mill itself—he was necessarily limited there—but because of a new habit he had formed of taking his problems home with him and spending half his sleeping time on them. He was feeling the responsibility of that five-hundred-dollar raise and all it meant to him. Not only was five hundred dollars a substantial increase to his income but it stood for further opportunities.

His day, after ten years of effort, had come. It was distinctly up to him to make the most of it. His whole future was now in his hands. If he made good on this—good Lord, there was no limit. He saw another five hundred before him; even a second five hundred; possibly a third! Barney Delano had put it up to him squarely. He had turned over to him, without interference, the whole

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Barney placed his hand on his father's shoulder. "Relax and don't worry," he concluded. "That's all there is to it."

proposition. He had only to increase production and cut down costs to earn any reasonable salary he desired. He had bettered this last month over the previous by five thousand net. He meant to double that in August.

But this meant supervision of a thousand details; the saving of a few dollars here, the saving of a few more there; the speeding up of one department to keep pace with another; the utilization of a bit of waste; the repairing of an old machine; the building up of a personnel that should come closer and closer to efficiency. The load was even heavier than any Delano, Senior had carried because this was another man's property. Moreover Delano could fail for a while and still keep on. Winsor could not afford to fail for a single month. He was in constant jeopardy of losing his opportunity. Other men behind him were crowding him fast—young men as eager as he to get ahead. He himself was training them to qualify for his job—as a matter of ordinary business technique. Should anything happen to him a man must be ready to step in; the business must go on in spite of the individual.

Production! The word shuttled through his brain at night like the everlasting clatter of the looms by day. It was the key-note to business success. And business success—the success of this particular business of the Delano mills—meant personal success. It must come here and now, or not at all. These mills had become part of him; this town had become part of him; and something else had become part of him. He must win here or lose here. Three thousand dollars a year meant more to him in Lancaster than ten times that amount could mean anywhere else. For here he had lived the quick part of his youth; here were all his associations; here were his friends; and here she was. Here Nance Carter was.

FOR years this girl had existed in his mind as a dream—an evanescent dream coming when his hopes ran high, vanishing in his darker moods. She was the heart of his secret ambition; the very core of the silent success he was struggling for. Steadily she had remained before him like some bright, white light marking the possible ultimate goal. Yet he had never spoken to her a word of love. He had never, as he saw it, had the right. A man, no matter how deep his love, must be ready to offer approximately the comforts she now enjoyed before venturing so audacious a proposal. Even then, Lord knows, the proposal would remain audacious enough. He could not imagine any circumstances on the part of any man which would make it less so.

But now Barney Delano had quickened his hopes. That first five-hundred-dollar advance had done a lot that way, for five hundred dollars in a town like Lancaster meant a great deal. If he could earn one more such advance—just one more—well, men have lain awake o' nights with less worthy ambitions.

Nance, of course, understood nothing of his position. If she had, it is not to be supposed she would have presumed to ring him up at the mill during these important months, to insist on fair evenings that he come out to the country club for tennis. He played a fair singles game, and, through long practise with her in doubles, a game that placed them easily near the top. But it burned up energy. And it diverted his thoughts from the work in hand. Three or four hours with her set his head awhirl with thoughts absolutely foreign to increased production for the Delano mills. She filled his brain with trivial things, from a commercial point of view, like the glory of her eyes, the winsome lure of her lips, the joy of winning with her even so slight a matter as a doubles set, the song of night birds, and the marvel of an August sky when by her side. There were moments when he could

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

scarce catch his breath. There were moments, on the way home with her, when he found it exceedingly difficult to restrain wild words clamoring for expression. Presumptuous as he knew it to be, there were times when some side glance, some breathless pause in their talk, made it seem almost as though she were waiting to hear. So it was one night when he stood on the step and she stood poised at the door.

"Bob," she said.

"Yes, Nance."

"Bob, be careful you don't weave yourself into a bolt of Delano cloth."

With that she vanished.

V

ALL through that summer and through the fall Delano, Senior heard, whenever the wind was right, the uninterrupted clatter of the mills. This was startling enough, but in November he received an even greater surprise. He was awakened one night from a fitful sleep by a sound which had not been heard in Lancaster since the signing of the armistice—a dull, melodious hum interrupted rhythmically by the refrain "Shuttle go in, shuttle go back. Shuttle go in, shuttle go back," repeated over and over again. With a great effort he raised his head, and leaning toward the partly opened window listened intently. The sound was distinct enough in the cold, still winter air. There could be no mistake. This was no mental illusion.

Yet something of the sort it must be. Mills did not run with a night shift unless there was business ahead of them—big business. In his whole career he had never been able to bring this about except upon government orders. Competition was too keen. He had his own fixed *clientele* that under favorable conditions kept the plant running evenly, but beyond that he had never been able to go. To reach the wider market meant a cutting down of costs to a point it was not possible to attain except with a larger unit. He had tried again and again. He had sat up nights figuring and figuring, always with this goal in mind because, once reached, it cut the overhead in two. But it could not be done. The thing was impossible.

Delano reached out an unsteady hand and rang the silver bell that he kept by his side. It tinkled through the dark house and roused Mrs. Delano in the next room from a sound sleep. In alarm she hurried in. At the door she was met by a command:

"Listen," he ordered.

She was a timid woman and it was difficult for her to listen under these circumstances.

"What do you hear?" he demanded as she stood speechless, afraid to break the silence.

"Nothing unusual, Joshua," she faltered. "Shall I call Barney?"

"Barney be damned," he cried. "What do you hear?"

Mostly she heard her palpitating heart, but it could not be that, at this late date, which interested him. Also she heard his rapid breathing. Then, as she steadied a little, she caught the rhythmic hum from without.

"The mills!" she exclaimed.

"You sure?"

"Why, Joshua, it's plain as anything."

"That's all," he concluded.

"Bob," she said, "be careful you don't weave yourself into a bolt of Delano cloth," and with that she vanished.

"It's unusual. Perhaps something is the matter. I think I ought to call Barney."

She had an uneasy feeling that perhaps the machines had got to going of themselves. Or somebody had set them off accidentally. She knew that horses frequently awoke and pawed around in the dark and that this generally meant burglars were prowling about.

"I'm sure Barney ought to be notified," she faltered.

"Bah," he grunted. "What does he know? Go back to bed."

With the close of the golfing season Delano had thought for a few days that there was a possibility the boy might be driven by sheer ennui into the mills, but that was because he did not appreciate fully as yet Barney's resourcefulness. In order to keep things moving until it was time for winter sports, Barney had bought at considerable expense—he could well afford it, however, out of his extra earnings—a pack of foxhounds. And a scarlet coat!

Ye gods and little fishes—that scarlet coat! When Delano first saw it he thought the boy had lost his head completely.

"What you done now—joined a circus?" he inquired.

Barney laughed good naturedly. "It would do you a world of good to ride behind the pack," he returned in all seriousness. "Perhaps by another fall——"

"When I'm able to do that I'll be able to go back to work," declared Delano.

All the rest of that November night Delano lay awake and listened to the chatter of the mills. When Barney appeared late the next morning, he put the question to him.

"What you running nights for?"

"You've got me," answered Barney. "Am I?"

"Don't you know?"

"Haven't had a chance to drop into the office lately, but I guess business must be picking up."

Delano's head dropped back on the pillow. Ordinarily that reply would have been good for an inward smile lasting all day, but what about the noise he had heard all night?

"YOU look kind of ragged this morning, dad," commented Barney. "If the noise keeps you awake, I'll have it stopped."

"Get out! Get out with your hounds," choked Delano.

Which is exactly what Barney did do, leading the field with Nance Carter and returning at night with the conviction that this was one of the most enjoyable days he had ever put in anywhere, at any time. But he felt like that about every day he passed with her. The last was always the best. It was bound to be, because she filled a man with so many keen impressions, gave him so many delightful pictures to remember, puzzled him with so many illusive thoughts, that it was difficult for lack of time to go back

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more than twenty-four hours. Rather, he preferred to look ahead.

Yet, whenever he attempted that, he found her still more illusive. It was so when he tried anything of the sort in conversation with her. She was always escaping him if he ventured to look forward more than a few days. Once when he had voiced a mild protest she said:

"Barney, don't ever get serious. It will spoil you."

There was a smile back of it, but the phrase stuck. It went home because he *was* getting serious, devilishly serious. He had suspected it for some time, but by the end of November he was sure of it; by the end of December, when there was nothing much left to do in the way of sport except snowshoeing, it was keeping him awake nights. It was then that he himself began to hear the clatter of the looms cutting through the crisp air supposed to be left in peace to the stars. The darned things got on his nerves. As a matter of common decency they ought to be silent part of the day.

But this clatter meant that Winsor was making good. There was no disputing that. At the rate he was going he promised to return to Barney something like a hundred thousand dollars on that salary increase of five hundred dollars. No one could call that a bad investment. Because of this fact Barney, too, was making good. The prestige of this accomplishment belonged to him. It was he who had picked his man; he who had spurred him on. As the official head of this business, he was responsible for its management and so responsible for its success. In the manufacturing world the new management of the Delano mills was spoken of with respect and the letter-heads bore the clear inscription, in bold lettering:

"Barney Delano, President."

Then, in one corner;

"Robert Winsor, Agent."

That was all there was to it. The president of the Delano mills had picked a clever agent. As executive head that was his business. His function was to build up sound management. This, inevitably, was reflected in the earnings.

The looms running at night should, then, have sung a pleasant tune to Barney. In a few weeks now he was going to show his father a statement that ought to make the latter revise some of his opinions; that ought, at any rate, to brace him up. Barney had been rather looking forward to that until he began to lie awake nights. Now it did not seem to matter very much because—only one thing in the world mattered. A man does a good deal of strange thinking when wakeful. Among other things he wondered if this noise was keeping Nance awake too. If so, he would have it stopped.

VI

THE accountants finished their report of the first six months of operation under the new management on the fifth of January, and Barney went down to the office to look it over. Young Winsor was there, a bit pale, a bit haggard, with dark lines beneath his eyes. But his cheeks took on a kind of hectic coloring as he watched Barney study the figures. That statement was something to be proud of. It bettered even his rough estimate. And it promised even more for the months to come.

Yet Barney appeared almost indifferent. He did not spend more than five minutes on the papers and then thrust them in his pocket.

"I'll show these to dad," he said.

He lighted a cigaret and rose to go. He had an appointment in an hour with Nance—a ride across the hills in this bright, crisp winter air. It was something more than that, although she did not know it. Barney was serious to-day—almost as serious as Winsor—and his face showed it.

Winsor followed him to the door. There he spoke—nervously, shyly. He had expected it to be easy, on the strength of that statement, to say what he had to say, but Barney's indifference had thrown him off his guard. Still he meant to see it through.

"Mr. Delano," he began.

Barney turned.

"If you could see your way clear to advance my salary—say another five hundred——"

He found it difficult to go on.

"Well?" said Barney.

"It would mean a great deal to me."

"How?"

"You see I'm planning to get married."

"You?"

"To Miss Carter. It hasn't been announced yet. We—I was sort of waiting for this."

"You don't mean—Nance Carter?"

Barney spoke the words very slowly—very deliberately.

"Yes, sir," answered Winsor, throwing up his head proudly.

Barney tossed away his cigaret. Then he took a long, long look at the blue sky. Then, with a catch in his breath such as a man gets when his heart bothers him, he turned to Winsor.

"I—I congratulate you," he said steadily. He was a good sport.

"Thank, you, sir."

"We may as well make your salary five thousand and be done with it. You're worth it."

"But—" Winsor started to protest.

Barney cut him off.

"Only," he said, "you've got to stop running those damned mills nights."

A little later Barney showed the statement to his father. For fifteen minutes the latter studied it while Barney with his back to the wheel-chair stared across the snow-covered grounds. When the old man finally spoke, it was in a quavering voice.

"Barney," he said.

"Yes, dad," answered Barney without turning.

"Boy, I didn't know it was in you. God—what a success!"

Then something in Barney seemed to snap. For a moment he lost his nerve and throwing back his head laughed hysterically. Mrs. Delano came running in. At sight of her son, she paused.

"That's the queer noise I meant," she whispered to him. "You heard it that time, didn't you?"

Spring-Song of a Shut-In

By Charles Buxton Going

The city roofs are tall; they hide
Green meadows of the country-side,
And stop the fragrant winds that blow
From woodlands where the wild flowers grow.

Their walls of steel, stone-curtained, fling
Great barriers in the path of Spring
And to imprisoned courts deny
All but a glimpse of murky sky.

Yet Spring, the witch! eludes their guard;
Her grassy footprints dot my yard,
And through the chimney-tops, I see
Boughs of a budding poplar-tree.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Other Side of Al Jolson

By George S. Kaufman

Here is the fourth in a series of American headline entertainers — a series so far including Irene Franklin, Joe Jackson and Beatrice Herford. Next month comes Nora Bayes, singer and comedienne.

Photo by Smith

This is the quiet side—soft-spoken, inconspicuous Asa Yoelson.

A SOFT-SPOKEN, average-looking young man sat in the Hotel Biltmore in New York, and talked. His talk was of the theatre, and so, as a matter of fact, was he. But there was nothing about him to impress you unduly with that fact. Although his coat was off, no six-inch monogram could be observed on his shirt-sleeve, and he had caused not a single photograph of himself to be set tastefully here and there about the room. Certainly there was nothing to indicate that the modest occupant of the room was one of the two or three foremost entertainers on the American stage, and, exclusive of a handful of motion-picture actors, probably the highest-paid theatrical performer in the world.

Those who know Al Jolson only through his stage work will be hard put to visualize the real man. An easy and even loud assurance is so much a part of his footlight equipment that it is somewhat surprising to find this quality almost lacking between performances. To be sure, he is by no means utterly unconscious of his powers and his success, but it is mildly astonishing, in view of the eminence to which he has risen, to find that he is almost as diffident in the presence of his employers as any twenty-dollar-a-week clerk, that he is far from the robust figure that he appears to be on the stage, and that there is a good deal of the child about him in his simple enjoyment of simple matters. And, although this has been written of every comedian that ever lived, Al Jolson has an ambition to branch out a bit. No, not to play "Hamlet," or even to leave blackface forever and ever behind him, but to be an occasional performer upon the concert stage, and to produce a few plays.

He is the son of a Jewish cantor, this lusty shouter of popular ballads, and his real name is Asa Yoelson. No American player of note has had a more picturesque career, or a harder time of it getting to the top. As ballyhoo for a circus carousel, as general roustabout for the circus, as a youngster singing in the military camps during the Spanish war, as a dispenser of popular songs in the rear room of a café, required to make his nightly bed upon three or four chairs in that same back room, he has received enough hard knocks to last a lifetime. So if to-day, with ten thousand dollars a week or more pouring in upon him from his various activities, he finds himself a little uncertain as to just what he ought to do about it, he may be pardoned his momentary dizziness.

Al Jolson is just thirty-eight, and an entertainer who stands supreme in his field. According to Lee Shubert, who has a better chance than most of us to observe the passing show and its satellites, there are only two people on the stage to-day who can go into any city in the United States and be sure to draw a packed house upon the mere strength of their names. The other one is Fred Stone. The show doesn't matter. "Sinbad," for example, is an indifferent entertainment at best, but Jolson is now winding up his third season in it, and the production will have earned nearly a million and a half dollars when it is finally packed away this summer.

AND it's all Jolson. In Chicago last season, at the Auditorium, "Sinbad" was drawing seven thousand dollars a night, all that the house could hold, when Jolson felt his voice going back on him. He left for Palm Beach and a rest, while "Sinbad" continued with an understudy. But the nightly seven thousand dollars melted away to five hundred, and would have kept right on going to thirty-five cents if Jolson hadn't come back.

The people love him. They love to see him crouched over the footlights, singing with that sonorous voice of his, snapping his fingers, and in general "putting it over." "You Made Me Love You," "The Grown-Up Ladies," "Get Out and Get Under," "I Gave Her That," "Suwanee"—these are a few of the songs that Al Jolson has popularized. His may not be much of a voice, as the music critics regard voices, but it has a quality that goes over the footlights, a warmness that goes to the hearts of his audience. They love his stories, too—stories that seem to take on added point with the magnetic personality of Al Jolson as an ingredient. A good many comedians will tell you that Al Jolson "gets away with murder," that he gets uproarious laughter with material that they themselves would be afraid even to try.

He has been getting good results, lately, with the anecdote of the fastidious, middle-aged gentleman. He was sartorially perfect, this gentleman, from the exquisite set of his necktie to the discreet polish on his shoes. There was only one thing about him—he wore a toupee. But ah! even here he was the master. He had a little scheme to keep people from knowing it was a toupee. He put salt on it, to make them think it was dandruff.

It was a far cry from this sort of thing to the concert stage in Boston, but Jolson took the leap lightly and easily last fall, while "Sinbad" was playing a third or fourth engagement in The Hub. It began more or less as a joke—Jolson mentioned it to his press-agent in kidding vein, and the latter promptly announced it. More than that, he fixed a date for it at the Boston Opera-House, and put tickets on sale. Jolson laughed, and complimented the press-agent on getting the maximum out of it. Then something happened. Somebody bought a ticket. Somebody else bought another. Jolson was in for it.

He decided, accordingly, to do it properly, and engaged fifty-four members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to appear with him. As the time approached he was probably the most nervous man in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by H. A. Atwell

This is the noisy Al Jolson—popular singer of popular ballads.

Boston. The Opera-House, a great barn of a place, was packed to the rafters when Jolson came out on the stage. There was nothing of the great comedian about him—he was just an ordinary mortal scared stiff. The first thing he did was to ask the orchestra leader to keep the castanets quiet, but the conductor pointed to Jolson's knees in reply. Then the musicians went into something operatic and heavy; the Jolsonians in the audience looked at one another in surprise, and suddenly the music turned into an old coon-song, and Jolson began to sing. The audience laughed, and Jolson felt a bit easier.

He sang coon-songs, love-songs, jazz-songs, sweet old favorites—everything. He held the stage for two hours and three-quarters, and at eleven-fifteen the audience had to be sent home. News of the feat spread rapidly—it was something of an achievement for a Winter Garden black-face comic to give a concert that Boston took seriously—and next day the offers began to pour in from the music men. One of them offered five thousand dollars apiece for a series of twenty concerts. Jolson yearned to accept, for the experience and the prestige. But the producers of "Sinbad," not unnaturally, couldn't see it. And, since Jolson is under contract to them for another two years, theirs was the final word.

With the strenuous life of the concert singer denied him, Jolson drifts here and there looking for amusement. Palm Beach is his favorite playground, and hunting, fishing and golfing are the trio that loom largest in his off hours. There was a time when he played the races, but that day has passed. It passed, abruptly, when he lost $85,300 in a single afternoon at the Empire track in Yonkers, a little over a year ago. When that afternoon was over, Jolson told himself that he was through with horse-racing, and from that day he has not hazarded a dollar.

He is something better than a fair golfer—his bag of clubs goes with him on his travels, and he has played on perhaps half the golf courses in the country. For the benefit of golfers it might be added that he generally gets a ninety, which isn't bad for a black-face comedian, nor even so terrible for one in white-face.

And then, besides golf, he has one other mania. Imagine him, for example, at an orphanage just outside Philadelphia, observing the delight of the youngsters in a player-piano that he had presented to them. They lined up, on the occasion of that visit, and sang Jolson's own song, "Avalon," for him. He says it meant more to him than the thirty or forty thousand dollars that "Avalon" will bring him in royalties, and he was telling the truth. Imagine him, also, in and about the Pennsylvania coal district, going from house to house during the recent strike, and giving where it would do the most good. Al Jolson is a two-handed giver, but he likes to see where it goes. Probably his own early hardships have had something to do with that.

For there were hardships a-plenty in those early days. Young Asa Yoelson did his first singing under his father's watchful eye in a synagog in Washington, his home, but in his heart of hearts he wasn't that kind of boy. He was inclined to be wild, with a fondness for the wharves and the railroad yards. When he was thirteen, Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" opened in Washington, with Wilton Lackaye and Mabel Taliaferro as its stars, and an assortment of children were needed for the street scenes. So Asa made his first stage appearance as a Hester Street urchin, and did well enough for three performances. Then his father learned what was going on, and an understudy finished the week.

With his brother, Harry, he spent the next few years doing odd jobs of singing and ballyhooing in and about Washington, and then, when the Spanish war came, ran away from home to enlist. But he was only fifteen at the time, and, accordingly, compromised by attaching himself to a regiment encamped at Middletown, Pennsylvania, in the capacity of general entertainer. For two months he sang for the soldiers and the miners in a variety of small towns in Pennsylvania, and then, when the Walter L. Main circus chanced to pass through Harrisburg, Jolson went in for circus life. He was engaged to render—and "render" he did—a single number in the "grand concert" that followed the performance proper.

The circus dropped him in York, Pennsylvania, and he traveled from there to Baltimore on the cow-catcher of a locomotive. Then came days as a newsboy, of singing in saloons, and of eventual discovery by the police, who were searching for him at the request of his father. In "The House of Refuge" he fed shirts to a machine until his health broke down, when he was allowed to go home. But home had scant attractions for Asa. He preferred even Al Reeves's burlesque troupe, which, chanced to contain an opening for a youth to bellow the chorus of "My Jersey Lily" from the top gallery.

Never very strong, Jolson presently broke down again, and at seventeen he was once more within the ancestral walls. When he next broke loose, he made for New York, and spent a miserable six months singing for a pittance in bar-rooms and restaurants and sleeping on the river-front. Again he went home, and again he came back, for, if there was one thing young Asa couldn't stand, it appears to have been home. When he came back the second time, he and his brother with a man named Palmer, finally got a foothold in vaudeville.

DURING all this Jolson never had appeared in blackface. Finally, however, a representative of the Poli circuit visited a minute theatre in Brooklyn in which Jolson was appearing, and told him his voice was so close to the negro that he should take advantage of the resemblance by blacking up. In fact, he informed him that he could have five weeks in the Poli theatres if he would appear in blackface. Jolson replied, characteristically, that he would black up permanently for two weeks and a half, and the deal was on.

The ascent was easier after that. His first real success came at the Colonial Theatre in New York in 1909. Ralph Herz, dissatisfied with his billing, had refused to appear, and Jolson was rushed into the breach. His success was sensational, and there was plenty of vaudeville booking after that. His association with the Winter Garden began on the night that that playhouse opened, in the spring of 1911. It would be pleasant to record that he scored a great hit, but the plain truth is that he made his first appearance on the stage after midnight, and that no one paid any attention to him at all.

But those days have passed. Al Jolson to-day is on the crest of a great wave of popularity, and it is for him to say where it will sweep him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Beach of Vanalona*

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Author of "The Terrible Island," "When the Red Gods Call," etc.

THE islands of the antipodes are a part of the world that Miss Grimshaw has made her own by reason of many a story based on the experiences of years of travel. Characteristically vivid and colorful is this tale of a woman who sought to bargain for happiness, and of a subtle vegetable poison, inevitably fatal to its victims.

"WHEN you get among the Santo Spiritos," said the captain in a weak voice, "you can't be too careful."

He was lying in the stern of the whaleboat, supported by a spare sail which some one had folded under his head and shoulders. A lady passenger sat by the side of him. You would, if you had been a man, have looked twice as often and many times as long at Maya Stretton, lovely even in her dishevelment of fallen honey-colored hair and soiled white dress, as at the other woman in the shipwrecked party—Alice Grayling, tallish, thinnish, colorless in the lip, with dark locks tidily coiled, and a gray cotton dress arranged almost as neatly as if the cabins of the island steamer *Rubiana* were not fifty fathoms under water many miles away.

They had had four days and nights of shipwreck now, and in spite of glassy seas, full lockers of provisions, a part of the whaleboat's bow canvassed off for the women to sleep in, and general good luck in the matter of locality (for the *Rubiana* had chosen to rip her flank open on a reef just where the sea was fairly peppered with islands), every one was beginning to feel the strain. No instruments had been carried away in the boat, which indeed had had the greatest difficulty in getting off at all before the sinking steamer sucked her down, as the other boat had been sucked. The captain, who knew something of this part of the Pacific, had been badly injured about the head and could not see. The mate, who, with a sailor and one male passenger, completed the occupants of the boat, was on his first trip to the western islands, and could tell as little as anybody else about the exact place in which they were. Everybody was guessing, and no one knew.

OF COURSE it was known that they had been wrecked on the direct line to a certain freshly discovered guano island in the outer New Hebrides, at which the *Rubiana* was calling; it was known that the Santo Spiritos lay to leeward, and that the wind had blown them strongly toward the group for two nights and days. Only the Santo Spiritos could those blue, fairy castles be, rising now on the westward beam of the boat. But the Spiritos are a large and a scattered group, and it became an urgent matter to find out which of them the boat was approaching.

South Sea men know the Spiritos, and not favorably. Never think that cannibalism, head-hunting, shooting with poisoned arrows, are horrors extinct in the western groups to-day because you hear of towns, stores, calling steamers, even fine hotels. There are islands and islands. There are districts and districts in the islands. You may listen to a local band playing Debussy in an electrically lighted hall on Monday night and on Wednesday night, sleeping (or not sleeping) in your tent, under the drumming of the forest rains, with your loaded shotgun cuddled down your leg, you shall hear, a hundred yards away, the yell of the death-dancers in a native village as they work themselves up for a feast of human flesh.

The Spiritos have no bands, no hotels, no calling steamers even. Recruiters come sometimes, the lives of master and crew carried, not in hands, but in finger-tips. Missionaries have made a settlement or two on the islands that come nearest to being tame. They are driven out every now and then, and sometimes a missionary, man or woman, is driven not only out of the Spiritos, but over the edge of the spinning world itself. Traders, here and there, go after pearls, shell and ivory nuts. They get away, empty or loaded, at times. At other times they do not.

"Can't be too careful," muttered, on his cushion of sail, the blinded, dying captain of the *Rubiana*. He was far gone and did not understand much that was going on round him. But his captain's instinct of responsibility and protection survived almost every other faculty. He stirred uneasily. Maya Stretton held water to his graying lips.

The three men—Lloyd, the handsome mate; Brandman, the Australian-Dutch millionaire, who had just bought the guano island they were going to call at, and Jones the sailor, who, of course, should not have dared—were all in love, in their different ways, with Maya. It seemed to them beautiful and wonderful that she should give the dying man to drink. Silent Alice Grayling, bound for a mission station that would never receive her now, knew twice as much as Maya about nursing, and could have told her that she should not give a prostrate patient drink without slightly lifting up his head, but no one thought of Alice Grayling.

The captain choked a little, swallowed a little, and murmured again: "Ought to be careful."

"OF COURSE we ought," said Brandman—not to the captain, who did not count now, but to Lloyd, the mate. "Every one knows those islands are most dangerous, see? But there are some of them all right, I think. How do we find the all-right ones, Mr. Lloyd?"

"Dashed if I know," said Lloyd cheerfully. He had not bated a half-inch of his cheerfulness and resourcefulness since the moment when the whaleboat, under pressure of oars and of sail rushed up at lightning speed, had swung herself away from the deadly vortex of the drowning *Rubiana*. He had doctored the captain, portioned out the food and water, kept Brandman, who inclined to greediness, from growling at his small equal share, joked the women out of hysterics, sailed the boat, kept watch with the A. B., done all that could be done toward finding out their exact position, and all the time maintained the same even, light-hearted front. He would have died—died in torture—with that same front, but his fellow passengers did not know it, so they were cheered.

He added now: "But it doesn't matter. We can sail along the coast and see how things look before landing. Shouldn't be any difficulty in judging. And we do know we must be in the western half of the group. That's something."

The A. B., squatting in the bottom of the boat half asleep—since it was his watch below—awakened and looked up at Lloyd.

"Vanalona's in the western half, sir," he said.

"I know that as well as you do," answered the young mate. It may have been by accident, and it may not, that his booted heel trod suddenly on the sailor's

*Vanalona is an actual island, owning another name. Western Pacific residents know it well, and the events which are here related are, in the main, true.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was Maya who cried, but Alice Grayling who drew the head bandage over the sightless eyes.

bare toes. The man drew back his foot without any exclamation, and seemed to go to sleep again.

And in the distance the fairy palaces, pinnacled, beautiful, drew nearer.

It was toward sunset that the captain died quietly, with "Jenny—Jenny, my girl," and then, "Bows first, into fifty fathom"—a word for his wife and a word for his ship, as they come in a sailor's heart. It was Maya who cried, but Alice Grayling who drew the head bandage over the sightless eyes and gently set the drooping mouth and chin. And it was Lloyd, grave for the time, who told Derk Brandman, in a master's voice, to take the women for a while behind the rough screen in the bows. "Talk to them; that's your strong suit, I reckon," he added, aside. He and the sailor, meantime, lifted the dead man, and as the whaleboat ran under press of sail, they slipped overboard, "bows first, into fifty fathom," him whom Jenny's arms were never to hold again.

If prayer was said, it was silent. Lloyd was master now, and he knew a thing or two about shipwrecks; most mates of thirty do. In shipwrecks, particularly those of the kind that may be called mixed, emotions of all sorts must be kept in hand and allowanced as carefully as water or food. Hysterics, madness, murder, suicide, wait on the shipwrecked crew that lets itself go.

Lloyd, with the captain yet raising bubbles in the whaleboat's wake, took up his monotonous cheery whistle again as he put his head round the canvas screen and surveyed the women and Derk Brandman. He knew quite well that Brandman was in love with Maya, and that Maya could have him when—or if—they landed;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

when—or if—she liked. He was not at all afraid of Brandman, nevertheless. In the event of all the "ifs" turning out all right, he was quite prepared to fight Brandman—for Maya, or for any other woman—with a happy expectation of winning.

Only the night before the wreck Maya had let him put a little island ring—a trifle of tortoise-shell and silver, but a ring nevertheless—on her left hand, and had let him say things, things he had never said quite so uncautiously, quite so unreservedly, to any woman before. If Lloyd, handsome, manly, attractive and poor, had been cautious hitherto in his dealings with the marriageable girl, was he to blame? Was he not to be praised, since it had saved him at thirty, unwedded, for the supreme delightful folly of marrying Maya?

They had talked it all out. They were going to be terribly poor, and, as a sort of consequence, exceedingly happy. They were not going to mind anything or anybody. And Lloyd had kissed her, knowingly, in the one corner of the promenade where the deck-hands couldn't see them, and Maya had gone to her berth and cried half the night about losing her miraculous draft of money, Derk Brandman. But this she did not tell Lloyd.

She was sitting rather close to Brandman, with the Dutchman's arm supporting her, when Lloyd looked round the screen. It was to be supposed, and doubtless was the case, that she was feeling overcome. Miss Grayling, on Brandman's other side, was sitting upright and looking very pale. Lloyd caught her eyes full, almost for the first time—so far as he knew; Alice Grayling could have told him differently—and noticed in a flash that they were very big and dark when she raised them. He wondered why she did not raise them oftener.

He whistled pleasantly a bar of a coon song and stopped.

"Before it gets quite dark," he said, "what about tea?" They called it tea, but it was cold, of course. All their food was cold. They would, any one of them, have given a year of life for a hot meal.

Brandman got up hastily. "By all means," he agreed with glistening eyes.

"Then come on, and we'll serve out," said Lloyd. They recognized at once that this master of theirs had ordained no more was to be spoken about the captain, and they took their food from his hands and spoke no more.

DARK, and the whaleboat running under the stars; the fairy palaces, castles of giants and enchanters now looming up black ahead. There was a smell of land, sharp to their sea-starved nostrils; odors, like incense-gums in a cathedral, like spilled perfumes, drunken-sweet, mixed themselves with one wide, pervading odor that never changed and that smelled strangely of moss and of decay. It was the reef smell known to and not loved by masters of sailing craft among the islands.

"If you please, sir," ventured the A. B.

"Yes?" answered Lloyd, tiller in hand, eyes fixed ahead. The women had taken down their screen at his request, for it was vital to see their way.

"Vanalona, sir, is surrounded with reefs. I remember that about it, sir, because a mate of mine was lost on them."

"Remember anything more? What height?" Lloyd strained his eyes at the black battlements that cut into the stars.

"I—I dunno rightly, sir. I've an idea it's a low island, sir."

Lloyd did not move, except to swing the tiller, but his silence seemed to convey satisfaction. The missionary girl leaned forward.

"Are you looking for Vanalona, Mr. Lloyd? Is it a good place to land? Perhaps—not?"

"She's too sharp," thought Lloyd. He had no idea why she was so sharp, why she read him so uncannily well. But he was not minded that the women—or Brandman, whom he contemptuously classed with them—should share the knowledge that he and the A. B. alone possessed about Vanalona.

"Why, not very good," he said in tha' accent of candor that deceives more effectively than any denial of fact. "Not a good coast for landing on. As Jones says, it's full of reefs."

"Do you think this is it?"

"NO MEANS of knowing, Miss Grayling." His words were of the most courteous, but the girl felt beneath them a quiet, determined putting off. She accepted it. She would have accepted Eleanor's "cup of cold poison" from his hand in those days—would have drunk it smiling. So far had it gone with Alice Grayling without any one guessing. She had as much self-restraint as Lloyd himself, under her fragile-seeming appearance and insignificant bearing.

"What are you going to do?" asked Brandman, with the air of the moneyed man who feels it only right the world should take good care of him.

"Run inside this reef and anchor."

"Will it be safe?"

Lloyd made no answer; you could not say whether he had heard or no. The two women silently watched the little duel. Maya in her heart wished chiefly that Lloyd had the right to use that rich, confident tone—she had never realized, somehow, that wealth and its powers leaked out in the very note of a man's voice—while pale Alice, her eyes sedulously kept down lest they should say too much, felt only the command in the sailor's words, the cool determination that rose, like some frosty vapor, from his silence.

"He is a man," she thought. And Maya at the same moment was telling herself that life would be perfect if only Derk Brandman of the rounded shoulders and white fat face were like Lloyd to look at—or if only Lloyd had the millions of Derk Brandman. And she thought then—coolly enough, for the past days had blunted the edge of many terrors to the whaleboat's shipwrecked crew—that there was not, after all, very much chance of her marrying either the money or the looks. What was wrong about the Spiritos she did not know, but she was sure—having no fool's brain beneath the honey-gold of her frivolous-looking hair—that something was wrong and they would all know it before long.

Under the stars the whaleboat ran leaning over to the breeze so that the women and Brandman had to hold on to her gunwale. Lloyd, no mean South Sea man, if he did not know every group of islands in the west, had taken her imperceptibly through some opening in the reef, and now, with the fairy castles blotting the stars above, they were nearing the pale ivory of a sand beach that lay long and empty below the tossing shadows of black palms.

At the sight, at the warm land smell that came out to them, the shipwrecked folk lost their heads. They had been in a boat for five days, and it seemed like five years. To stretch their legs and arms and roll on that dim warm sand, to run, beneath the vault of the palms, and gather nuts—delicious great nuts full of fresh milk and juicy meat; to light a fire, and know once more the sting of desire for hot liquid against the longing palate—these things obsessed them. From almost every part of the boat a cry rose up to Lloyd:

"Oh, can't we sleep ashore? Oh, please!" That was Maya.

"Really, Mr. Lloyd, I must protest," from Brandman, as the whale boat's mainsail came down with a rattle and the sailor, Jones, sent the little anchor over her bow. "The place seems not to have inhabitants. This is absurd."

From Alice Grayling came only an irrepressible "Oh!" that was half a sigh. She too was sick for land—but she had a strange, bitter delight in obeying Lloyd, in suffering through her obedience even. She was almost glad he had forbidden them to go ashore.

Jones the sailor looked up from the sail he was stowing and remarked, with cautious freedom: "It looks like what they say Gap Island is, sir, if the sailin' directions is right—what I remember."

Silently, for the fiftieth time, Lloyd cursed the misfortune that had dropped the "Seaman's Bible" into a breaking wave just as he was hurriedly provisioning the boat that ought to have been kept ready, and that, after the fashion of boats on Pacific liners, never was. He would have given a hundred pounds—if he had owned them—for the "Western Pacific" volume of the "Sailing Directions"—big, orange-colored, comforting, full of detail.

But all he said was: "Sorry, good people; can't be done. You'll have to wait till daylight." He rigged the women's screen again and took his own place aft with Brandman and the sailor.

"Best get to sleep at once," he said, "if you want to go ashore right at sunup."

ALL night in the run of the tide through the reef passage the whaleboat rocked and trembled at anchor, splintering with her keel a myriad watery stars. The trade-wind died, the palm-trees behind the beach stood up like cut patterns of black paper against the spangled sky. From the enchanters' castles far above, where tower soared above tower and battlement over rocky bastion, no light shone out, no sound descended. It seemed, indeed, a place deserted of human life. Yet Lloyd and the seaman, over Brandman's snoring carcass, kept watch and watch till daylight, and when the Dutchman's snoring rose from low grunts to roars the mate ruthlessly kicked him awake. He and the seaman, changing watches, exchanged few words, and those in the lowest tones.

Dawn came with a cold-smelling wind and a crying of sea-birds out on the reef. Black-fruit-bats, big as dogs, came winging noiselessly out of the bush, where they had been feasting on orange and banana. Light flowed up; the palms shook green and golden heads to the sunrise wind; the beach displayed its white, untrodden road, its sun-bleached corals, its tinted, horned and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The mistake irremediable had been made; this was dreaded Vanalona, home of the most dangerous natives in the western islands.

antlered miracles of shells. There was a lawn behind it, such as one sees on many South Sea islands—vividly, incredibly green, short-grassed and sprinkled with wild lilies. But the palms were bush palms, self-sown in serried clusters; the shells and corals were untouched; the sand unmarked by any tracks save those of sea-birds and crabs; the lily lawn—a spot for a fairy queen to hold her court—had been grassed and planted by no hand of man.

All this they saw as the whaleboat pulled in and in, rowed by the seaman and the mate. Lloyd kept his head half turned over his shoulder, watching. The sailor and he had a shotgun each, loaded after fashions not approved by the Convention of The Hague, and laid under the thwarts. Brandman, who had lived in America's Wild West before it grew tame and took to the movie industry, looked with approval. He had himself the best thing Sydney could supply in the way of small powerful automatics lying against one leg in a trousers pocket.

Maya, unsuspicious, and Alice Grayling, confident that Lloyd would see them safe, hung forward, gloating on the land. The whaleboat glided in and in; sapphire-colored small fish and pink-and-green-striped big ones finned away from under her keel; water bouquets of coral, rose, Prussian blue, bright amethyst, with buds of emerald color, sprang up and threatened to stab the boat with their stony flowers, and then drew back as she passed, a foot above. But nobody looked at the miracle of the sea. Land, land, fire, space to move, privacy to pass beyond the blistering gaze of inescapable close-neighboring eyes—these were the things the shipwrecked creatures craved for. They are the craving of all such.

The boat keel grated on the sand. Lloyd, shipping his oar, swung round and spoke with authority:

"No one to leave the beach till I see it's all right; Jones, build a fire and boil the water in the second breaker for tea. Put a couple of tins of meat on the fire too. Miss Grayling and Maya—" Brandman blinked behind the huge round glasses that made you think of fishes in aquariums at the Christian name, but Lloyd did not look at him—"you had better get under the shade of the palms, but don't go behind them. Mr. Brandman, you and I will do a bit of exploring."

He threw a look at Jones that bade him, "Take care of the women," as plain as words. Jones laid his gun down on a rock, not too far off, and started on the fire.

"I THINK, sir," he ventured, "this would be Gap Island, by the way she lies."

Lloyd thought so too, as a matter of fact, but he could not be as sure as he wanted. Gap Island was a biggish place, inhabited by a sparse tribe of natives who had come more thoroughly under mission and government influence than any others in the group of the Santo Spiritos. If this was Gap, they could get a decked cutter at the settlement when they found it, take in water and provisions, and make for Vila, in the New Hebrides. Vila was only a few days distant with a good boat; steamers called there monthly; there were white settlers, stores of a sort, even a rough hotel. It would be quite a picnic shipwreck if—

"What was that?"

Alice Grayling and Maya had seized on Lloyd's permission and were making joyously for the cool shade of the palms. Brandman had shifted his automatic into his belt and pulled his panama down over his eyes; he was ready enough to go scouting in this entirely safe-looking place.

Jones, making his fire, stopped, with the match-box in his hand. He had heard it a little sooner than the others, possibly on account of his position low down, with head near the water. But Lloyd and Brandman heard it in a minute, too, and stopped still, listening, looking.

There was not a living thing to be seen—only a flight of hornbills taking wing from the forest, with loud, angry cries, and a large blue land-crab, startled by something or other, speeding incredibly fast among the rocks. Over and above the noise of the hornbills, as it wafted and waned, and the creaming of ripples on the beach, was there another sound?

There—again!

Whift!

Jones, on his knees by the fire, got suddenly up, fired his gun, and flung it down, stamping and swearing oaths of Ratcliff Highway. Brandman gave a yell, and clapped his hand to the back of his neck. Miss Grayling, with a faint cry, began shaking one arm about, as if to dislodge some poisonous creature that had fastened on it.

"God-a-mighty, sir!" shouted Jones, glaring at the silent forest, "we've struck Vanalona after all!" He fired again.

But Lloyd needed no telling; his eyes had been quick to see the sudden simultaneous movement of the three who had been struck, his brain had informed him, before Jones's gun had time to go off, that, in the absence of charts and guides, the mistake irremediable had been made; that this was not, as they had hoped, Gap Island, but all too certainly the dreaded, deadly Vanalona, home of the most dangerous natives in the western islands—

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

said that no one once struck by them had ever been known to recover.

"*Certain death, on the twenty-first day.*"

The sentence, picked up he did not know how or when, was rushed through Lloyd's mind even while he ran to meet the women, shouting at random into the forest and calling out over his shoulders to the sailor and the millionaire:

"Shove her out, quick!

He had Alice and Maya by the hands, and was rushing them to the whaleboat before either had fairly realized what was amiss. As he flung them over the gunwale like sacks of copra and set his own mighty shoulders to the boat, fairly driving her through the sand and shallow water into the lagoon, his eye caught sight of a thin, springy reed sticking to Alice's arm. Vaulting over the bows from the deepened water, he took the end of the reed and, without stopping for a knife, tore it out with one swift jerk.

"Don't stop the bleeding," he told her, "Make it run. Are you hurt, Jones?"

"Yes," said the sailor briefly. A stain on his shirt underlined the reply. Nevertheless he tugged furiously at his oar, Brandman and Lloyd hauling hard on the other side. Alice had taken the tiller, and was steering ably through the horseheads and mushroom corals of the lagoon, her arm dripping blood unregarded. In a minute Lloyd dropped his oar and ordered: "Up sail."

They got the mainsail and jib hoisted, swung the boat to the wind and took the rising seas outside the reef like a race horse taking a hurdle. Farther and farther from the green, out into the deep, free, fathomless blue, the whaleboat tore her way; behind, the enchanters' castles receded and turned pale.

"Well," said Brandman, very busy pulling off his shirt and trying to see his shoulder, "it's lucky it was no worse. I don't think I'm badly hit."

"You are," said Jones, who had suddenly dropped the "sir" from his speech. He had pulled his shirt up under his arms, and was looking at a dark, bloody graze along his ribs. "As bad as me, and as bad as her."

"You're not bad," scoffed the millionaire. "Pluck up your spirit, my man, and don't make a fuss about nothing. Have a look at my shoulder, if you don't mind—it's only a scratch, but I think it wants a drop of salt water to clean it, or a little whisky."

"IT'S only a scratch," said Jones the sailor. "Give me the whisky, and I won't put it on your blasted skin; I'll drink it, and then jump overboard where the sharks is. That's a nice clean way to die, that is."

Lloyd looked up from his side of the boat. He was sucking hard at Alice Grayling's arm. Maya, unhurt, was staring at the two as if she saw things she did not understand.

"Jones," he said, "we'll do all we can—I know where Gap is now, and there's a doctor there. We'll make it in a day and a half."

"What do you mean?" asked Brandman, looking odd.

"Those arrows were poisoned," Lloyd answered him.

It was Maya, Maya only, the unhurt, who screamed. Alice Grayling caught her breath a little, looked at the arm which had stopped bleeding now, and then looked up at the quiet sky above, where fulmars were planing and red-tailed bo'sun birds flying landward, as if no death were anywhere in the world.

Derk Brandman, thus sentenced, showed his quality as men do in the face of death. Often in his varied life he had faced risk—risk from flooded mines, from tornadoes, from wild beasts and from angry men, worse than the beasts. He had come through well on the whole; cupidity often, vanity always, and a firm belief in a God he called his Luck, had kept him from showing fear. But this was another matter. This was certainty. The sailor's attitude showed it; Lloyd's rude attempt at consolation showed it; all that he could remember of the western islands—and his encyclopedic memory, put on the stretch, remembered a good deal—went to prove it. This thing that faced him was not risk this time—not danger—it was Death. He turned white so that his eyes behind their glasses stood hard and big against his face. His mouth fell; suddenly his years—more, the years ahead that he was not to see—leaped on him.

"PLUCK up your spirit, my man," remarked Jones the sailor. "Don't make a fuss about nothing." He laughed rudely.

Brandman gasped. The thunderbolts that he had held in his hand so long—were they all shattered? No, surely. He could not believe that Heaven would so lightly abandon a millionaire.

"A thousand pounds," he said in a dry, breathless tone, "five thousand pounds, to get to a doctor in time."

"It's only a scratch, my man," said Jones the sailor in a would-be affected voice. After a certain ghastly fashion, he was enjoying himself.

Lloyd looked up from sucking the small white arm of Alice Grayling.

"Don't talk nonsense," he snapped. "A million wouldn't get you there any quicker than we'd go for ourselves. Show me your shoulder. A bit of arrowhead—barbed—steady while I get it out for you. Burn a match in it, Jones, while I look at Miss Stretton's dress to see—My, God, Maya, you're struck—didn't you feel—" He pulled an arrow from her skirts—an arrow different from the barbed one that had left pieces in Brandman's shoulder. Holding the small, straight-pointed thing in his hand, he tore the stocking from Maya's ankle, and examined it closely. There was the faintest spot of red upon the white.

"It's only a fishing-arrow," he said, drawing breath again. "It has pricked you. Better let me suck it to be sure." He drew at the little spot with his lips.

"All right," he assured her. "You needn't worry—I know the fishing and fighting arrows are different, and of course it would be the fighting ones that would be barbed. Jones, do you know which it was struck you?"

Jones was occupied. "Hark at him," he observed with relish, using the match. "Don't he 'owl. Now you're done, my man; just sit down and say your prayers, because you'll want all you can say three weeks from now. What was it you asked, sir?" The "sir" came with a jerk, but it came. Lloyd was different from this fat thing in glasses, whom one need not be civil to any more, because one was going where millions did not matter.

Lloyd repeated the question.

"Blest if I know. I pulled it out and chucked it away the minute I felt it sting. Might have been a barbed and mightn't. It came with a big pull, my side's tore. No, sir, don't you trouble to do anything for me; I know better. I've heard about Vanalona, and so 'as you. Never fails, that stuff of theirs don't. Twenty-one days to a tick and you dies kickin' and jumpin' with your jors locked up."

"Tetanus!" croaked Brandman. "Why, that's curable nowadays; anti-tetanic serum—every one knows——"

"It doesn't work with Vanalona poison. It's been tried," stated Lloyd. The whaleboat, leaning to the pull of the "trade," was far from shore now; the cruel seaplain, hated by the castaways so long, had closed wide arms about them once again.

"How do you know it was Vanalona, anyhow?" demanded Brandman. "Mightn't it have been some other island, where the poison isn't so——"

"Answers exactly to the description of them," said the mate. "They are never seen. The natives of all them other islands come out and fight, and most of them wait for provocation anyhow, but the Vanalonans hide themselves and peg at people as they land."

"What the hell you landed for, took us there for," snarled Brandman, "I—I—it's disgraceful—it's—oh!"

"Easy on," remarked the newly emancipated Jones. "Mr. Lloyd, he done the right thing so far as he knowed. We 'ad to get to shore some'ow, 'adn't we? We 'ad to find out where we was goin' ashore, 'adn't we? And we done it. I've as much right to grouse as you, come to that, but I ain't grousin'. You and me and the lady will get the kicks and chokes all together, three weeks from now, and if the rest of you's too white-livered, why, I'm game to put a bullet into your two 'eads for you, and then into me own, and let's all go decent."

ALICE GRAYLING looked up. "If you died as a suicide, you would lose your soul," she said.

"What about murder?"

"I—I—you might repent—it isn't——"

"Well, then, I'll get the mate to do for me, and he can repent all he wishes. I ain't on for losin' my soul; no fear. It'll be all I got belongin' to me in twenty-two days from now."

"Dick," asked Maya, piteously, "Dick—are you sure, quite sure, that it's only a harmless scratch I've——"

"Sure as—as life, sweetheart," answered the mate, changing at the last moment the outworn simile that rose to his lips, and that was hideously inappropriate here.

Maya leaned back with a sigh of relief and began binding up her honey-colored hair. "How long will it be before we get to Gap?" she asked.

"We might not," said Lloyd, "go to Gap at all."

"Why?"

"Because there's a steamer in sight."

A shout arose from the boat. For the moment every one had forgotten.

Derk Brandman's call died into a groan. Of what use were steamers to him? Jones laughed short and bit a chew of tobacco, watching the black smear on the horizon that would have meant safety, life, to all—yesterday.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Maya alone, whole-heartedly, cried out "Thank goodness!"

In the distance the smear became a definite smoky trail, the funnels showed, the hull.

Lloyd ran up his signal of distress, and set the whaleboat tearing toward the steamer.

SIX days later the castaways sat together on the veranda of the Adventist-Baptist Mission House on the solitary island of Pulua. The steamer, a tramp short of coal and in a desperate hurry, had dumped them there as the nearest place she could touch without going out of her way. Her captain, a rough-natured fellow, had laughed at the idea of running back to Sydney, as Brandman had ordered, begged, and finally besought him to do—for any sum of money he might choose to name.

"I know my duty to my owners," he said. "Yes, I know who you says you are, but I don't know it's true, and anyhow, this old hooker couldn't do it under a month if she didn't run out of coal, which she would, and in a month you'll all be bait for fishes. The Holy Joe at Pulua, he's a doctor as well as a parson, and he'll do all any one can do, which is just nothing at all."

The Rev. Barnabas Smith, of Pulua, confirmed in kinder terms the captain's diagnosis. He did not know anything much about Vanalona and its natives, but he did know the poisons of the place were without antidote. Every one in the western Pacific knew it. He looked at the wounds, healed by now, and shook his head.

"My wife and I will be glad to put you up—for the—for the present," he said. "It is a charitable action. We are nothing without charity. My library is open to you at all times when you may wish for serious reading, and we will both pray with you should you desire it."

They were very good—after the manner of those who tend the prisoner in the condemned cell. They pressed food on the castaways; they lent clothes; they were almost too eager to anticipate a wish or a request.

Barnabas Smith, who had taken an M. D. before he came out to "the field," was very patient in answering Brandman's innumerable questions about tetanus and the methods of treating it. No one else asked him any; it was plain that, with the simple heroism the common man and woman can so often show on occasion, they had accepted their lot. Miss Grayling stayed apart in her hot little veranda room, praying and reading her Bible constantly. The room had a window giving on the track from the beach where Lloyd each day went walking; but there was a net of crimson bishop-purple bougainvillea all over the window-frame, so that if a pair of dark eyes, sadder now than ever, looked often out and down the track nobody knew.

It was now eight days from the day of the landing on Vanalona. Lloyd, feeling, as usual, curiously ashamed of himself for being, with Maya unhurt and well, in this little band of the condemned, came up from the shore and met Maya on the track. She looked odd, excited, pleased and doubtful at the same moment.

"Here, Dick," she ordered, "I want to speak to you."

Lloyd turned back with her toward the beach. It was an ugly beach, and Pulua was, for the South Seas, an ugly island, large, flattish, striped with native plantations of coconut and banana, devoid of all the marvelous rock and mountain scenery that made the beauty of the terrible Santo Spiritos. But for the young sailor the black-sand shore, with its backing of crabs and mud, was a garden of Paradise once Maya's pretty feet were set upon it.

"Well, girlie?" he asked, taking her arm. "Getting fed up with all these horrors? There'll be a mission boat some time, you know, and we'll go away again—and anyhow there's no need for you to stop just here—at present. There's a nice little station kept by a decent half-caste and his wife a few miles away; you could go to that—for a while—if——"

He was trying to express as well as he could his desire that she should spare herself the horrors that were bound to fall by and by. But Maya scarcely seemed to catch his meaning.

"Now, how odd you should talk of that house," she said, hanging on his arm, "after what's been happening. Oh, I've such a lot to tell you, and I do hope you won't—that is, I hope you will—oh, Dick, our fortunes are made, if only you don't——"

She swallowed nervously in her throat and looked at him sideways. She was quite sure of her own intention, but it was proving harder to break the matter to Dick than she had thought. There was no knowing what absurd attitude a man mightn't take under such circumstances.

"What is it?" asked Dick, not particularly interested in her words. It seemed to concern him far more that her hair was catching the level evening sun-rays and growing red all along the edges of its wonderful waves.

Then he heard what she was saying—heard it only too clearly—and in an instand he had flung off her arm and was standing to face her, there in the sunset, his face hard as the stones over which the tide was creeping, his eyes hot as the western ball of sun.

"YOU can't mean it, Maya," he cried. "My God, you can't mean a thing like that! Marry Brandman——"

"He'll be dead in thirteen days—you said so yourself," argued Maya. She was speaking very fast; her eyes were bright with excitement. "I shall be a widow in no time at all, and he swears he'll leave me every penny of his money, and we shall be rich, rich, Dick! Oh, can't you realize what it will mean? Have you ever thought what it must be to be rich? All our lives—just to marry a dying man and make him happy for a few days before he dies, and then you and I, for forty, fifty years, till we die—rich!"

She could not mouth the word often enough; she seemed to taste it. Her face shone as the face of one who sees visions.

Lloyd looked at her with something like horror. "You think," he said, "you think I'd—what kind of an opinion can you have of me? Marry him if you like, marry ten men if you like. But don't come to me when they're dead."

Maya's eyes filled with tears.

"I think you're horrid," she said. "Lots of people marry widows, and every one seems to think it all right."

Lloyd made an inarticulate noise in his throat, a sound of fierce disgust.

"Oh, you are rude; I don't see why I should talk to you," complained Maya. She took off the little circlet of tortoise-shell and silver that she had worn on her hand through all the troubles and dangers of the wreck. "You can have that back," she said. "I don't want to be engaged to you any more."

"Engaged!" said Lloyd, and burst out laughing, an unpleasant laugh.

"I shall leave you," said Maya. And she did.

"All the same," she thought to herself, walking up the path alone, "he'll come round in the end. I shouldn't like to lose him. Dick is a dear, even if he is unreasonable and silly. Any one would know it was madness to refuse. Why, Derk has nearly two millions. We shall be awfully happy on it by and by. I'll make Dicky take me home, and we'll get into really good English society. Rich till I die, rich till I die!"

She composed her features as she came within sight of the veranda; it would not do to look too gay before poor Derk—Derk whom she liked on the whole and sympathized with. It was so touching that he should want to marry her, like that, in the very face of death. She did not see how Dick Lloyd could be so unsympathetic. A dying man!

DERK looked far from a dying man as he came forward to meet her on the veranda steps. He had grown thin in the last week, and the huge round glasses on his narrowed face looked twice as big as before; his shoulders, too, were stooped, and his mouth had taken on extra lines. But for all else that one could see he might have had thirty years in front of him, instead of thirteen days.

He was fighting hard against the realization of that thirteen days' limit. Somehow he felt as if he had a chance; it seemed impossible he should not have. The wound had bled; it had been burned. Derk Brandman, awake once more to the fighting spirit that had piled up his millions for him, was resolved against believing himself doomed before he was forced to believe it.

In the meantime his keen mind seized instantly on the ready opening for his wishes. It had been doubtful before if Maya would marry him. It was almost certain now. And if, after all, he did die, he, who had had so much of earth's good things, would go out with one more good thing—the best—clutched in his dying hand.

So it was arranged.

Maya was to marry him the very next day; the half-caste teacher and his wife were to give up their house to the pair; the rest—the rest was as the gods of chance might will. At all events, Maya was his.

"Not Lancelot's, nor another's," misquoted Brandman, chuckling to himself. He was no Arthur assuredly, but he did not recall the context.

When Barnabas Smith read the marriage service over them, Lloyd was not present. Miss Grayling was. It would be wrong to say that she was glad. The hurried, mercenary match had shocked her too much for that—but something deep down in her heart kept quietly singing that day.

Like Brandman, she could not help

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

thinking that there might, after all, be a chance—life was sweet.

Twelve days of the remaining thirteen were gone. Brandman and Maya were honeymooning under the shadow of death at the teacher's house. How it had got out no one knew, but the other doomed castaways knew quite well that Brandman had said he would either be brought back dead to the mission with a bullet in his head or return hale and well—after the twenty-first day. Jones the sailor, who had seemed odd and wild since the wedding, chuckled and said darkly: "There was some would enjoy saving him the trouble, if only they'd the chance." He added that he himself was not going to die in the kicks and chokes if he knew it. He was quite ready to say prayers with the mission couple in the evenings and to go to the little tin church on Sunday, but not all the missionary's remonstrances could keep him, as the twenty-first day drew near, from sitting with a loaded revolver beside him, feeling his neck and jaw for the first sign of stiffness.

It was the last day.

The Reverend Barnabas, who had worked himself up into such a state of anxiety and misery that one would certainly have thought him to be a victim himself, proposed to spend the morning in prayer.

"Who can tell?" he said. "Who can tell? Mercy may be shown."

"You're right, Mister," contributed Jones the sailor. "God does do awfully funny things sometimes. But I'll 'old on to me revolver all the same." He went to the prayer-meeting, sitting near the door so that, as he explained, he could "go out and do it quiet, if the choke came on."

Afterward he and Lloyd sat in the shade of a mango tree, smoking and waiting. Lloyd was exceedingly nervous, the sailor not at all.

"I don't mean to suffer," he said, "and dyin's a thing we all have to do once."

Dinner at twelve was a ghastly meal. Miss Grayling and Jones ate but scantily, and one could see they were both nervous about chewing. The rest of the party sent their plates away scarcely touched.

When dinner was over, it was only one o'clock. The castaways had agreed among themselves that if this twenty-first day passed over without sign they might consider themselves safe. So far neither Miss Grayling nor Jones had felt any unusual sensation. But there were eleven hours still to pass, and in the heart of any one of them might lurk concealed the beginning of a long and horrible death.

THEY could not read. They could not talk. They could not sit still in the house. Hot as it was outside, Miss Grayling and the sailor, bound by the chain of a common horror and fear, strayed out to the beach pathway and began restlessly walking up and down beneath its bordering palms. What the gentle girl said to the rough man at her side -with what words she consoled him, and with what prayers armed him for the dark valley that seemed already opening before the two—will never be known. For, while the sun yet stood high above the mango-tops, came Dick Lloyd thundering down the pathway, a book open in one hand, his face lit up with hope.

"Alice," he called—and even in that moment she noticed first of all, and last of all, that he used her name—"Jones, by heaven, it's all right. I've found an old book tucked away in the parson's library that tells you all about Vanalona. Shake hands, you're saved! It was harmless fishing-arrows you got in you—they're barbed, it seems—suppose the brutes weren't expecting any one, and hadn't any others. The poison arrow is— Oh, my God!"

He let the book drop to the ground and stood still, his face suddenly gray beneath its tan. So completely had the incident of the prick to Maya's ankle passed from his mind that only now he realized the truth. The reprieve of Alice, Jones and Brandman was Maya's death-warrant.

LLOYD had been ill to live with in these days since the wedding. He had shut himself up; he had sulked alone in corners; he had lost his kindly temper and become sharp and impatient with every one; he had changed the conversation bruskly and impolitely whenever Maya's name was mentioned. Sure though he was that he loved her no longer, she had—it seemed—at least kept her power to hurt him. He hated her for what she had done; worse, for what she had expected him to agree to—but he could not forget or remain indifferent to her.

Now she was doomed—she alone of all the castaways; she, whom they had all thought safe. Maya would die; might be dying—that moment—in what Jones the sailor called the "kicks and chokes."

Only one thought possessed him—to go to her.

He did not notice that, as he flung the book on the pathway and ran missionward to beg for the loan of a horse, Jones the sailor, cursing under his breath, had darted through the undergrowth and reached the shore. A canoe was lying beached beneath a tree. Jones the sailor seized and launched it. He knew what was the quickest way to the teacher's house. He was out in the bay and rounding the point beyond the mission house before Lloyd had got the saddle down from its peg on the veranda wall.

The mission horse was grass-fed, lazy, old; it could not be forced beyond a stumbling canter. It took half an hour to reach the little bamboo house in the banana-gardens which Maya and Derk made their honeymoon home. Derk was sitting smoking on the veranda.

"Where's Maya?" cried Lloyd.

"Out somewhere. I say, Lloyd, I feel topping, A-1. Not a thing! the—what is it? Anything happened? Have Jones and Miss Grayling got anything wrong?"

"Is Maya well?"

"Yes, why shouldn't she be? Got a touch of neuralgia this morning; but it wasn't anything; she went for a walk. If it had been me, now——"

"Neuralgia? My God, Brandman, what sort?"

"Nothing much; said she woke with a crick in her neck. What are you looking like that for?"

"Come and find her," said Lloyd violently. He had flung himself from the horse and seized Brandman by the arm. "I've found out about those arrows. Those you were struck with were fishing-arrows; they never poison them—you're all right—but the little arrow, the one with no barbs, that struck Ma—Ma—" He seemed to run out of breath. He could not articulate the name.

"Maya? Don't tell me—" cried Brandman.

"Yes, yes," interrupted Lloyd, dragging him down the steps. "Come and find her. Where does she—is she likely to——"

"Oh, on the beach, below that loose bit of cliff," answered Brandman as well as he could for the pace. "Don't jump at the worst—it couldn't be, I tell you. There's a lot of nonsense talked——"

"You say she had a stiff neck this morning. It's the twenty-first day. Hurry!" He dragged the small fat man along. They came in sight of the beach. Beneath the one cliff of which the island boasted—a low glacis of loose rocks—was a strip of green grass and bushes, pleasant, but after the decline of the sun, Maya——

Yes, Maya was there. She was lying down.

Lloyd felt his heart turn over in his breast. The two men ran. They found the girl, quite still, warm, but dead, with a boulder as big as a barrel lying against her. There was a compound fracture of the skull and the neck was broken. On her face there was a strange, ugly smile.

Brandman fell to weeping.

"The rocks—the damned rocks," he blubbered. "I told her one of them would fall on her some time or other."

LLOYD, with his sailor's eye, that missed nothing, saw the raw scar in the cliff above, the furrow beside it, the pole, used as a lever and flung away, that had made the furrow. He caught a glimpse of something in blue serge vanishing over the hill. But for the moment, stunned as he was, he did not understand, even when he saw the *risus sardonicus* on Maya's face and realized that it—the Shadow of Vanalona—must have seized her, out walking there alone and unsuspicious.

Alone?

When the mission ship arrived and took them all away—they who had never thought to leave the island any more—there came a night that found Lloyd and the sailor close together under a quiet, starry sky.

"Port, to-morrow, Jones," said the mate.

"Ay, sir," answered the sailor, who had taken up again the manner of the foremast, though both were passengers together. "And only one of us missin' after all."

"Ah!" It was a sharp, quick sigh. "Only!"

"You was very fond of her, sir?" ventured the man.

"I—I loved her," answered Lloyd. Was there a tinge of hesitation in his voice, when he thought of the bargain she had made and kept?

There was none in Jones's as he spoke.

"Ay, sir, and so did Mr. Brandman. He gave her his money, and you'd a took her without none. And me——"

"You?" Lloyd had faced about, staring, in the twilight.

"Yes, me," said the sailor coolly. "Me, a man same as you and 'im; what about me? I done what you and 'im wouldn't never 'a' done for her. I saved her."

"But she wasn't saved," began Lloyd perplexedly. Then a light broke over him.

"She was," said the sailor, leaning over the bulwarks and looking at the shattered stars below.

And Alice Grayling, unseen, on the deck above, watched and hoped.

But Maya, who was rich till she died, lay under the island palms.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Once again, feminine subtlety prevailed, where the straightforward efforts of man were fruitless. "Nobby," said Jill, in a stage whisper, "chocolates!"

A Trick *of* Memory

By Dornford Yates

"WHAT do you do?" said Berry, "when you want to remember something?"

"Change my rings," said Daphne. "Why?"

"I only wondered. D'you find that infallible?"

My sister nodded. "Absolutely," she said. "Of course, I don't always remember what I've changed them for, but it shows me there's something I've forgotten."

"I see. Then you've only got to remember what that is, and there you are. Why don't I wear rings?"

"Change your shoes instead," said I, drowsily. "Or wear your waistcoat next to your skin. Then whenever you want to look at your watch, you'll have to undress. That'll make you think."

"You go and change your face," said Berry. "Don't wait for something to remember. Just go and do it by deed-poll. And then advertise it in *The Times*. You'll get so many letters of gratitude that you'll get tired of answering them."

Before I could reply to this insult, "I suppose," said my sister, "this means that you can't remember something which concerns me and really matters."

In guilty silence her husband prepared a cigar for ignition with the utmost care. At length, "I wouldn't go as far as that," he said. "But I confess at the back of my mind, in, as it were, the upper reaches of my memory, there is a faint ripple of suggestion for which I can not satisfactorily account. Now, isn't that beautifully put?"

With a look of contempt, Daphne returned to the digestion of a letter which she had that morning received from the United States. Reflectively Berry struck a match and lighted his cigar. I followed the example of my cousin Jill and began to doze.

With the exception of Jonah, who was off somewhere in Somerset, we had been to Goodwood. I had driven the car both ways and was healthily tired, but the long ride had rendered us all weary, and the prospect of a full night and a quiet morrow was good to contemplate.

ON THE following Tuesday we were going out of town. Of this we were all unfeignedly glad, for London was growing stale. The leaves upon her trees were blown and dingy, odd pieces of paper crept here and there into her parks, the dust was paramount. What sultry air there was seemed to be second-hand. Out of the pounding traffic the pungent reek of oil and fiery metal rose up oppressive. Look where you would, the silver sheen of spring was dull and tarnished, the very stones were shabby, and in the summer sunshine even proud buildings of the smartest streets wore but a jaded look and lost their dignity.

"Adele," said Daphne suddenly, "is sailing next week."

"Hurray!" said Jill, waking up.

"Liverpool or Southampton?" said I.

"She doesn't say. But I told her to come to Southampton."

"I expect she's got to take what she can get; only, when you're making for Hampshire, it seems a pity to go round by the Mersey."

"I like Adele," said Berry. "She never seems to withstand that feeling of respect which I inspire. When with me, she recognizes that she is in the presence of a holy sage and, as it were, treading upon hallowed ground. Woman," he added, looking sorrowfully upon his wife, "I could wish that something of her piety were there to lessen your corruption. Poor vulgar shrew! I weep."

"She says something about you," said Daphne, turning over a sheet. "Here you are. 'Give Berry my love. You must admit he's a scream. I'm longing to see Nobby. He sounds as if he were a dog of real character.'"

"Thank you," said her husband, with emotion. "Thank you very much. 'A scream,' I think you said. Yes. And Nobby—'a dog of character.' I can't bear it."

"So he is," said I. "Exceptional character. He's useful and ornamental and diverting. I don't know what more you want. For instance'——'

The sudden opening of the door at once interrupted and upheld my contention.

Into the room bustled the Sealyham, the personification of importance, with tail up, eyes sparkling, and gripped in his large mouth the letters which had just been delivered by the last post.

As the outburst of feminine approval subsided, "Out of his own mouth," said I, "you stand confuted."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Either of gallantry or because her welcome was the more compelling, the terrier made straight for my sister and pleasedly delivered his burden into her hands. Of the three letters she selected two and, making much of the dog, returned a foolscap envelope to his jaws and instructed him to bear it to Berry. Nobby received it greedily, but it was only when he had simultaneously spun into the air, growled, and, placing an emphatic paw upon the projecting end, torn the letter half-way asunder, that it became evident he was regarding her return of the missive as a reward of his diligence.

WITH a cry my brother-in-law sprang to enlighten him, but Nobby, hailing his action, as the first move in a game of great promise, darted out of his reach, tore round the room at express speed and streaked into the hall.

By dint of an immediate rush to the library door, we were just in time to see Berry slip on the parquet and, falling heavily, miss the terrier by a matter of inches, and, by the time we had helped one another up-stairs, the medley of worrying and imprecations which emanated from Daphne's bedroom made it clear that the quarry had gone to the ground.

As we drew breath in the doorway—

"Get him from the other side," yelled Berry, who was lying flat on his face with one arm under the bed. "Quick! It may be unsporting, but I don't care. A-a-ah!" His voice rose to a menacing roar, as the rending of paper became distinctly audible. "Stop it, you wicked swine. D'you hear? STOP IT!"

From beneath the bed, a further burst of mischief answered him.

Once again feminine subtlety prevailed, where the straightforward efforts of man were fruitless. As I flung myself down upon the opposite side of the bed, "Nobby," said Jill, in a stage whisper, "chocolates!"

The terrier paused in his work of destruction. Then he dropped the mangled remains of the letter and put his head on one side.

"Chocolates!"

The next second he was scrambling toward the foot of the bed.

I gathered together the débris and rose to my feet.

Nobby was sitting up in front of Jill, begging irresistibly.

"What a shame!" said the latter. "And I haven't any for you. And if I had, I mightn't give you them." She looked round appealingly. "Isn't he cute?"

"Extraordinary how the word'll fetch him," said I. "I think his late mistress must have——"

"I'm sure she must," said Berry, taking the ruins of his correspondence out of my hands. "Perhaps she also taught him to collect stamps, or crests. And do you mean to say you've got no chocolates for him? How shameful!"

"There's no vice in him," I said sulkily. "It was a misunderstanding."

With an awful look Berry gingerly withdrew from what remained of the envelope some three-fifths of a dilapidated dividend warrant, which looked as if it had been immersed in water and angrily disputed by a number of rats.

"It's—it's all right," I said unsteadily. "The company'll give you another."

"Give me air," said Berry weakly. "Open the wardrobe, somebody, and give me air. You know, this is the violation of Belgium over again. The little angel must have been the mascot of a double-breasted Jaeger battalion in full blast." With a shaking finger he indicated the check. "Bearing this in mind, which would you say he was to-night—useful or ornamental?"

"Neither the one nor the other," said I. "Merely diverting."

Expectantly my brother-in-law regarded the ceiling. "I wonder what's holding it," he said. "I suppose the whitewash has seized. And now, if you'll assist me downstairs and apply the usual restoratives, I'll forgive you the two pounds I owe you. There's a letter I want to write before I retire."

Half an hour later the following letter was despatched:

"Sir:

The enclosed are, as a patient scrutiny will reveal, the remains of a dividend warrant in my favor for seventy-two pounds five shillings.

Owing to its dilapidation which you will observe includes the total loss of the date, signature and stamp, I am forced to the reluctant conclusion that your bankers will show a marked disinclination to honor what was once a valuable security.

Its reduction to the lamentable condition in which you now see it, is due to the barbarous treatment it received at the teeth and claws of a dog or hound, which, I regret to say, has recently frequented this house and is indubitably possessed of a malignant devil.

In fairness to myself I must add, first, that it was through no improvidence on my part that the domestic animal above referred to, obtained possession of the document, and, secondly, that I made such desperate efforts to recover it intact as resulted in my sustaining a fall of considerable violence upon one of the least resilient floors I have ever encountered. If you do not believe me, your duly accredited representative is at liberty to inspect the many and various contusions upon my person any day between ten and eleven at the above address. Yours faithfully, etc.

P.S.—My cousin-german has just read this through, and says I've left out something. I think the fat-head is being funny, but I just mention it, in case——

P.P.S.—It's just occurred to me that the fool means I haven't asked you to send me another one. But you will, won't you?

FOR no apparent reason I was suddenly awake.

Invariably a sound sleeper, I lay for a moment pondering the phenomenon. Then a low growl from the foot of the bed furnished one explanation only to demand another.

I put up a groping hand and felt for the dangling switch. For a moment I fumbled. Then from above my head a deeply-shaded lamp flung a sudden restricted light onto the bed.

I raised myself on an elbow and looked at Nobby. His body was still curled with his small strong legs tucked out of sight, but his head was raised, and he was listening intently.

I put my head on one side and did the same.

Only the hoot of a belated car faintly disturbed the silence.

I looked at my wrist-watch. This showed one minute to one. As I raised my eyes, an impatient clock somewhere confirmed its tale. With a yawn I conjured the terrier to go to sleep and reached for the switch. As I did so, he growled again.

With my fingers about the push, I hesitated, straining my ears. The next moment I was out of bed and fighting my way into my dressing-gown, while Nobby, his black nose clapped to the sill of the doorway, stood tense and rigid and motionless as death.

As I picked him up, he began to quiver, and I could feel his heart thumping, but he seemed to appreciate the necessity for silence and licked my face noiselessly.

I switched off the light and opened the door.

There was a lamp burning on the landing, and I stepped directly to the top of the stairs. Except that there was a faint light somewhere upon the ground floor, I could see nothing, but, as I stood peering, the sound of a stealthy movement followed by the low grumble of utterance rose unmistakably to my ears. Under my left arm Nobby stiffened notably.

For a moment I stood listening and thinking furiously.

It was plain that there was more than one visitor, for burglars do not talk to themselves, and discretion suggested that I should seek assistance before descending. Jonah was out of town, the men servants slept in the basement, the telephone was down-stairs. Only Berry remained.

The faint chink of metal meeting metal and a stifled laugh decided me.

With the utmost caution I stole to the door of my sister's room and turned the handle. As I glided into the chamber, "Who's that?" came in a startled whisper.

BEFORE I could answer there was a quick rustle, a switch clicked, and there was Daphne, propped on a white arm, looking at me with wide eyes and parted lips. Her beautiful dark hair was tumbling about her breast and shoulders. Impatiently she brushed it clear of her face.

"What is it, boy?"

I laid a finger on my lips. "There's somebody down-stairs. Wake Berry."

Slowly her husband rolled on to his left side and regarded me with one eye. "What," he said, "is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"Don't be a fool," I whispered. "The house is being burgled."

"Gurgled?"

"Burgled, you fool."

"No such word," said Berry. "What you mean is 'burglariously rifled.' And then you're wrong. Why, there's Nobby."

I could have stamped with vexation.

My sister took up the cudgels. "Don't lie there," she said. "Get up and see."

"What?" said her husband.

"What's going on."

Berry swallowed before replying. Then—"How many are there?" he demanded.

"You poisonous idiot," I hissed, "I tell you——"

"Naughty temper," said Berry. "I admit I'm in the wrong, but there you are. You see, it all comes of not wearing rings. If I did, I should have remembered that a wire came from Jonah just before dinner—it's in my dinner-jacket—saying he was coming up late to-night with Harry, and that if the latter couldn't get in at the club, he should bring him on here. He had the decency to add, 'Don't sit up.'"

Daphne and I exchanged glances of withering contempt.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The rogues were trained to a hair. The cold steel of another weapon was pressing against my throat, and the master was bowing in her direction. "Madam, I beg that you will neither move nor cry out."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"And where," said my sister, "is Harry going to sleep?"

Her husband settled himself contentedly. "That," he said drowsily, "is what's worrying me."

"Outrageous," said Daphne. Then she turned to me. "It's too late to do anything now. Will you go down and explain? Perhaps he can manage in the library. Unless Jonah likes to give up his bed."

"I'll do what I can," I said, taking a cigaret from the box by her side.

"Oh, and do ask if it's true about Evelyn."

"Right-O. I'll tell you as I come back."

"I forbid you," murmured her husband, "to reenter this room."

I kissed my sister, lobbed a novel on to my brother-in-law's back and withdrew before he had time to retaliate. Then I stepped barefoot down-stairs, to perform my mission.

With the collapse of the excitement, Nobby's suspicion shrank into curiosity, his muscles relaxed, and he stopped quivering. So infectious a thing is perturbation.

The door of the library was ajar, and the thin strip of light which issued was enough to guide me across the hall. The parquet was cold to the touch, and I began to regret that I had not returned for my slippers.

As I pushed the door open, "I say, Jonah," I said, "that fool Berry——"

It was with something of a shock that I found myself looking directly along the barrel of a .45 automatic pistol, which a stout gentleman, wearing a green mask, white kid gloves and immaculate evening-dress, was pointing immediately at my nose.

"There now," he purred, "I was going to say, 'Hands up.' Just like that. 'Hands up.' It's so romantic. But I hadn't expected the dog. Suppose you put your right hand up."

I shook my head. "I want that for my cigaret," I said.

For a moment we stood looking at one another. Then my fat *vis-à-vis* began to shake with laughter.

"You know," he gurgled, "this is most irregular. It's enough to make Jack Shepherd turn in his grave. It is really. However, as an inveterate smoker, I feel for you. So we'll have a compromise." He nodded toward an armchair which stood by the window. "You go and sit down in that extremely comfortable armchair—sit well back—and we won't say any more about the hands."

AS HE spoke, he stepped forward. Nobby received him with a venomous growl, and to my amazement the fellow immediately caressed him. "Dogs always take to me," he added. "I'm sure I don't know why, but it's a great help."

To my mortification, the Sealyham proved to be no exception to the rule. I could feel his tail going. As in a dream, I crossed to the chair and sat down. As I moved, the pistol moved also.

"I hate pointing this thing at you," said the late speaker. "It's so suggestive. If you'd care to give me your word, you know——Between gentlemen——"

"I make no promises," I snapped.

The other sighed. "Perhaps you're right," he said. "Lean well back, please. That's better."

The consummate impudence of the rogue intensified the atmosphere of unreality, which was most distracting. Doggedly my bewildered brain was laboring in the midst of a litter of fiction, which had suddenly changed into truth. The impossible had come to pass. The cracksman of the novel had come to life, and I was reluctantly witnessing, in comparative comfort and at my own expense, an actual exhibition of felony enriched with all the spices which the cupboard of sensation contains.

The monstrous audacity of the proceedings and the business-like way in which they were conducted, were almost stupefying.

MOST of the silver in the house, including a number of pieces I had completely forgotten, seemed to have been collected and laid in rough order upon rugs, which had been piled one upon the other to deaden noise. One man was taking it up, piece by piece, scrutinizing it with an eyeglass, such as watchmakers use, and dictating descriptions and particulars to a second, who was seated at the broad writing-table, entering the details, in triplicate, in a large order-book. By his side, a third manipulated a pair of scales, weighing each piece with the greatest care and reporting the result to the second, who added the weight to the description. Occasionally the latter paused to draw at a cigaret, which lay smoldering in the ash tray by his side. As each piece was weighed, the third handed it to a fourth assistant, who wrapped it in a bag of green baize and laid it gently in an open suitcase. Four other cases stood by his side, all bearing a number of labels and more or less the worse for wear.

All four men were masked and gloved and working with a rapidity and method which was remarkable. With the exception of the packer, who wore a footman's livery, they were attired in evening-dress.

"We find it easier," said the master, as if interpreting my thoughts, "to do it all on the spot. Then it's over and done with. I do hope you're insured," he added. "I always think its so much more satisfactory."

"Up to the hilt," said I, cheerfully. "We had it all revalued only this year, because of the rise in silver."

"Splendid," enthusiastically. "But I'm neglecting you." With his left hand the rogue picked up an ash-tray and stepped to my side. Then he backed to the mantelpiece, whence he picked up and brought me a handful of cigarets, laying them on the broad arm of my chair. "I'm afraid the box has gone," he said regretfully. "May I fix you a drink?"

I shook my head. "I've had my ration. If I'd known, I'd have saved some. You see, I don't sit up so late as a rule."

He shrugged his shoulders.

As he did so, my own last words rang familiarly in my ears. "I don't sit up so late——" "Don't sit up——"

Jonah! He and Harry were due to arrive any moment.

Hope leaped up within me, and my heart began to beat violently. I glanced at the silver, still lying upon the rugs. Slowly it was diminishing, and the services of a second suit-case would soon be necessary. I calculated that to complete the bestowal would take the best part of an hour, and began to speculate upon the course events would take when the travelers appeared. I began to pray fervently that Harry would be unable to get in at the club.

"Now then, you three," said a reproving voice, "I'm surprised at you."

Daphne!

The rogues were trained to a hair.

Before she was framed in the doorway, the cold steel of another weapon was pressing against my throat, and the master was bowing in her direction.

"Madam, I beg that you will neither move nor cry out."

My sister stood like a statue. Only the rise and fall of her bosom showed that she was alive. Pale as death, her eyes riveted on the speaker, who was holding his right hand markedly behind him, her unbound hair streaming over her shoulders, she made a beautiful and arresting picture. A kimono of softest apricot, over which sprawled vivid embroideries, here in the guise of parti-colored dragons, there in that of a wanton butterfly, swathed her from throat to foot. From the mouths of its gaping sleeves her shapely wrists and hands thrust out snow-white and still as sculpture.

For a moment all eyes were upon her, as she stood motionless. Then the man with the eye-glass screwed it back into his eye, and resumed his dictation.

The spell was broken. The packer left his work and, lifting a great chair bodily with apparent ease, set it noiselessly by my side.

The master bowed again. "I congratulate you, madam, upon your great heart. I beg that you will join that gentleman."

With a high head, my Lady Disdain swept to the spot indicated and sank into the chair.

"Please lean right back. Thank you."

The cold steel was withdrawn from my throat, and I breathed more freely. Nobby wriggled to get to my sister, but I held him fast.

"So it was burglars," said Daphne.

"Looks like it," said I.

I GLANCED at the leader, who had taken his seat upon the club-curb. His right hand appeared to be resting upon his knee.

"I think," said my sister, "I'll have a cigaret."

I handed her one from the pile and lighted it from my own. As I did so, "*Courage*," I whispered. "*Jonàh ne tardera pas.*"

"I beg," said the spokesman, "that you will not whisper together. It tends to create an atmosphere of mistrust."

My sister inclined her head with a silvery laugh. "You have a large staff," she said.

"That is my way. I am not a believer in the lone hand. But there you are. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*," and with that he spread out his hands and shrugged his broad shoulders.

Daphne raised her delicate eyebrows and blew out a cloud of smoke.

" 'The fewer men,' " she quoted, " 'the greater share of—plunder.' "

The shoulders began to shake. "*Touché*," was the reply. "A pretty thrust, madam. But you must read further on. 'And gentlemen in *Mayfair* a-bed shall think themselves accursed they were not here.' Shall we say that—er—honors are easy?" And the old villain fairly rocked with merriment."

Daphne laughed airily. "Good for you,"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

she said. "As a matter of fact, sitting here, several things look extremely easy."

"So, on the whole, they are. Mind you, lookers-on see the easy side. And you, madam, are a very privileged spectator, and, as such, you see the easy side. Now, one of the greatest dangers that can befall a thief is avarice."

"I suppose you are doing this out of charity," I blurted.

"LISTEN. Many a promising career of—er—appropriation has come to an abrupt and sordid end, and all because success but whetted, where it should have satisfied." He addressed my sister. "Happily for you, you do not sleep in your pearls. Otherwise since you are here, I might have fallen. Who knows? As it is, pearls, diamonds and the emerald bracelets that came from Prague—you see, madam, I know them all—will lie up-stairs untouched. I came for silver, and I shall take nothing else. Some day, perhaps——"

The quiet singsong of his voice faded, and only the murmur of the ceaseless dictation remained. Then that too faltered and died.

For a second master and men stood motionless. Then the former pointed to Daphne and me, and numbers three and four whipped to our side.

Somebody, whistling softly, was descending the stairs.

Just as it became recognizable, the air slid out of a whistle into a song, and my unwitting brother-in-law invested the last two lines with all the mockery of pathos of which his inferior baritone voice was capable:

"I'm forever b-b-blowing b-b-bub-b-bles,
B-blinkin' b-bub-b-bles in the air."

He entered upon the last word, stared ever so slightly at his reception, and then stood extremely still.

"Bubbles be blowed," he said. "B-b-burglars, what? Shall I moisten the lips? Or would you rather I wore a sickly smile? I should like it to be a good photograph. You know, you can't touch me, Reggibald. I'm in balk." His eyes wandered round the room. "Why, there's Nobby. And what's the game? Musical Chairs? I know a better one than that." His eyes returned to the master. "Now, don't look, and I'll hide in the hassock. Then, when I say 'Cuckoo,' you put down the musket and wish. Then— Excuse me."

Calmly he twitched a Paisley shawl from the back of the sofa and crossed to his wife. Tenderly he wrapped it about her feet and knees. By the time he had finished, a third chair was awaiting him, and Numbers Three and Four had returned to their work.

"Pray sit down." drawled the master. "And lean back. That's right. You know, I'm awfully sorry you left your bed."

"Don't mention it," said Berry. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything. How's Dartmoor looking?"

The fat rogue sighed. "I have not had a holiday," he said, "for nearly two years. And night work tells, you know. Of course, I rest during the day, but it isn't the same."

"How wicked. And they call this a free country. I should see your M. P. about it. Or wasn't he up when you called?"

The other shook his head. "As a matter of fact," he said, "he was out of town. George, give the gentleman a match." The packer picked up a match stand and set it by Berry's side. "I'm so sorry about the chocolates. You see, I wasn't expecting— Hullo!"

At the mention of the magical word Nobby had leaped from my unready grasp and trotted across to the fireplace. There, to my disgust and vexation, he fixed the master with an expectant stare and then sat up upon his hindquarters and begged a sweetmeat.

His favorer began to heave with merriment. "What an engaging scrap," he wheezed, taking a chocolate from an adjacent table, upon which the contents of a dessert dish had apparently been emptied. "Here, my little apostate—well caught!"

With an irrational rapidity the Sealyham disposed of the first comfit he had been given for more than six months. Then he resumed the attractive posture which he had found so profitable. Lazily his patron continued to respond.

Resentfully I watched the procedure, endeavoring to console myself with the reflection that in a few hours Nature would assuredly administer to the backslider a more terrible and appropriate correction than any that I could devise.

Would Jonah never come?

I stole a glance at the clock. Five and twenty minutes to two. And when he did come, what then? Were he and Harry to blunder into the slough waist-high, as we had done? Impossible. There was probably a man outside—possibly a car—which would set them thinking. Then, even if the brutes got away, their game would be spoiled. It wouldn't be such a humiliating walk-over. Oh, why had Daphne come down? Her presence put any attempt at action out of the question. And why——

A taxi slowed for a distant corner and turned into the street. For a moment it seemed to falter. Then its speed was changed clumsily, and it began to grind its way in our direction. My heart began to beat violently. Again the speed was changed, and the rising snarl choked to give way to a metallic murmur, which was rapidly, approaching. I could hardly breathe. Then the noise swelled up, hung for an instant upon the very crest of earshot, only to sink abruptly as the cab swept past, taking our hopes with it.

Two-thirds of the silver had disappeared.

Berry cleared his throat.

"YOU know," he said, "this is an education. In my innocence I thought that a burglar shoved his swag in a sack and then pushed off and did the rest in the back parlor of a beer-house in Notting Dale. As it is, my only wonder is that you didn't bring a brazier and a couple of melting-pots."

"Not my job," was the prompt reply. "I'm not a receiver. Besides, you don't think that all this beautiful silver is to be broken up?" The horror of his uplifted hands would have been more convincing if both of them had been empty. "Why, in a very little while, particularly if you travel, you will have every opportunity of buying it back again in open market."

"But how comic," said Berry. "I should think you're a favorite at Lloyd's. D'you mind if I blow my nose? Or would that be a *casus belli?*"

"Not at all," urbanely. "Indeed, if you would care to give me your word——"

Berry shook his head. "Honor among thieves?" he said. "Unfortunately I'm honest, so you must have no truck with me. Never mind. D'you touch cards at all? Or only at Epsom?"

Beneath the green mask the mouth tightened, and I could see that the taunt had gone home. No man likes to be whipped before his underlings.

Nobby profited by the master's silence and had devoured two more chocolates before Berry spoke again—this time to me.

"Gentleman seems annoyed," he remarked. "I do hope he hasn't misconstrued anything I've said. D'you think we ought to offer him breakfast? Of course, five is rather a lot, but I daresay one of them is a vegetarian, and you can pretend you don't care for haddock. Or they may have some tripe down-stairs. You never know. And afterward we could run them back to Limehouse. By the way, I wonder if I ought to tell him about the silver whichnot. It's only nickel, but I don't want to keep anything back. Oh, and what about the dividend warrant? Of course it wants riveting and, er, forging, and I don't think they'd recognize it, but he could try. If I die before he does, the butler can send it on." He paused to shift uneasily in his seat. "You know, if I have to sustain this pose much longer I shall get railway spine or a harelip or something."

"HUSH," said I. "What did Alfred Austin say in 1895?"

"I know," said Berry. " 'Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn.' Precisely. But then all his best work was admittedly done under the eider-down."

The clock upon the wall was chiming the hour. Two o'clock. Would Jonah never come?

I fancy the same query renewed its hammering at Berry's brain, for, after a moment's reflection, he turned to the master:

"I don't wish to presume upon your courtesy," he said, "but will the executive portion of your night's work finish when that remaining treasure has been bestowed?"

"So far as you are concerned."

"Oh, another appointment! Of course this summer-time stunt gives another hour, doesn't it? Well, I must wish you a warmer welcome."

"That were impossible," was the bland reply. "Once or twice, I must confess, I thought you a little, er, equivocal, but let that pass. I only regret that Mrs. Pleydell, particularly, should have been so much inconvenienced."

"Don't mention it," said Berry. "As a matter of fact, we're all very pleased to have met you. You have interested us more than I can say; with true chivalry you have abstained from murder and mutilation, and you have suffered me to blow my nose, when a less courteous visitor would have obliged me to sniff with desperate and painful regularity for nearly half an hour. Can generosity go further?"

The rogue upon the club curb began to shake with laughter again. "You're a good loser," he crowed. "I'll give you that. I'm quite glad you came down. Most of my hosts I never see, and that's dull, you know, dull. And those I do are so often, er, unsympathetic. Yes, I shall remember to-night."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Going to change his rings," murmured Berry.

"And now the highly delicate question of our departure is, I am afraid, imminent, To avoid exciting impertinent curiosity, you will appreciate that we must take our leave as artlessly as possible and that the order of our going must be characterized by no unusual circumstance, such, for instance, as hue and cry. Anything so vulgar as a scene must at all costs be obviated. Excuse me, Blake!"

Confederate Number One stepped noiselessly to his side and listened in silence to certain instructions, which were to us inaudible.

I looked about me. The last of the silver had disappeared. The packer was dismantling the scales as a preliminary to laying them in the last suitcase. The clerk was fastening together the sheets which he had detached from the flimsy order-book. Number Three had taken a light overcoat from a chair and was putting it on. And the time was six minutes past two.

And what of Jonah? He and Harry would probably arrive about five minutes too late. I bit my lip savagely.

Again the chief malefactor lifted up his voice. "It is my experience," he drawled, "that temerity is born, if not of curiosity, then of ignorance. Now, if there is one vice more than another which I deplore, it is temerity—especially when it is displayed by a host at two o'clock of a morning. I am therefore going to the root of the matter. In short, I propose to satisfy your very natural curiosity regarding our method of departure, and, incidentally, to show you exactly what you are up against. You see, I believe in prevention." His utterance of the last sentences was more silky than ever.

"The constables, who have passed this house since half-past twelve, will, if reasonably observant, have noticed the carpet which, upon entering, we laid upon the steps. A departure of guests, therefore, even at this advanced hour, should arouse no more suspicion than the limousine landaulette, which has now been waiting for some nine minutes.

"The lights in the hall will now be turned on, the front door will be opened wide, and the footman will place the suitcase in the car, at the open door of which he will stand, while my colleagues and I—I need hardly say, by this time unmasked—emerge at our leisure, chatting in a most ordinary way.

"I shall be the last to enter the car—I beg your pardon. To-night I shall be the last but one—" for an instant he halted, as if to emphasize the correction—"and my entry will coincide with what is a favorable opportunity for the footman to assume the cap and overcoat which he must of necessity wear if his closing of the front door and subsequent occupation of the seat by the chauffeur are to excite no remark. You see, I try to think of everything."

HE PAUSED for a moment, regarding the tips of his fingers, as though they were ungloved. Then—

"Your presence here presents no difficulty. Major and Mrs. Pleydell will stay in this room, silent—and motionless—and detaining the dog. You"—nonchalantly he pointed an extremely ugly French dagger in my direction—"will vouch with your, er, health for their observance of these conditions. Be good enough to stand up and place your hands behind you."

With a glance at Berry, I rose. All things considered, there was nothing else to be done.

The man whom he had addressed as Blake picked up Nobby and, crossing the room, laid the terrier in Berry's arms. Then he lashed my wrists together with the rapidity of an expert.

"Understand, I take no chances." A harsh note had crept into the even tones. "The slightest indiscretion will cost this gentleman extremely dear."

I began to hope very much that my brother-in-law would appreciate the advisability of doing as he had been told.

"George, my coat." The voice was as suave as ever again. "Thank you. Is everything ready?"

Berry stifled a yawn. "You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you're actually going? Dear me. Well, well. I don't suppose you've a card on you? No. Sorry. I should have liked to remember you in my prayers. Never mind. And you don't happen to know of a good plain cook, do you? No. I thought not. Well, if you should hear of one——"

"Carry on."

Blake laid a hand on my shoulder and urged me toward the door. As I was going, I saw the master bow.

"Mrs. Pleydell," he said, "I have the honor— Dear me! There's that ridiculous word again. Never mind—the honor to bid *adieu* to a most brave lady."

With a faint sneer my sister regarded him. Then, "*Au revoir*," she said steadily.

"So long, old bean," said Berry. "See you at Vine Street!"

As I passed into the hall, the lights went up and a cap was clapped on to my head and pulled down tight over my eyes. Then I was thrust into the corner of the hall, close to the front door. Immediately this was opened, and I could hear everything happen as we had been led to expect. Only, there was a hand on my shoulder.

I heard the master coming with a jest on his lips.

As he passed me, he was speaking ostensibly to one of his comrades—ostensibly. "I shouldn't wait up for Jonah," he said.

THANKS to the fact that one of the assistant commissioners of police was an old friend of mine, we were spared much of the tedious interrogation and well-meant, but in the circumstances utterly futile,

Nobby was sitting up, begging, before a large gentleman. He was affecting not to see the terrier, but there was a queer frozen look about his broad smile.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

attentions of the subordinate officers of the C. I. D.

Admission to the house had been gained without breaking, and there were no finger-prints. Moreover, since our visitors had worn masks, such descriptions of them as we could give were very inadequate. However, statements were taken from my sister, Berry and myself, and the spurious telegram was handed over. The insurance company was of course informed of the crime.

Despite the paucity of detail, our description of the gang and its methods aroused tremendous excitement at Scotland Yard. The master, it appeared, was a veritable Prince of Darkness. Save that he existed, and was a man of large ideas and the utmost daring, to whose charge half the great unplaced robberies of recent years were, rightly or wrongly, laid, little or nothing was known of his manners or personality.

"I tell you," said the assistant commissioner, leaning back and tilting his chair, "he's just about as hot as they make 'em. And when we do take him, if ever we do—and that might be to-morrow, or in ten years' time, we might walk straight into him next week with the stuff in his hands; you never know—well, when we do take him, as like as not, he'll prove to be a popular M. P. or a recognized authority on live stock or something. You've probably seen him heaps of times in St. James's, and, as like as not, he's a member of your own club. Depend upon it, the old sinner moves in those circles which you know are above suspicion. If somebody pinched your watch at Ascot, you'd never look for the thief in the Enclosure, would you? Of course not. Well, I may be wrong, but I don't think so. Meanwhile, let's have some lunch."

For my sister the ordeal had been severe, and for the thirty hours following the robbery she had kept her bed. Berry had contracted a slight cold, and I was not one penny the worse. Jill was overcome to learn what she had missed, and the reflection that she had mercifully slept up-stairs while such a drama was being enacted upon the ground floor rendered her inconsolable. Jonah was summoned by telegram and came pelting from Somerset to be regaled with a picturesque account of the outrage, the more purple features of which he at first regarded as embroidery and for some time flatly refused to believe. As was to be expected, Nobby paid for his treachery with an attack of biliousness, the closing stages of which were terrible to behold. At one time it seemed as if no constitution could survive such an upheaval, but, although the final convulsion left him subdued and listless, he was as right as ever upon the following morning.

The next Sunday we registered what was to be our last attendance of Church Parade for at least three months.

By common consent we had that morning agreed altogether to eschew the subject of crime. Ever since it had happened we had discussed the great adventure so unceasingly that, as Berry had remarked at breakfast, it was more than likely that, unless we were to take an immediate and firm line with ourselves, we should presently get grand larceny on the brain and run into some danger of qualifying not only for admission to Broadmoor, but for detention in that institution till his majesty's pleasure should be known. For the first hour or two which followed our resolution we either were silent or discussed other comparatively uninteresting matters in a preoccupied way; but gradually lack of ventilation began to tell, and the consideration of the robbery grew less absorbent.

We entered the Park at Stanhope Gate. We had reached the Achilles statue, when Jill caught my arm, laughing. "Oh, I say, where's Nobby?" A hurried retrospect showed me the terrier some thirty paces away, exchanging discourtesies with an Aberdeen. The two were walking round each other with a terrible deliberation, and from their respective demeanors it was transparently clear that only an immediate distraction could avert the scandal of a distressing brawl.

REGARDLESS of my surroundings, I summoned the Sealyham in my 'parade' voice. To my relief he started and, after a menacing look at his opponent, presumably intended to discourage an attack in rear, cautiously withdrew from his presence and, once out of range, came scampering in our direction.

My brother-in-law and Daphne, whom we had outdistanced, arrived at the same time.

As I was reproving the terrier, "The very people," said a familiar voice.

It was the assistant commissioner, laboring under excitement which he with difficulty suppressed. He had been hurrying and was out of breath.

"I want you to cross the road and walk along by the side of The Row," he said jerkily. "If you see any one you recognize, take off your hat. And Mrs. Pleydell, you lower your parasol."

"But my dear chap," said Berry, "they were all masked."

"Well, if you recognize a voice, or even——"

"A voice? My dear fellow, we're in the open air. Besides, what jury——"

"For heaven's sake," cried the other, "do as I ask. I know it's a chance in a million. Think me mad, call me a fool—anything you like—but go."

His earnestness was irresistible. I whistled to Nobby, who had seized the opportunity of straying, apparently by accident, toward a bull-terrier, and started to stroll in the direction of The Row. Jill walked beside me, twittering, and a glance over my shoulder showed me my sister and Berry a horse's length behind. Behind them again came the assistant commissioner.

We crossed the road and entered the walk he had mentioned.

It was a beautiful day. The great sun flamed out of a perfect sky, and there was little or no wind. With the exception of a riding-master and two little girls, The Row was empty, but the walk was as crowded as a comfortably filled ballroom, if you except the dancers who are sitting out, for, while three could walk abreast with small inconvenience either to others or to themselves, there was hardly a seat to spare.

I have seen smarter parades. It was clear that many *habitués* had already left town, and that a number of visitors had already arrived. But there was apparently the same quiet air of gaiety, the same good manner, which fine feathers bring, and, truth to tell, less *ennui* and more undisguised enjoyment than I can ever remember.

Idly I talked with Jill, not thinking what I said nor noticing what she answered, but my heart was pounding against my ribs, and I was glancing incessantly from side to side in a fever of fear lest I should miss the obvious.

Now and again I threw a look over my shoulder. Always Berry and Daphne were close behind. Fervently I wished that they were in front.

I began to walk more slowly.

Suddenly I realized that I was streaming with sweat.

As I felt for my handkerchief, "Look at Nobby," said Jill. "Whatever's he doing?"

I glanced at my cousin to follow the direction of her eyes:

Nobby was sitting up, begging, before a large elderly gentleman, who was seated, immaculately dressed, some six paces away. He was affecting not to see the terrier, but there was a queer frozen look about his broad smile that set me staring. Even as I gazed, he lowered his eyes and, lifting a hand from his knee, began to regard the tips of his fingers, as though they were ungloved.

For a second I stood spellbound.

Then I took off my hat.

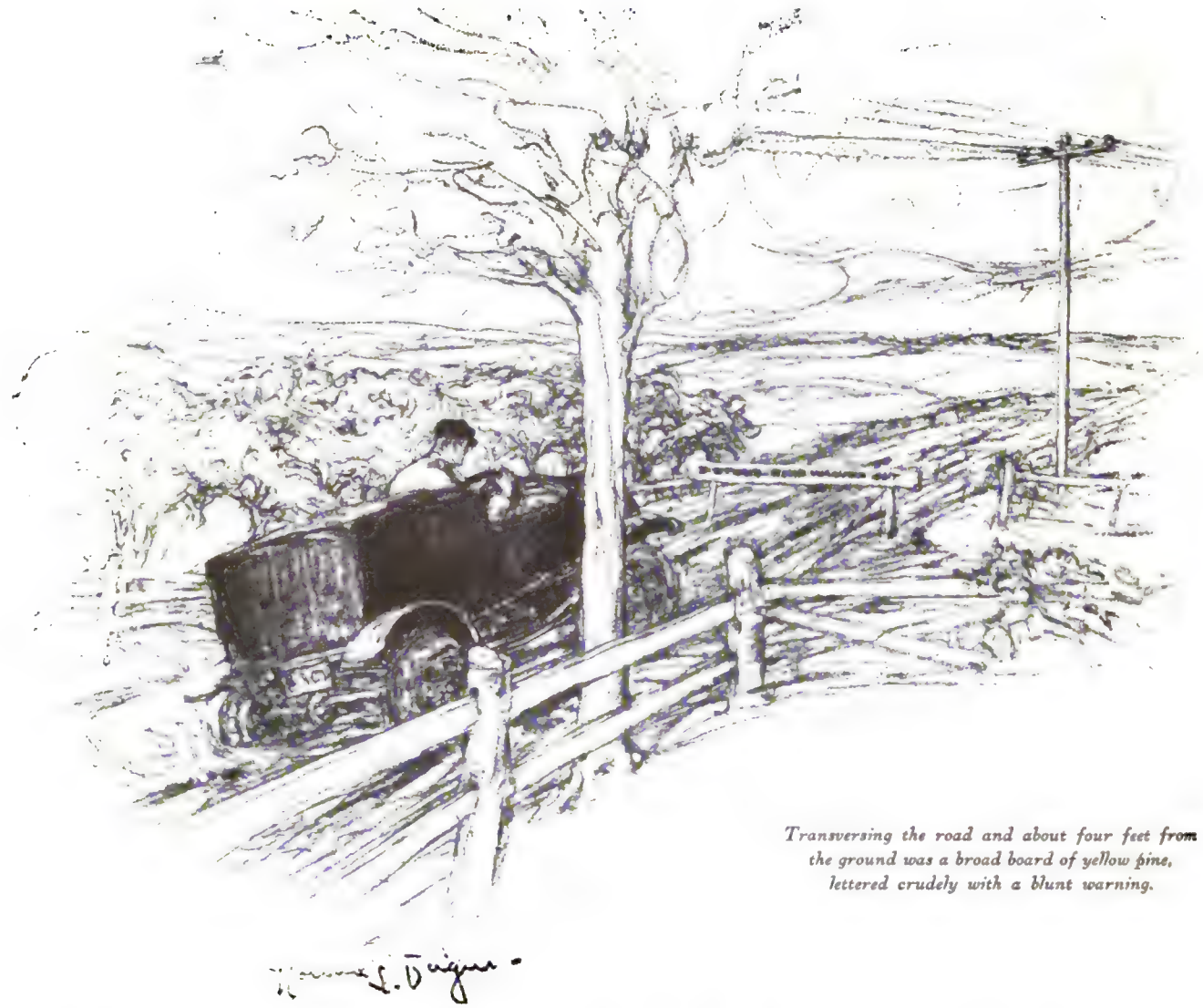
RIDDLES

BY IRVING BACHELLER

The story of a millionaire who developed "some whiskers and a few resolutions," and turned into Uncle Sam Junior for a summer month's holiday. How he made over a whole community—as well as himself—the author of "A Man for the Ages" tells with all his characteristic quaint humor and pungent philosophy.

A Two-part Story—in May and June EVERYBODY'S.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Transversing the road and about four feet from the ground was a broad board of yellow pine, lettered crudely with a blunt warning.

Detour—Road Washed Out

A Thunder-Storm Romance

By George F. Worts

A SMALL black automobile with a red delivery-box bolted on behind came rattling at a lively clip down the road from Milbury. Its driver, a young man with chestnut-colored hair, was singing lustily a song of the open road. The owner of a delicate ear for music would no doubt have been distressed; for his voice, which might have been cultivated in the neighborhood of loud mechanical noises, was continually sharping and flatting.

But there were no listeners. The young man had the world to himself.

Viewed at a distance of a quarter of a mile or so, the Milburry turnpike magically acquired a velvety smoothness. It wound in and out between the green fields ribbon-like. A nearer inspection revealed treacherous hollows and hummock-like bumps. This, like all things, had a reason. The hard winter, the premature thaws and refreezings, and the torrential spring rains had accomplished with the enthusiastic aid of ten and fifteen ton motor-trucks, what a retreating German army would have been heartily envious of.

The Milbury turnpike was all but impassable. A heavy car would have had to crawl, or suffer the breakage of springs and perhaps costly parts. The Flinnet skipped from hollow to hummock as nimbly as a dancing-girl in a Grecian costume skips from hummock to hollow on a mowed lawn.

Now the raucous voice of the driver, lifted in rollicking song, was his way of expressing a timely and normal feeling. Spring was the time of the year; and in the spring of the year a young man's fancies rove naturally over open roads and budding fields.

The mystery of new life was in the very air he inhaled; the optimistic strivings of young green things bursting from seed and bulb breathed upon the world their invitation to mankind to feel likewise.

A restless spirit was abroad; the finger of Romance was beckoning from distant low-lying hills, from prairies and pine-clad mountains unseen, from azure seas vast and heaving thousands of miles away over the horizon. Each invisible new turning of the road was a crook in the arm of adventure. The ghosts of a million knights of the spring trail were urging Jerry of the rattletrap to chant that snatch of ribald melody. A meadow-lark vied with him. And the sunlight flowed in warm vibrations from a misty spot high aloft.

That was the trouble. Jerry was a creature of instinct and intuition. Instinct told him to sing his rollicking song; intuition told him to travel fast. Trouble was approaching through the air.

On a low green hilltop toward the north an ominous mass the color of new bronze

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

swiftly gathered. Warning sounds issued from it now and then, like the far-away gruntings of a giant in pain. It began to smolder sulfurously. It spat forth a blade of greasy fire, white and green.

Vegetable life learns its few simple lessons at a tender age. The tiny new maple leaves budding along the turnpike began turning themselves silver-side outward.

A great hush was descending. The very air became tense with an electrical forewarning.

A little gray spiral of dust danced away down the road before the advancing Flinnet, as though flirtatiously trying to escape capture. A stronger puff, and the dust was gone, scattered in a thousand directions, after the manner of dust.

Yellow gloom, ominous, fearful, like the shadow of death, came with a rush into the broad valley and chased away in a twinkling the optimism of the young season.

The tawny thunderhead on the low hilltop spread its vapors until the afternoon attained the hue of tropic dusk. Warnings of the legions of Thor continued. A blast of wind sprang out of nowhere and whipped the trees until their uttermost roots were taxed. Leaves and small branches swished through the air. Mighty explosions ripped the yellow haze with sickening streaks of blue-white fire.

Jerry stopped singing. "It kinda looks like rain," he pronounced aloud, as a man will who has a voice and no one but himself to exercise the God-given instrument upon.

His guess was upheld with no delay. The rain came down in a flashing sheet. In an instant the rich alluvial road of northern Ohio soil was transformed into golden northern Ohio gumbo. The young man was driving in an unprotected seat, and he was drenched in less time than it takes to tell it.

The holes in the road were filled with rainwater to their brims, and this contributed to the difficulty of steering the hazard of uncertainty.

And suddenly, to make matters even more complicated, the Milburry turnpike came to an unexpected end. Not that the road did not continue beyond a given point, for it continued on and on indefinitely; but the way was blocked. Transversing it from one sluice-like ditch to the other and about four feet from the ground was a broad board of yellow pine, lettered crudely by some thoughtful road-maker with a blunt warning:

DETOUR—ROAD WASHED OUT

"This priv'lege," the farmer informed him in an awful voice, "is goin' to cost you just four bits, young fella."

An arrow, equally rough in design, indicated an extremely narrow lane running off at right angles over an empty meadow, whereby the destructive rivulet or river could be avoided.

The young man now devoted himself undividedly to his piloting. His eyes were partly shuttered against the torrents that came flinging at him. His heavy brown shoes were overflowing. His dark suit clung to him like the clothes of a man rescued from drowning. His jaunty appearance was washed down to drooping dejection.

The detour, like most detours, was full of surprises—bumps, humps and pitfalls for the unwary.

He drove blindly through it, glancing hopefully now and again for shelter. And after a while his hopefulness was rewarded. He saw through the tumble of rain a huge red barn with a large black mouth waiting and ready to swallow him.

It rose bulkingly amidst a cluster of buildings—a white house with green shutters, unpainted sheds and poultry houses, a windmill—from an otherwise blank meadow. No fence restrained him, and hesitating not a second, he guided his conveyance through a shallow ditch, over a rise and across a field of yielding muck.

The little black car sank and wallowed, paused, jerked, hummed and climbed on over the juicy soft soil; and he thanked his lucky stars that the rear wheels had only yesterday been equipped with non-skid tires.

He gained presently a carriage path, a mere double groove in the sod, which he would have found earlier by continuing along the detour.

THE dark opening in the huge red barn was one of emptiness. In another moment the rain-storm was on the other side of an excellent shingled roof.

The abrupt dryness of the barn fairly made him cough.

Stopping the engine he pulled himself out of the seat with a wet soughing sound and descended to dry earth.

An irritable Rhode Island red hen cackled indignantly and urged a number of little fuzzy brown balls under a feeding trough.

The young man's eyes, as they followed the flight of the hen and her chicks, were arrested by a pair of appraising brown ones of startling luminosity and tenderness. Other eyes of like character in a semicircle attended him with gentleness and luminosity. All their sleek-haired owners were meditatively munching hay, and, counting them idly, the young man realized that the farmer whose hospitality he had without invitation accepted, must be a man of considerable wealth in these parts. He did not of course know the name of his host, as this was off his beaten path.

He went to the doorway and stood out of reach of a cascade of water while he rolled himself a cigaret. The pungent flavor of the burning tobacco, the softness of its bite in his lungs, were soothing. Drenched clothing was not a novelty to him, and he rather enjoyed a rain-storm when he could watch it from a place of dryness.

Any moment he expected the clouds to roll back and the sun to shine through. After a while the thunder drew away,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rumbling and grumbling in the east, but the downfall continued.

The cigaret was followed by a second, a third; and then a man in rubber boots and dirty oil-spotted raincoat put in a somewhat stealthy appearance.

Jerry did not hear him coming. He was lounging in the doorway with his shoulder lodged against an edge of the sliding door when a splashing foot drew his attention.

He looked into a face of bitter grimness, with a covering of stiff gray beard behind which the emotions of the moment were disappointingly concealed. The old man's face had that stony look, as though it were fashioned of reenforced concrete—concrete poured into a mold in a disenchanting moment and never subject to alteration since.

"Some storm!" Jerry ventured affably.

"This priv'lege," the farmer informed him in an awful voice, "is goin' to cost you just four bits, young fella."

"That's what I call downright hospitality!" the intruder answered with ready cheeriness.

Graybeard simply extended a calloused palm, and the young man without further comment dug into a trousers pocket. Two silver pieces materialized; and he dropped them clinking into the palm.

"When it lets up," the old man rasped, "you get." And he splashed away.

The rain continued, taking on before long a certain determined character, as if it intended to settle down into what in Ohio is described as an old-fashioned rain. That sort of rain might last for days, if the lightning did not double back on its errant trail and break it up.

The blue-gray gloom of the dripping afternoon, the whispering of the hay in the loft, the unhappy appearance of the whole swimming countryside gave rise in the young man to melancholy thoughts. His imagination was disturbed by old Graybeard and his voice like sandpaper. He fell to wondering about him; wondered what kind of household might be his background; wondered about the unfortunate womenfolk who had to put up with his hard, grating manner.

A portion of the question was answered when a young man made his appearance, and greeted Jerry without geniality and totally without inspiration.

"Wheat's a-goin' to rot right on the stalk if this keeps up."

"Yeah," agreed the young man of the machine, looking him over indifferently.

THE narrow shoulders of the newcomer were grotesquely high, accentuating his lankiness; his complexion seemed perpetually flushed with a dark, choleric stain, and his ominous black brows were fascinating in their bushiness. His dark, sullen eyes, and his mouth, sensually full and scarlet, were characterized by an uneasy and somewhat sinister expression.

There followed a surly catechizing.

"Where ya from?"

"Cleveland."

"Where ya headed for?"

"Freeport."

"Must 'a' got an early start."

"Yes."

"Roads purty bad, ain't they?"

"I'll say so, Buddy."

The smoldering black eyes squinted out from the astonishing black brows peculiarly. "Been in the army, ain't ya?"

"I have."

The black eyes became malignant, the swollen mouth twisted. "So've I!" their owner burst out with alarming ferocity. "Got my *dis*-charge six months back, and—God! how I wisht I was back in France!"

"Don't you like farm work?"

"Like it!" was the snarling response. "I could die, I like it so well!"

"Then why don't you hit the trail—haul freight—trek—vamoose?"

"Hit the trail! Trek! Vamoose!" the other echoed savagely. "Run away from—*him?* Do you think I want to be killed?"

"Would he kill you?"

"You don't know him."

"Does he own you?"

"He's my uncle. He a reg'lar devil straight out of hell. I guess I saw him split open a man's head with a spade once!"

"He looks like a hard one," Jerry conceded.

"A hard one! You ought to see the way he treats Mary Mulligan and ma sometimes—when he gets one of his tantrums. Ma's a cripple and puts up with it. She gen'rally has to." He became sullenly introspective. "He's got me where he wants me, I guess. I—I could kill that man!"

"Yes," Jerry murmured. "You might."

"I don't mind war," the black-eyed man went on with fierce intensity, as if he were determined to argue out his stand. "I liked it. I wasn't afraid to go over the top—not after the first time."

"I'll bet you killed your German," Jerry dryly urged him on.

"Did I? Say! I run bayonets through enough squealin' Huns—" The black eyes finished the grisly thought gloatingly, so his startled auditor thought, and Jerry glimpsed in the vicious black eyes a soul so warped that he fairly shivered. Going over the top had never affected him like that. Carnage made him sick.

The dark-skinned man sighed as a drunken man sighs, and added:

"I liked all of it. Plenty of excitement. Plenty of girls. Plenty of booze. This—this—is—hell!"

"Well," Jerry murmured dissentingly, "I'm kind of glad to be right where I am. This merry old life suits me to a T. Good chow and plenty of it. Good bunks to sleep in. Good jobs and plenty of them. Good wages——"

"What's your line?" the dark one interrupted curtly.

The knight of the rattletrap brightened. "Me? Why, I'm starting a new line of tobacco. Opening up all of northern Ohio west of Cleveland. Twelve counties."

BRISKLY he raised a lid on the red delivery-box and plunged in his long arm to the shoulder. He produced a small, flat oblong of blue paper and tin-foil.

"Try it. Velvet Lady eating tobacco—cast *en bloc*."

"D'you just travel around and give this stuff away?" the other asked enviously as he peeled off the wrapper and sank his teeth into the little gummy slab.

"That's it." Jerry watched his companion's expression hopefully as the latter's jaws began their labor of mastication. He was disappointed when no words of approval were forthcoming.

His eyes roved out over the dreary landscape. The rain fell as if from an inexhaustible sieve. Details of the meadow were growing indistinct, obscured by the gathering darkness. The barn became black as a vault.

"Looks as if I'd have to put up here overnight," Jerry was observing when the stiff-bearded old man reappeared.

Evidently he had overheard the remark.

"It'll cost ya three dollars to put up overnight," he announced in his awful, grating voice.

Jerry followed Mary with his eyes whenever she was in the room, and his gaze was at once bold and understanding.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The old man fairly leaped up from the table, knocking over his chair as he did so.

"How do you figure that out?" Jerry asked him.

"A dollar for your car, a dollar for your bed, and a dollar for your supper and breakfast," he was informed.

Jerry dared to grin impishly at him. "You believe in making hay whether the sun shines or not," he said.

"Supper," said the rasping voice from the harsh gray beard, "is ready now. Henry will show you where to wash up. You can pay me now." The gesture of the upturned greedy palm was repeated.

Jerry paid him the money in dollar bills.

"Come on into the house and wash up," the malignant Henry urged in a stealthy whisper when the broad, square back of the old man was at a safe distance. "He gets one of his fits if we ain't all at the table at just six. And when he gets one o' *them*—" His voice droned off into disastrous rumbling implications.

JERRY followed his lanky, narrow-shouldered escort into the kitchen and washed at the pump in a dented tin basin with yellow laundry soap provided for that purpose. He always enjoyed such a proceeding. He washed with gusto, blowing like a young whale, and vigorously wetting back errant locks of brown hair.

His eyes were still wet and blinded by the biting lye of the yellow soap, and he was fumbling in the dark for the sink where he had laid a coarse gray towel, when a low, reproachful voice, almost in a whisper, accused him:

"Oh! You've spilled water all over my clean floor!"

Jerry found the towel and hurriedly rubbed the water and suds out of his eyes, and looked. His first impression was one of glowing pale blueness very near at hand. And with the mist wiped away he still retained it.

The girl wore a faded blue gingham apron which extended from her chin to her shoetops. She was standing in youthful dismay, with her hands clasped and pressed between her knees, much more alarmed, he thought, than the havoc he had wrought really justified.

But it was a pretty, graceful attitude; and for some reason her voice and her attitude went in and out of Jerry's heart with something like a pang. After all, he amended himself hastily, it was her eyes that had caused him that strange pain, for the brightness was worn off of them, and they were inflamed at the rims.

Her small face was glowing with a warm flush, she was pink from forehead to throat, as though she might have been bending too long over a hot wood-stove; although even that cruel exposure could not have caused the inflammation and the hopelessness he saw in her eyes.

Naturally it would be hopelessness, Jerry supposed; and at his quick realization of its cause a wave of indignation, amounting almost to wrath, went over him; for he saw that this girl was not a product of her environment. None of the black and trickling venom of the man, called Henry, was present in her. He was of the soil—a clod. She was more like a fading flower, a pink flower on a slender blue stalk, if such flowers could exist, wasting delicate energies in a soil meant for cabbages and turnips.

"*Your* clean floor!" he echoed angrily. That she should have any connection with kitchen floors appalled him, and he glanced at her hands which, in keeping with her fragile charm, should have been white and slim and smooth as a lily's petal.

The girl must have misinterpreted his emotion, for she replied with a hint of hostility:

"I scrubbed it this afternoon."

"A girl like you shouldn't have to scrub floors," Jerry told her distinctly. He had observed that her hands were not white and smooth but red and swollen and blistered.

Curiosity came into her frank blue-eyed gaze, and Jerry guessed, to his own growing incredulity, that here was a girl unaccustomed even to the crudest of compliments. He wondered if she ever smiled, and how she ever came by that inept name of Mary Mulligan. It fitted her no more than did her harsh surroundings.

HIS further speculations and inquiries were forestalled by the entrance of Henry, who scowled malignantly when he saw them staring at each other with such curiosity. Jerry could readily believe that the man might impulsively murder any one.

"Come to supper," Henry bade him curtly.

Jerry followed him into a blatantly furnished dining-room; and carried along a host of exalted aspirations and tender feelings.

He knew the character of the dining-room before he entered: a stiff chamber full of carved and massive golden-oak furniture, a floor hideously carpeted in a writhing pattern of warring colors. He sat down at one side of an oblong table covered with a faded red-and-white cloth. The knives and forks were of white steel, cruelly sharp-looking, and the plates were of crockery. Where they were nicked, brown-baked clay showed through. A platter of corned beef and cabbage and a heaping bowl of boiled potatoes apparently composed the evening meal.

Opposite Jerry his black-browed confidant occupied himself with a steel knife and fork, gripped heavily. The inscrutable gray-bearded old autocrat occupied the end of the table nearest the kitchen. Facing him, eating her food in silence, was a gaunt, thin-lipped woman, whose shrunken face was worn and scarred with worry and suffering, and whose colorless eyes were like a fog behind which her thoughts, her soul, took refuge. Henry's crippled mother, Jerry supposed.

Her tragic countenance fascinated him. He beheld in her a woman who had suffered beyond the endurance of most of her kind, whose life was reduced to a weary spark. She was listless, almost inert. Jerry saw that she used only her left hand and presumed her to be the victim of a paralytic stroke. Only when the girl, incongruously named Mary Mulligan, came into the room did the withered woman seem to waken to even the dullest interest. She followed the girl's graceful movements with an air positively furtive, stealing indecipherable glances only when the gray old wolf across from her was not watching.

The furtive straying of her fog-like eyes, and the fresh redness in the eyes of the girl herself, gave Jerry a feeble inclination toward the belief that a recent unpleasantness still lingered in the house. From the harsh gray mask of the old man, and from the intensely dissatisfied face of his nephew he could glean nothing.

It was a silent, dreadful meal. Not a word was passed; and the increasing strain

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in time brought Jerry to the verge of hysterical laughter. Shocking and ludicrous remarks came to his tongue and remained unspoken. He was obsessed by a recurrent phrase which tripped time and again through his brain— "seeking whom they might devour." To Henry, at least, it seemed appropriate.

Jerry followed Mary Mulligan with his eyes whenever she was in the room, and his gaze was at once bold and understanding. He wanted to convey to her a little hope; but her great blue eyes were always downcast, as though some shameful past conduct weighted down her spirit.

WHEN the corned beef and cabbage and boiled potatoes had been devoured, Mary Mulligan heroically assembled the plates into one great pile and staggered off to the kitchen with them. Jerry's sensitive spine bent with aching sympathy, and he flushed angrily, in spite of himself, and looked hastily at the table-cloth in front of him to dispel his confusion.

He began a long, vigorous thought, and left it unfinished, for a small hand, pink and swollen by work for which it had never been fashioned, slid a great segment of mince-pie before him. Somewhat jealously he cast a glance at Henry's segment, and discovered with strange gratification that Mary Mulligan had given him by a wide margin the lion's share.

This made him oddly happy. Mary Mulligan was displaying favoritism. He tried to catch her glance, and for a moment her frightened blue eyes did meet his; and even before she looked away he saw them fill with a rush of despair and fury, like that of some cornered animal.

Jerry was so shocked that he bolted, without masticating, the last bite of his pie. He then heard in the kitchen the distinct and unmistakable sounds of a woman giving way to outraged feelings. The stamp of a foot. The clacking of heavy dishes. The culminating gasp of an infuriated "Ugh!"

It was like a signal, that bitter monosyllable.

The old man fairly leaped up from the table, knocking over his chair as he did so. It fell to the hideous carpet with a nerve-wrenching whack. In a single bound the old man was out of the room.

Jerry sat as if numb, looking white-faced from the crippled woman to her son. They were staring at the door with imbecilic expressions, expectant, horrified.

A rasping voice in expostulation issued from the kitchen. The clear angered tones of Mary Mulligan were mingled with it.

The harsh voice said: "I've stood the last of your foolishness!"

And the girl cried: "I've stood the last of your beastliness!"

"What!" roared the old gray wolf, while Jerry's brain rang with unutterable applause.

"I can't marry him! I won't! I can't!"

"If you say that again I'll horsewhip you!"

"I can't help it! I can't!"

A soft thud was followed by a scream.

And before he realized what he was doing Jerry was inside the kitchen, with his fingers bundled into knotty fists.

Mary Mulligan was cowering against the wall under an immaculately polished kerosene lamp in a bracket. The old man, with his broad back to Jerry, towered over her, and his fists were in the air.

She stared past him at Jerry, and her mouth closed proudly.

With a flashing downthrust, learned arduously in a training-camp, he parried the thrust, sent the pitchfork hissing.

"I heard you say," Jerry stated stiffly, "you were going to horsewhip her."

The old man spun about with remarkable nimbleness. "You get out!" he commanded."

"When you promise me," Jerry returned hotly, "that you will not touch her."

The old man gazed at him as though he were gazing at an idiot. "Promise *you!*" he muttered, and he horrified Jerry then by grinning.

"Please—go," Mary Mulligan stammered. "He—he won't."

Steely fingers gripped Jerry's right forearm; an unfamiliar voice croaked in his ear. "Get out now. It will be all right. You don't want him to kill you, do you?"

Jerry turned for a look at the speaker, and it was as if the dead had come to life. The crippled mother of Henry had him by the arm, astonishing him with her vise-like grip, firmly urging him back into the other room.

Obediently Jerry abandoned the kitchen, his common sense arguing that the Buddha-like old woman who had acted with such breath-taking alacrity in the emergency, must have truer instincts than his own.

The cripple dragged herself with grotesque little hops straight ahead of him, as though she were fearful of pursuit, and vanished through a door at the head of the room.

Jerry did not follow her. He stopped beside the table and looked down contemptuously at the woman's inactive son.

Henry, avoiding his glance, seemed engaged in some mournful speculation; but it was obvious to Jerry that the young man was fighting his own difficult battle. Henry's skin had gone milk-color; his jaws and scarlet lips were moving, and his great paws were clutching waves of the red-and-white cloth.

"Are you going to do anything?" Jerry panted.

The black eyes looking up at him were blurred, wild, like the eyes of a man roused from a nightmare.

"Do anything?" he groaned. "I ain't fond of funeral music."

"Are you the man he wants her to—to marry?" Jerry demanded huskily.

Henry swallowed. "Yeh," he muttered. "I am."

"Then why—" Jerry began angrily. But their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the old man.

THERE was no anger in his expression, no emotion of any kind; his bearded countenance had all the chiseled hardness and inscrutability of a sphinx.

He addressed Jerry in his rasping, irritable voice. "Sleep on this couch tonight. After breakfast you get out, rain or no rain."

"Isn't there a bed?" Jerry asked boldly.

"This couch is good enough for you—anybody," he was informed. "Henry, you look like a fool. Get to bed."

Henry crept out of his chair and took himself soundlessly away.

Hope entered Jerry's heart. If the old wolf followed Henry up-stairs the way would be clear for an interview he greatly desired with Mary Mulligan. But the old man soon disappointed him. He acquired a black book with gilt-edged leaves from the sideboard—could it be the Bible? Jerry wondered, and sat down in a chair

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They went like mad down the rutted road through puddles of muddy rain-water.

with his back to Jerry's couch and began to read, muttering phrases half-aloud.

Jerry sat on the edge of the couch and stared at the broad back and the tangle of iron-gray hair, wondering how any man could be such a hypocrite. He heard subdued noises of dishwashing in the kitchen, and fell to planning a campaign whereby he might have a word or two with the girl.

He finally hit upon a simple stratagem. "Get glass water," he mumbled, rising and strolling into the kitchen.

The old man did not move, seemed not to have heard.

Mary Mulligan, however, had heard. She indicated with a slight movement of her head a pail on a stool containing a few inches of clear water and a long-handled dipper.

JERRY took one sip, replaced the dipper, and went to the girl's side with his heart thumping.

She washed a plate with a deft sweep of a dripping dish-rag and laid it with a little click beside others on the drain-board. She seemed unconscious of his nearness. He wondered nervously what she would do if he kissed her on the nearest rosy cheek. He wanted to touch her with his hand, to lay his cheek upon the curly corn-colored hair that swept cleanly back from her forehead, to encircle her small soft body in protecting arms.

But he only put his mouth down close to her nearest ear and whispered, "Come down when they're asleep."

He started back to the dining-room, clearing his throat noisily, and, keeping his eyes on her, caught her acknowledgment and agreement by a slight inclination of the head.

Jerry went back to the couch and stretched himself out on his back with his hands clasped under his head, feeling rather elated over the success of his maneuver. The old man's voice droned incoherent phrases.

The rain was not subsiding. Somewhere on the outside Jerry could hear the soft roar of eaves-troughs and gutters, and the rain beat a steady, gentle tattoo upon the window-ledge beside him.

His thoughts were remote from slumber as he stared at the dirty white ceiling and listened to the little sounds of Mary Mulligan in the kitchen. His imagination pictured her in other surroundings, remote from this inferno; and even as he built these castles in the air for Mary Mulligan and himself, he was not strong enough to throw off the child-like mental bewilderment that the great discovery provoked. For Jerry knew now what had happened to him; after many years of seeking him, love had found Jerry at last, and as breathlessly as this!

The uninterrupted sapping of his vital reserve, caused by continuing to wear his drenched clothing, was what probably sent him off to sleep so soon. He did not hear the old man when the latter closed the Bible and went off to bed, an incident occurring a fraction of a minute after Mary Mulligan's retirement from the kitchen.

Jerry awoke to find the light of a full moon shining through the window-pane and upon his face. He stared with momentary inertia at the silver disk, and saw the rain-clouds scampering away from it and dissolving into dark starry distances.

Mary Mulligan stood beside the couch, looking down curiously into his sleepy eyes, with her lips apart and her hands clasped decorously in front of her. She was dressed as when he had seen her last.

Jerry struggled upright, swung his legs over the edge, and sat staring up at her dazedly, as a man will when a materialization of his sleeping dreams appears before him. Her face was softened, her eyes were purple shadows in the full moonlight. "What did you want?" she whispered.

"I wanted to have a talk with you," he replied. "Who are you, Mary Mulligan? What are you doing here? Does he really beat you?"

"He has," she said, still looking down at Jerry curiously. "I—I don't know how I can run away very well, if that's what you wanted to talk to me about. He took me out of the Milbury orphanage when I was a little girl. He has some sort of right, hasn't he?"

"None whatever," Jerry informed her firmly. "You're of age, aren't you?"

"I am afraid of him," she said. "I am afraid to run away. You—you'd better let me go back to my room."

Jerry reached for her hand and drew her roughly down beside him. "You don't want to marry that nephew of his—do you?"

Mary Mulligan shook her head decisively. "Even his mother is against it. She wants to—to save me from her—her own son! And that—that old man thinks Henry will lose his crazy ideas about leaving the farm if—if he marries me!"

"How horrible!" Jerry growled. "Haven't you any relatives, any friends, you can go to?"

"I have an old aunt in Medalia, but I haven't seen her since I was four or five years old. She would have nothing to do with me then, but I've been told she would—would like to see me, now that she's grown old."

"Your name really is Mulligan," Jerry asked incredulously.

"Oh, yes; my father's name was Mulligan. He and my mother died when I was little. I don't remember."

"I see," said Jerry gently. "Now listen to me, Mary Mulligan. I can do one of two things for you. One of them I'd like to do more, much more, than the other. Medalia is forty-five miles away from here, over very poor roads. I can drive you to Medalia and leave you with your aunt. Or I can drive you to Freeport, which isn't quite so far. The mayor of Freeport was my captain. I think he will do almost anything for me. I think he will marry us."

"Marry us!" Mary Mulligan gasped.

"Yes. Marry us," Jerry reiterated, holding her beside him by force when she tried to rise. "That's what I'd rather do, more than anything I can think of."

SHE subsided and looked at him with her characteristic curiosity, but he saw in her wide eyes a look similar to the one he had seen when he ran into the kitchen to save her from the abuse of the old man.

A feeling of guilt made him release her at once.

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely. "Here I'm acting meaner and crueller than any of them! Oh, Mary Mulligan, you don't have to look at me like that! Come! We'll go—to your old aunt in Medalia!"

Mary Mulligan needed no more urging or assurances of his good faith and honorable intentions. She rose without a word of gratitude, and they crept like a pair of thieves through the kitchen and out into the silvered glory of the spring night.

The purified air was fragrant and cool;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and from somewhere afar the bell-like notes of a night-bird came clearly to them.

They were only part way to the red barn when the house behind them came to life. Two windows, one after another, became frames of dull light. A head and shoulders appeared in one of them, and a hateful rasping voice called down:

"Who is down there?"

Jerry and Mary Mulligan immediately started to run.

In the black shadow of the barn Jerry stumbled and fell, and rolled over once, with a pitchfork in his arms.

His predicament threw Mary Mulligan into a panic; she clasped her hands and caught them between her knees in the folds of the gingham apron, bending over him. "Are you hurt?" she cried.

Jerry crawled wrathfully to his feet without putting down the pitchfork; he sputtered some answer that eluded her and doubled back determinedly toward the house. Escape was now out of the question; it would take too long to start the Flinnet and make their getaway. He must face the consequences of his reckless behavior.

He saw three ghostly figures disgorged simultaneously, it seemed, from the back porch—Henry, his uncle, and his mother.

Henry came sprinting ahead of them. His mother, Jerry saw, was trying to hold the old man back. Henry reached the shadow of the barn in a flash. He stooped and picked up some object, then plunged on again, his feet rising from the wet ground with popping noises.

Jerry's excitement turned to a feeling of cold horror when he discovered what the running man held in his hands. It was a weapon identical with his own, a pitchfork whose prongs gleamed wickedly in the milky light.

He came charging straight at Jerry, with his mouth slathering and his eyes twin ink-stains.

The picture of the vengeful man charging on him was sharply familiar, for Jerry had been through similar scenes at dead of night on battle-fields, and the remembered words of his bloodthirsty comrade-in-arms streamed through his terrified brain. "I wasn't afraid to go over the top. I liked it. . . . I run bayonets through enough squealing Huns——"

The pitchfork in the war-trained hand lunged viciously at Jerry. With a flashing downthrust, learned arduously in a training-camp, he parried the thrust, sent the pitchfork hissing into the wet earth.

And before Henry could recover his balance from the sudden interruption of his flight, he was lying flat on his back.

Jerry stood over him, limply shaking a hand that felt as if every bone it contained was broken. He had reverted in this crisis to earlier principles, discarded the pitchfork for his bare knuckles.

And as he shook his bleeding knuckles, he stared with astonishment at the uncle and mother of his victim a hundred feet away who were locked, it first appeared, in an affectionate embrace. Then he realized that the crippled mother of Henry was clawing at the old man, holding him.

She screamed at Jerry. "Go! Go! Get her out of his sight!"

And Jerry never did know whether she meant the old man or his nephew.

He heard a familiar roar, a rattle and a clatter, and his Flinnet fairly leaped backward out of the barn, across the black shadow and into the moonlight. Mary Mulligan herself sat grimly at the wheel.

"You'll have to drive, Mary!" he shouted above the mechanical confusion when he had jumped in beside her. "The hand I hit him with is numb."

"I know how," Mary Mulligan cried exultantly.

AND they rattled off down the rutted land through puddles of muddy rainwater to the road, the detour. They went like mad.

Some time later she shouted over the gnashing of the mechanism: "This detour comes back to the Milbury turnpike in about three miles. The pike runs straight into Medalia."

"I know it," Jerry cried back. "I've been over it before. There's a crossroads about ten miles before you get to Medalia that goes into Freeport. You can turn there," he added slyly, "if you want to."

"I don't want to," Mary Mulligan assured him.

"You needn't go so fast," he suggested a little later, his breath on the word "fast" being jolted out of him by a bump. "This road is in terrible shape."

She slowed the car down, and the comparative absence of sound made conversation possible.

"You're a traveling man, aren't you?" she asked him quaintly.

"In a sense," he conceded, somehow disliking an implication that crept in between her words. "I'm opening up all this territory for Velvet Lady Plug Tobacco——"

"Do you chew?" Mary Mulligan interrupted innocently.

"No," he answered decisively. "And in a few months this territory will bring me in a good fat income. My headquarters will be at Freeport, soon as I'm established. I expect to stay at home most of the time. I expect to buy a cottage I saw there the other day. It's a dandy little cottage, with a flower-garden——"

"Look! It's growing light!" Mary Mulligan cried.

It was true. A hint of palest rose in the sky announced the approach of day. They watched the miracle of sunrise as they rattled on. The sun came up before they reached the crossroads, and at the crossroads Mary Mulligan was compelled, however much she mightn't have wished to, to stop the car. A long, broad board was stretched across the turnpike, and some thoughtful road repairer had painted roughly on it a warning:

ROAD WASHED OUT—DETOUR
BY WAY OF FREEPORT

Mary Mulligan turned a startled face to the man beside her; startled, but with a faint hint of wistful anticipation in it too.

"Fate," said Jerry, leaning toward her "seems to be working through detour signs. But don't be frightened, Mary Mulligan. I'm sure about me, and I'm almost sure about you. But I know it wouldn't be fair to you, after what you've been through. It would be taking advantage if I begged you to do what the signboard plainly wants us to do. We'll go on to Medalia, but—well, we'll stop long enough to see that cottage anyhow. This detour won't be a failure if that little house looks good to you."

And Jerry kissed that nearest pink cheek.

A vivid story of tropic seas, "The God of the Green Gulf," by Mr. Worts, will appear in the May EVERYBODY'S.

Chemistry

By John Curtis Underwood

THE rain slips down the greenhouse roof, and drips.
It stops; the sun comes out, and stands, and stares
At sand, and steaming glass, and smooth black squares
Of earth that trembles through my finger-tips.

This is my laboratory where I take
A powder black, an acid clear and white,
Some sediment of seeds that sealed up light.
And out of them my miracles I make.

There was the fire of rubies in this clay,
Whiteness of snow sublimed to blossom, blue
Of April, and the sea's green shadow, too.
And I have painted time with them to-day.

I have done more. She came here tired and sad.
Life was all trouble, till I went with her
Through aisles of light where my carnations were,
And all the little violets that I had.

She drank their fragrance, as the earth from rain
Breathes the deep peace these petals cool possess—
My flowers that make life feel its loveliness.
And there were rainbows in her eyes again.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Firebug

The Story of an Invisible Detective

By William J. Neidig

THE redwood furniture that Weiler bought was made by bankrupts in the little town of Hecka, in northern California. I did not see him buy it, but I know a man who did.

"I bet I sell it for something," he had said, after paying for it with a tin whistle.

In order to sell it for something he had had its legs and arms carefully wrapped in Sunday newspapers, and its torsos in burlap, and the whole then tightly packed in excelsior and shipped and reshipped until it finally reached his dark storeroom. It did not become Chippendale mahogany between the factory and the warehouse. Its squat-backed chairs did not grow themselves graceful splats, nor did their square legs blossom into cabrioles with acanthus-leaf decorations between sunrise and sunset. The miracle was greater than that: Before Weiler had so much as taken the rubber band from his roll of banknotes the chairs were already Chippendales and Heppelwhites and Sheratons in manner, and their substance mahogany and walnut and satinwood.

But that was months before the beginning of this story.

WEILER climbed three flights of stairs to the fourth floor, unlocked his door, and after testing the latch to make sure it would snap behind him, entered his office. The day was Sunday, the hour half-past eight in the morning, the week the third in the month of May. The tenants of the Arrowroot Building were not given elevator service on Sunday.

Crossing softly to his desk, he unlocked it and took from the right-hand top drawer a wrapped and sealed parcel of the size of a can cover. This he thrust unopened into the coat pocket. Then he passed through the inner door into his salesroom.

This room contained no Chippendales and no Sheratons; not a stick of redwood in any form; only long lines of cheap desks in oak or birch mahogany, with along the walls a range of filing-cabinets to match. Some of these goods were new, but most of them were second-hand. Their inventory value was exactly what they had cost in money; and they would be sold, barring the accident of fire, for whatever they would bring above this.

He passed through the salesroom toward the rear, where an inner stairway led to the fifth floor. This stairway was unlighted, but he climbed it firmly; and when he reached the top he found the keyhole with sure fingers. He did not expect his clerk Boyson to visit the office on Sunday, but nevertheless he locked the door carefully behind him with his one key.

THE stockroom in which he found himself had windows across either end, and there was a skylight, but the piled-up furniture cut off the windows and the glass in the skylight was muddy with smoke. A layman in that light could have made nothing of the tangle of chairs, tables, dressers, bedsteads and settees, partly open crates, loose excelsior, crumpled paper wrappings and frayed burlap covers. But Weiler knew his way about very well. He had never cared much for stockrooms that were too light.

After testing the door he walked through the room until he had peered into its darkest corner. He knew with his mind that he was the only one on the floor; but he mistrusted his mind; he would not feel entirely at ease until he knew it with his eyes. Women sometimes mistrust their minds so, especially around retiring-time when they are sleepy.

Finding no one under any of his bedsteads, he lifted away a ladder from against a pyramid of wrapped-up arms, backs, legs and feet that pretended to be dark Spanish mahogany in the manner of Gillow, or, for all Weiler knew, Adam, and worried it across the floor to the wall, erecting it as nearly as possible under a trap-door that led out upon the roof.

The ladder was not long enough, but it was the only ladder he had and would have to do. After a little he found by feeling for its ribs a gate-legged dining-room table upon which to set the ladder, leaning the top prongs against the inside of the wooden casing overhead. He did not bother to insert burlap under the standards; a scratch more or less on the top of this table would not affect its value. Then he clambered aboard the table and marched shakingly up the uneven cross-pieces of the ladder to the trap-door.

The opening of this door required great patience and a distinguished disregard for cleanliness; its fastenings were foul with the soot and grime of civilization; with rust also; for water had soaked through at one time and another. He was obliged to descend and hunt out a hammer and screwdriver before he could release the hasp. In the end, however, he pried the rusted bolt out of its cobwebby eye and raised the dust-dripping cover.

Once upon the roof he dusted his hands and otherwise shook out his feathers, blinking his eyes until their expanded pupils should adjust themselves to the light. Then he removed from his pocket the sealed parcel.

An optician would have seen at a glance that the disk-like circle of glass he uncovered was not a reading-lens, and not an objective for a telescope or a camera. But he would have seen also that Weiler was aware of the fact. From an inner pocket he took a used envelope, which he laid upon the skylight. Then, leaning down, he focused the sunlight upon the paper.

The curves of the lens were so sharp that he was obliged to approach the paper, at a distance not greater than the breadth of his palm, so as to bring the sunlight to a point. Even then he did not get a clean image, but an astigmatic one that flared off horizontally or vertically according as he inclined the lens in one direction or the other.

He was not experimenting with the lens to see what it would do; he already knew that. He was merely repeating one of a number of previous experiments. The result was as he knew it would be. He led the point of focused sunlight along the paper in this direction and that, learning nothing that he did not already know, but pleased at his renewed success.

HAD he focused his lens upon the redwood casing of the skylight instead of upon the paper, he might have learned a further important fact.

He remained long enough to measure the length of his shadow on the roof, and to compare the diameter of the lens with the width of one of the panes of glass in the skylight. The lens he then carefully wrapped in his handkerchief and thrust it into his inside pocket, where it would be safest. He was not afraid it would be injured; he merely did not wish to carry his heart on his coat sleeve. The lens represented his heart.

After closing and locking the trap-door, he felt his way down the ladder to the table and sprang off to the floor. After a little he found himself on the inner stairway, then in his office, then on the outer stairway leading to the street, with all doors locked behind him.

The lens, however, he had not returned

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to his desk; instead, he was taking it to his room.

II

THE world contains many boxes, including fifty thousand empty redwood boxes. Most of these redwood boxes have lids. Of the ten thousand that do not, all but about four hundred have sides and bottoms.

The box that Weiler owned belonged among the four hundred; for in addition to its having no lid, one of its sides, like Adam's rib, had been removed because its material was needed in another direction. Not only that; the box that Weiler owned had a slab missing from across the bottom, so that it was only a box in spirit, physically being somewhat of a cripple. Nevertheless it still looked like a box and he loved it.

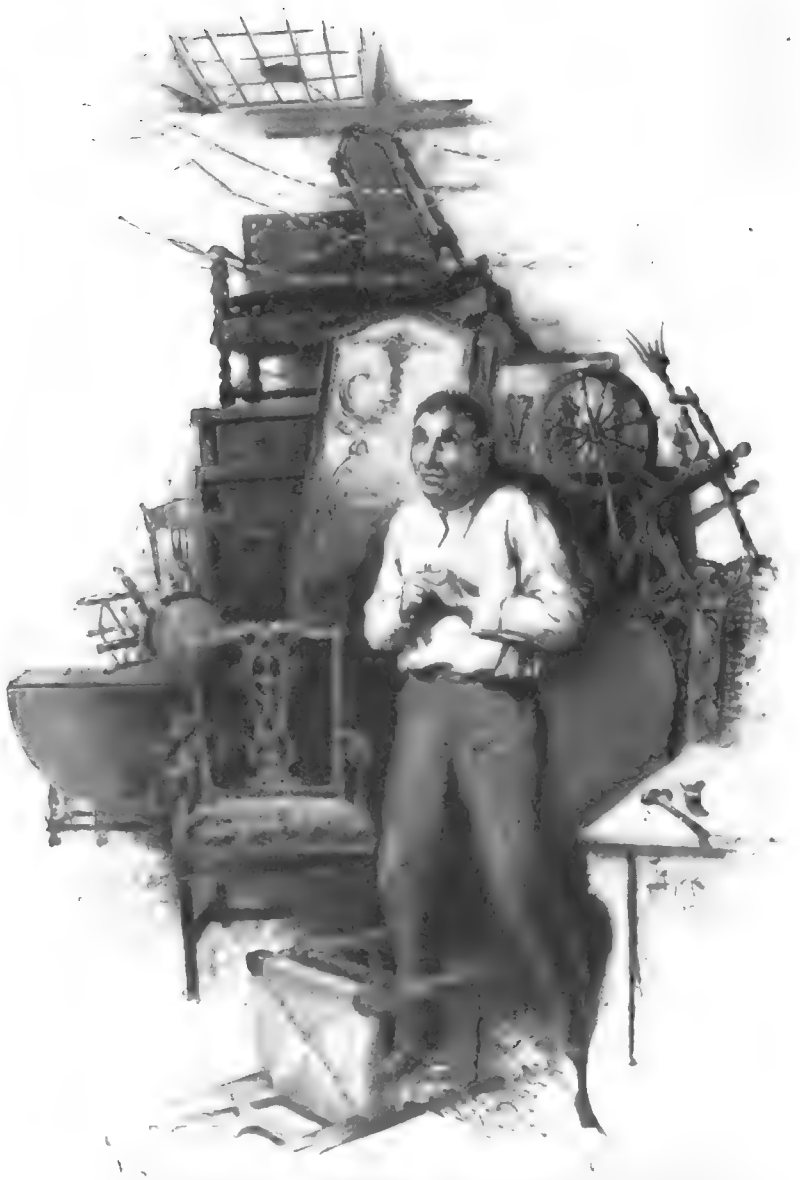
Upon the morning following the Sunday of his visit to the roof, Weiler remained in his room to mark the progress of the sunlight. He had turned his mutilated box upside-down over a sawed-off table-board that he had covered with yellow wrapping-paper and screwed down on the sill of his south window; being only a little fellow, the box was not cramped for room. The arrangement was such that the sunlight fell through the hole in the bottom of the box upon the paper, with Weiler watching it through the open side.

AT EXACTLY seven o'clock he carefully marked the position of the edge of this sunlight upon the paper, together with the time and date. At exactly eight o'clock he repeated the action, as he did also at exactly nine o'clock. Then after marking its own position on the yellow paper, he put the box in the closet out of sight. He intended to record the progress of the sunlight thus during the rest of the week. By Sunday he thought he could tell pretty accurately where the sunlight would fall during the days of the week following.

He reached the office at half-past nine, greeted Boyson, opened his desk, glanced through his mail. A customer came in to ask the price of a four-drawer filing-cabinet. Boyson took care of him. After a little Weiler laid his letters upon Boyson's desk for the clerk to answer, on the plea that he had errands to do. The errands he had in mind were not important enough to take the time of a busy man, but he preferred to work without Boyson's assistance.

His first call was upon the Neptune Camera Company, to buy, for two dollars, a thousand feet of used film that was quite good enough for his purpose. He did not ask to have the film delivered, for that would have involved giving his name and address, but paid cash for it and took it with him.

After buying the film he called at a hardware store for two boxes of class 420, number four, blued cut tacks; at the grocery store for three paraffin candles; and, since he did not smoke, at a cigar-store for a penny box of red-headed safety matches. He also went to his bank to draw out his expense money, and to the railroad ticket-office to arrange for transportation to Chicago, the round-trip ticket costing him one hundred and thirty dollars and sixty-eight cents, his Pullman seventeen dollars and one cent. He had his ticket dated ahead a week, for the train leaving Tuesday morning. Then he returned to his office to complete the tightening up of his books.



"I'm some foxy gink, if I do say so," he mused. "I call that some foxy scheme."

He had begun his preparation years before by padding his inventory, using whenever possible items purchased and sold, or even purchased and returned, so as to have the support for them of bills and canceled checks. At the same time he had begun increasing his stock of goods on hand. At the present moment his books showed a stock valued for insurance purposes at well over fifty thousand dollars; and he appeared to have the goods in his stock-room.

"SOME little bookkeeper, I am," he reflected on his way home that night. "Maybe some day I buy me an automobile—but not on paper. Like you can see. Where it can be checked up. But this stock of fine furniture—what can they do? Not one thing—except pay me my insurance."

He did not make use of his purchases until Sunday morning. Early Sunday he swathed his mutilated box in newspapers, and with the record of the sun's altitude and time in his pocket once more climbed the three flights of stairs to his office. As before, he passed through the inner door, threaded the maze of desks and filing-cabinets to his stock-room stairway, and examined the dark corners of the floor above for lurkers. Then, with all doors bolted behind him, he laid aside hat, coat and collar and prepared to do a hard day's work.

Dragging out the gate-legged table, he climbed his shaky ladder to the roof. Here he removed one of the sash frames from the skylight, and from the frame one of the panes of glass, by the simple process of digging out the putty and zinc brads with his pocketknife. After cleaning the pane with newspaper he replaced it in the frame; but instead of fixing it in position through the use of putty he lighted one of his paraffin candles and filled the triangle between sash and glass with melted wax. The operation used a great deal of wax, but not more than he had provided. Long before the second candle had been melted down the pane was fixed in place.

Reversing the sash, he now replaced it with the putty side turned downward. He did not bother to calk the joints; he was not a native son, but he knew that in California no rain need be feared during the last weeks of May.

Upon the center of this pane he now laid his lens, over it placing his mutilated box in such a position that for two hours in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

morning the sun would shine through the hole in its bottom upon the lens. He knew that during the preceding week the sun had climbed higher and higher in the sky; he estimated that it must continue to do so during the week that followed, and that the pencil of light thrown by the lens would move day by day in a more and more southerly path from west to east until the sunlight was cut off by the box.

The preparation that followed was easier; for he was now able to work directly from the upper rungs of the ladder, no longer needing the aid of the gate-legged table.

He began by tacking the celluloid film along the molding through the complete circumference of the room. At one point the molding had sprung loose, but it was strong enough to support the film and he did not nail it down. He then strung streamers of film across the room from molding to molding, thrusting the ends under the film already in place and tacking through the two layers. He strung a number of transverse streamers so, and then, partly supported by them, three streamers lengthwise of the room. The addition of the film quite changed the appearance of the place; it might have been added for its sheer ornamental value. The stock-room looked as if it had been decorated for a party.

But the floor did not look dressed for a party; Weiler had not bothered to gather up the loose excelsior that overflowed from opened boxes and crates. The great central piles of bandaged legs and arms and backs, with the powdery pink flush of dressed redwood showing between folds—these did not look party-like.

Nor did the preparation that followed look party-like. He had made during his spare hours a pasteboard tray the sides of which were exactly two and one-half inches deep, to be supported by rubber straps from the sash. This he attached against the glass under the lens. Then, melting paraffin over them to hold them in place, he laid a row of five matches along the cardboard in such a manner that the first of the matches projected farther than the second, and the second farther than the third, and so on to the fifth match which did not project at all. The tray with its row of matches was inconspicuous; an insurance inspector might have passed through the room many times without seeing it, or at any rate without suspecting its nature.

There remained only to lead a loop of film into contact with the matches and to connect it at either end with the film tacked upon the molding. Once he had done that his preparation was at an end.

"I'm some foxy gink, if I do say so," he mused, looking over his work. "I call that some foxy scheme."

Then he locked the door and descended to the office, where he washed most of the grime from his hands and face, donned collar and tie and put on his coat and his hat. He reached his room before the brass clock on his dresser had struck two.

III

THIS is a detective story, but I believe that detectives ought not to make their appearance in a story until they have a criminal to detect. Very good stories can be found that will begin with the egg and end with the cackle, just as a hen does, but few of them have much to do with unraveling crime. The cackle does not explain anything.

Detectives fall into many classes. Sometimes they are men like ourselves, wearing advanced-in-price linen collars and marked-down madras shirts advertised to wear longer than you might expect. Sometimes they are men, but not in the least resembling ourselves; differentiated subtly by blue uniforms that ought to photograph light but do not, or by flat-arched shoes that leave tracks like a grizzly's, or by the edible quality of the tobacco they use. Sometimes they are purely subjective; we call them conscience, or self-consciousness, or puritanism, or mere stupidity. Sometimes they surround us under the broad name of life's little ironies, for which we can invent no excuses. And sometimes our wrong-headed acts become their own detectives, either through our too great zeal or our ignorance.

I could name the class to which the detective in this story belongs, but it is too soon to do that, and besides you will prefer to read your subtitles for yourself.

WEILER arrived in Chicago on Friday morning at eleven o'clock, Central time, or nine o'clock counting by his own Pacific time. He took a surface car to the Hotel Galaxy, where he registered in a bold, plain hand.

At nine o'clock, Pacific time, or eleven o'clock counting by Central time, the Friday morning sun was shining down on Weiler's roof in California. Some of its rays were admitted through the slit in the bottom of the box, falling upon the skylight in a long, narrow rectangle. Into this narrow square of sunlight projected one edge of Weiler's lens. The sun's rays caught by the lens were thrown by it into the room below in an expanding pencil until they reached the floor, where the circle of light they cast was so large, and of such faintness, and also so far out of focus, that it could scarcely be seen. After a while the sunlight was cut off by the box and the touch of light on the floor faded away into nothingness.

At eleven-twenty-five Central time, Weiler in Chicago began making himself remarked by the clerk of the Hotel Galaxy. He had asked for a single room with bath, and had been assigned a room looking out over the lake.

"What is this room you are giving me?" he asked querulously.

"This room? It's on the fourteenth floor and has an east exposure. You'll like it, I'm sure."

"I think the light from the windows will hurt my eyes," he objected.

"You can lower the curtains, Mr. Weiler."

"I think it will be too much air maybe."

"Oh, not for this season!"

"I think it is too high up for me. I need a room where I can walk up the stairs to reach it."

The clerk looked at him more closely. "I can give you an inside room on the third floor. How would that suit you? The price is the same."

"I like it better. Maybe you don't know me yet." He lowered his voice. "I'm a furniture man. I'm in Chicago to buy goods. I stay maybe until next week. See—I give you my card."

"You'll find Chicago a good furniture city, Mr. Weiler. We'll do all we can to make you comfortable."

"Maybe until Monday or Tuesday."

"Weiler, eh?" mused the clerk. "Prefers a third-floor inside room to a fourteenth-floor front, does he? This is a new kind of bird I don't get. He rattles as if he had a thumb-screw loose in his bean. I'll keep my eye on Mr. Weiler."

"He'll remember me now maybe," thought Weiler. "Maybe they all will remember me by Sunday."

Upon reaching his room Weiler did a further thing to make himself remembered:

"Wait a minute," he said to the bell-boy. "I have something for you."

Opening his bag he removed a pasteboard box, within which was nested a black tin cash-box having a tight lid. Within this was nested likewise a third box, of pasteboard, the lid of which was decorated with seven species of flowers. Opening this he offered its contents to the bell-boy.

"It's like I tell you," said the boy two minutes later on the service bench. "The guy asked me to stick around and began pulling out boxes inside of boxes until I thinks it 's a pint sure, and then off comes the last lid and it's sandwiches. You could of flicked me off with your nail. Then what does the guy do but tells me he smells silver somewheres, and I bites, and it was under the top sandwich—a shiny quarter."

"Who is he?"

"A buyer from out West. Weiler, his name is."

"Restaurants?"

"Furniture. He hands me his card, see?"

"The guy must be squirrel fodder, to pull off a beef like that."

"I'll say so."

THE following morning, which was Saturday, Weiler asked for his mail twice before ten o'clock. Then he went to his room, from which he telephoned for a messenger, so as to make another impression upon another bell-boy. He needed a San Francisco paper, he explained; and he needed also a half-dozen Ducal Nugat cigars. The Ducal Nugat was a California brand unknown five blocks from its factory. The boy did not find the cigars, but Weiler gave him a quarter for seeming to try. He also gave him his name and his business.

At eleven o'clock, Central time, on Saturday he descended to the lobby for the purpose of having himself paged. He wished to see if he was yet remembered by any one. He did not as yet know it, but he was already as well known in that hotel as Hiram Johnson or Leonard Wood or almost anybody. Instead of paging him the bell-boy sought him out and addressed him by name.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Weiler."

Only a stranger in a strange city, and moreover one familiar with the peculiar actions of the sun's heat when focused upon the head of a match, can understand the satisfaction with which the California furniture man heard himself addressed by name at such a distance from home and in such a hotel.

At nine o'clock on Saturday counting by

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Pacific time, the sun again shone down through the aperture in the broken redwood box on the roof of Weiler's store. As on the preceding morning its light fell upon the lens, but to-day the faint circle of light on the floor lay slightly south of that of the preceding morning.

Had Weiler at this moment been standing on his ladder under the skylight, and had he held between his thin thumb and shellacked forefinger a red-headed safety match, and had he brought the fat head of this match the thickness of a cardboard north of the longest match on the tray, he would have seen it touched by the concentrated sunlight from the lens. As he held it in the light he would have seen the sun's rays bore into it like a maggot. A moment later he would have seen it burst into flame.

BUT as it was, the pencil of sunlight from the lens missed the first of the matches and nothing happened.

Weiler knew that nothing could happen; Saturday was not the day. Nevertheless he remained within call, either in the lobby or in his room, until after three o'clock. He did not try to impress the clerk further to-day, being self-conscious and irritable. Besides, he was afraid that his desire for news might be noticed.

The thought seized upon his imagination; he saw the necessity of explaining his idle movements. Crossing to the desk, he began telling the clerk how it happened that he was idle.

"Saturday is a bad day for business," he said. "Nobody can buy anything on Saturday. Maybe some things. Not furniture."

By the next day, which was Sunday, Weiler found himself standing on his toetips nervously. In spite of the darkness of his room and the Sunday calm of the third-floor back, he awakened at five o'clock Central time by his watch and thereafter could not again go to sleep. Shortly after eight o'clock Central time he rose. By half-past nine o'clock Central time he had finished his breakfast and had read well into the Sunday papers. The paper was uninteresting, as dull as gray paint, mere deadwood; he consigned it to the future life.

That which he awaited could not happen until eleven o'clock Central time, and he could not hope for word of it until one or two o'clock.

At six minutes past nine o'clock, Pacific time, or six minutes past eleven o'clock counting by Central time, the sun had been shining through the slit in the bottom of Weiler's redwood box for more than half an hour. The circle of faint light on the floor beneath the lens had crept from board to board until five boards had been passed. Yet nothing had happened. The Sunday morning quiet was as unbroken in the stock room under the skylight as it was on the floors below or in the street outside the building.

At six minutes and thirty seconds past nine o'clock, counting by Pacific time, the sunlight continued to shine down mildly through the lens, and the faint circle of light on the floor continued to move slowly toward the east with unbroken contour. But at nine o'clock and thirty-two seconds an observer would have noted an indefinite flatness upon the eastern edge of the circle, and if he had watched it closely he would have seen creeping into it a shadow like that cast by the moon upon the surface of the sun in eclipse, or by the earth upon the surface of the moon.

At the same time he would have seen, or could have seen, a sudden brightness upon the one side of the head of the longest match. This brightness was not faint, like that of the circle of light upon the floor, but intensely brilliant, like the glare of blinding heat seen through a hole in the door of a blast-furnace.

If he had continued to watch the light playing upon the match-head, he would have seen it grow in intensity until the brightest of its rays seemed concentrated in a single luminous point, while shading off from it was a flare of halo, like that surrounding a lamp seen through ground glass, or like that surrounding the head of an extraordinarily bright comet.

But immediately thereafter he would have observed a spectacle for which no figure could be found in astronomy, and few figures anywhere. As the point of concentrated light resembling the head of the comet passed upon the match-head the coating began to smoke under the heat like a rug upon which a coal has fallen from the grate. The smoke column was not dense; it could hardly have been seen at all. And it was not high; it resembled a splinter of purplish haze such as one may sometimes see hanging over San Francisco at six minutes and thirty-two seconds past nine o'clock in the morning, counting by Pacific time.

He would have seen the haze-like smoke and he would have seen the quick flash of tongued flame that engulfed nebula and comet-head and haze-like smoke together. For the match had ignited under the heat.

The flame took hold bitingly upon the wood of the match, and as it did so the next match also became ignited, and the one next to it, and then the others. A moment later the tiny fire had crept along the hafts of the matches as far as to the edge of the celluloid film that lay across them.

The spectacle began when the flame laid its longest tongue against the film. Celluloid, as most know, is made of gun-cotton mixed with camphor gum. It is so highly inflammable that once it has begun burning nothing will put out the fire; not water, unless by total immersion, and not a high wind; certainly not other strips of celluloid film lying in the path of the flame.

THE celluloid burned slowly, but with intense fierceness, giving off, as its combustion progressed, dense clouds of reddish acrid smoke. An observer smelling it would have been reminded of the smell of smokeless powder, or if he were a chemist, of nitric-acid fumes; but there was also in it the not unpleasant smell of burning camphor. But an observer smelling the smoke would hardly have tarried to detect the burned-camphor scent. Certainly he would not have tarried if he were an intelligent man and familiar with the progress of flame along celluloid surfaces.

That which followed was about as Weiler had calculated. The fire ran along the celluloid film, first to the strip that had been tacked along the redwood molding, and then successively to the cross streamers, which instantly burned loose and fell writhing into the tangle of half-opened crates, loose excelsior, paper wrappings and burlap. Inside of a minute the room was on fire in thirty places. Ordinary fires begin at one point, such as the waste-paper can or the point of intersection of crossed electric wires, and progress with growing intensity outward from this center. This fire began everywhere at once. Before the first of the end windows had been blown out it was beyond control.

Furthermore, the heat of the burning celluloid and of the burning excelsior and paper and splintered crates very quickly melted the paraffin with which the pane of glass in the skylight had been held in place so that the pane and the lens which it supported fell into the fire almost at once, carrying with them all clews as to the origin of the fire.

All of which was as Weiler had planned.

By the time the fire department arrived the entire stockroom was a hopeless mass of flame; the salesroom beneath it also, at the stairway and the elevator shaft, and at two or three points where the floor had burned through.

"That was a funny fire," said Assistant Chief Cormack. "Must have had a good start. Must have been smoking for hours. I wonder why nobody saw it."

"Sunday morning," was the reply.

"Wonder what started it."

"I don't see myself. She sure did clean out the two top floors of that building."

IV

ASSISTANT FIRE CHIEF CORMACK was a Californian both by birth and by residence. He had been born in the western Tehachepis, and until he was sixteen had lived on a ranch. He could tell manzanita from madrona, knew what to do if confronted by a thicket of poison-oak that had to be passed, was acquainted with the effects of crushed mountain laurel leaves upon the nostrils. He could identify a deer-mouse or a kangaroo rat by its tracks, as he could likewise a rattlesnake or a mountain quail. He knew foxes by sight and by sound, and was familiar with the serenades of coyotes and mountain lions. Not only did he know the wild plants and animals; he knew the life of the early ranchman. He knew how to mix adobe mud with dried fescue, twigs, vineyard cuttings, old bones or what not in the manufacture of home-made adobe bricks. He knew how to fell a redwood-tree so that it would crash to earth without splitting, and then how to make it ready for whipsawing. He even knew how to make a bonfire of its chips and lopped-off limbs, when they could be burned, which was not always.

Cormack remained until the last coal had been extinguished and the last pencil of smoke broken up into steam and clear air.

"That was a funny-looking fire," he repeated.

"Phony-looking," said his companion. "That upper floor is like the inside of a sheet-iron stove—just as much blaze-blackened one place as another. You wouldn't think a fire could burst out all at once in broad daylight like that. I don't get it at all."

"I don't myself," replied Cormack.

"On fire everywhere at once; and number thirteen only four blocks away."

"Heavy insurance, too. Fifty thousand."

"I haven't seen him around anywhere," said the other. "Have you?"

"He's East, in Chicago."

"Oh, is he?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Left about a week ago. He's out of it clean."

"Fifty thousand. He must have carried an expensive line of furniture."

"Must have. There's what's left of it." Cormack walked over and snaked out a blackened femur that had once been the leg of a Jacobean side-table. "Yes, that's a table-leg. That was a hot fire," he said. "What I want to know is, while this room-ful of fine furniture was burning, why didn't that table-leg burn too? And the other junk in that pile—why didn't it burn?'

"Search me. I'd have burned."

As the fireman had said, Weiler's upper floor was a wreck. The windows were sashless; the flooring had been burned through here and there; in places the roof was gone. Yet out in the room where the fire seemed to have been hottest lay certain scattered legs and arms, chair-seats and table-tops that had not been wholly consumed.

NOR was the charred firewood on the floor the only wood in the room that had escaped total destruction. The sashes in the windows had been of pine; these were burned entirely away. But the redwood jambs and sills were only charred.

Cormack was looking for the cause of the fire—looking for it first on the floor level, where a fire like this would be most likely to start. Had not the stream of water from the fire-hose torn loose a length of molding, he might never have noticed the tacks that Weiler had driven into the wood at ceiling level, or near it, around the room. The water had been directed through one of the north windows. It had not only torn away the molding, which at this point had already sprung loose from the wall, but it had protected it to some extent from the fire.

"That's a funny row of tacks in that molding," he thought. "They look cool enough now, but I bet they were hot-headed little tacks when they saw all that flame and smoke. They know more about this fire than I do, that's a cinch, seeing it start from up high like that."

He had no particular interest in the tacks. They were only carpet tacks, and while the presence of carpet tacks, whose position in life is lowly, so high above everything else in the room was odd, it did not suggest explanations of the fire. The sight of them aroused his curiosity only in a mild degree. He wondered idly what had been attached by the tacks to the molding. Taking his knife from his pocket he opened the heavier of its thick blades and inserted it under one of the tacks.

Protected by the ragged, round black head of the tack he found a paper-like disk with a jagged hole through its center.

"Now, what was that, do you suppose?"

"Looks like oiled paper," said his companion.

"It does a little." He turned the disk over on his palm. "Funny-looking stuff. Probably a piece of a map or a picture."

"A bite out of a photograph, if you ask me."

Cormack was not enough interested to examine the disk with closeness, but he made a mental note of the fact. that metal will sometimes protect paper from burning, even in the midst of the hottest fire.

"Did you know that?" he asked Gabrielson, a ladder-man, a little later. "Paper won't char under the head of a tack."

"Under the head of what tack?" inquired the other.

"Any tack. This tack."

"What about it?"

"Nothing about it. There's the piece of paper. A piece of waxed photograph, it looks like."

"Where did you get it?"

"It came from a strip of molding. That man Weiler must have had a string of photographs along his ceiling."

He looked at the disk in his palm more closely.

"By golly!" he cried. "That's a funny thing to tack up as high as that in a dark storeroom full of furniture. Why do you think a geezer would tack up photographs in his stock-room?"

"I bites, and it was under the top sandwich—a shiny quarter."

"Search me," said Gabrielson. "I don't believe he did."

"Here are the goods. Here's one, and there are the others."

He inserted the blade of his knife under another tack in the molding, laying the disk in his palm beside the first. "See that?"

"Where's your paper?"

"It's waxed paper." He held up the new disk to the light, for the first time looking at it closely. "By golly!" he cried. "This stuff isn't waxed paper at all! This stuff is film! Film from a camera!"

"Now I'm hearing things in my sleep."

But Cormack had suddenly become excited, and began searching his pockets for a match-box. "I forgot I've just been to a fire. Give me a match. I want to try something."

Laying one of the disks upon the blade of his knife he struck the proffered match on the box and touched the flame to the disk. The celluloid flared up like gunpowder, leaving a black stain on the knife-blade. The stain, as Cormack discovered the next instant, was not soot, for he could not rub it off his coat sleeve.

"By golly!" he cried. "Did you see that?"

"I saw it. What made it do that? What was it?'

"What was it? Celluloid! That geezer had a strip of celluloid film from the movies tacked up around the room!"

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson built his Vailima bungalow on the slope of Mount Vaea, Upolu Island, he sent to San Francisco for redwood with which to line his principal room. He had lived long enough in California to fall in love with its delicate brownish pinks and pinkish browns.

In Stevenson's day, redwood formed almost the only building material to be had on the Coast. It was beautiful, lasting and cheap. The Simoneau restaurant in Monterey had been finished in redwood. Stevenson's friends on Russian Hill lived in redwood houses. Even the shanty in Bush Street, whose window-sill his hatchet threatened to knock into hell every time he split kindling upon it, according to his letters—even this old place was of redwood.

But the kindling had not been redwood kindling, and could not have been of redwood and remained kindling.

Had it not been for its redwood houses old San Francisco would have been fire-swept again and again long before the historic earthquake destroyed its water mains, and even the April fire of 1906 would not have taken three days to travel a distance that a man can walk in an hour. The San Francisco fire was the slowest fire in history.

Redwood varies in ignitibility, some of it being so resistant that almost it will not burn at all. I have shredded down a slab of such redwood into shavings, placed under these shavings a bed of crumpled newspapers, added splinters and sticks of varying size, and then saturated the whole with kerosene. The paper ignited, the oil burned; the sheet-iron of the stove grew red-hot; but the moment the paper and the oil were consumed the stove cooled down into blackness, the predigested resistant boards remaining redwood to the end, much as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in their furnace, remained Jews to the end.

Yet the next slab but one I succeeded in coaxing into a fairly hot blaze.

The time was the morning of the third day after the fire, and Weiler was talking to his upper berth, who went by the name of Cruse, though Weiler suspected the name was an artificial one imposed by circumstances. Cruse had taken the train the night before at Carlin.

"Lucky I was riding from Carlin instead of Winnemucca or Imlay," remarked Cruse.

"I don't understand lucky."

"No? That's because you're from the East. After you have lived on the Coast six or eight months you'll know about the habits of these S. P. trains. Carlin is the last station from which you can buy a ticket good on number one. The S. P. refuses to sell you for this train except for a full night's ride. Carlin is the last stop before midnight."

"I did not know that," replied Weiler. "You live in Carlin?"

"Not me. San Luis Obispo."

"I don't know San Luis Obispo," said Weiler.

"An old mission town on the S. P.,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about half-way between the mission of San Miguel and that at Sant' Ynez. It lies at the foot of the pass above Santa Margarita, and it used to have a sea outlet called Port Harford, but the port has changed its name. It's a fine little city."

"I don't know it."

"San Luis stands on its own legs; business out and out. A few of us tried once to get an institution for the place, but we couldn't land it."

"What institution was that?" asked Weiler.

Cruse glanced at him; Weiler, already suspicious, saw instantly that he was delaying his reply to add to its significance.

"A branch penitentiary," he said after a moment.

Weiler had regarded his upper berth with suspicion ever since he noticed the strange pair of flat-soled shoes under his berth. But he had previously regarded half the passengers on the train with suspicion.

AMONG the first of his suspicions was one that had had its origin in Chicago; it was directed at a little Spaniard who had stood at his elbow while he was arranging for his ticket. This was on the Sunday of the fire. He had waited long enough to see the Spaniard buy a ticket for the same train. Later at the station he noticed that the same Spaniard stood at his elbow in the concourse. The knowledge that he was watched made him nervous.

Later still, however, he learned that he had been wrong about the Spaniard, for the man left the train at Cheyenne.

The departure of the Spaniard brought Weiler no peace of mind, for his place had already been taken by another spy who boarded the train at Omaha. The man had engaged upper eight, directly across the aisle, which in itself was evidence that he was a detective. During the long day's ride through Nebraska, this detective, across the aisle, kept Weiler in the corner of his eye, even following him into the diner, and at Grand Island and North Platte, out upon the station platform, Weiler went so far as to consider waiting for the later train, but he told himself that the watching would not hurt him, and forced himself back into his seat in section seven.

Later still he learned more about the man. He did look like a detective and probably was one, but he left the train at Ogden, and that was the last of him.

"I think I must be one fool maybe," thought Weiler, when he perceived that this detective was not following him. "What am I afraid of? I fixed it good enough. What do I care about detectives? The hard part's done. All I have got to do now is collect my insurance, you bet."

As before, the passing of the suspected man had not freed him from the sense of menace. He still retained the feeling that he was watched; he did not know by whom; possibly one of the passengers he least suspected; but by some one. He tried to reason away the fear and, as far as his intellect went, succeeded; but behind his convincing argument always lay this feeling that he was watched to nullify it.

Probably the knowledge that he was again in California had something to do with it; but the presence of this stranger, who in one breath carefully explained that he was from San Luis Obispo, and in the next hinted of penitentiaries, worried him more than all the previous espionage put together. At the first opportunity he looked at the time-table to see whether a man from his city could have made connections with his train at Carlin. He found that Cruse might have arrived in Carlin on number six at seven twenty-five, less than three hours before the Overland passed through from the East. No one could ask for a better connection.

"That man is watching me," he told himself. "They sent him out to meet me. They suspect something already."

Yet he could not be sure; and even if he were sure, he could not avoid the thing. Besides, what difference would it make? As he had before so often told himself, he had nothing to fear. His preparation had been too thorough; no slip was possible.

The breaking-point was reached as the train swung out upon the bridge spanning the river.

THEY had begun the morning with the climb out of the Truckee River cañon. They had threaded the heavily timbered snow sheds that wound about above Bear River cañon, had crossed the ridge into the cañon of the American River, the waters of which Weiler could see thousands of feet below them, and had followed this cañon down the long western slope of the Sierras until they were nearing the edge of the foothills.

It was as they were gliding down the last of these foothills, an hour or so out of Sacramento, that Weiler again felt the thrust of Cruse's goad against his tender ribs. They were talking about building materials. Weiler as a blind had spoken of building a house.

"I like brick myself," said Cruse. "Sandstone is good enough if you get your stone from a ledge that will harden; but some of it doesn't harden well. I've seen sandstone so soft you could whittle it into cakes of soap. Still, get a good sandstone and it makes a very pretty wall."

"Bricks are too high. You can get stone as hard as you like it. Maybe I use wood. I don't know yet."

"Wood is good in this climate. Or plaster and wood. Some of these plaster houses are as tight as canned peaches."

"I have it finished inside in oak, you bet."

"Oh, not on the Coast!"

"What wood then?"

"Redwood. You can't get past redwood for the interior of a bungalow. I use it in my house. I like it in the natural tint, just as it comes from the tree. You can put oil on it and spoil it, as people sometimes do. Or you can wax it with beeswax and turpentine. But not for me."

"You can stain it to look like mahogany," said Weiler.

"You can stain anything to look like anything. Give me the wood as it is. No imitations for me."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Sure," agreed Weiler. "Redwood gives you a fine interior."

"There's another advantage about redwood that people do not always consider. It isn't fireproof; you can burn it, if you know how; but it's as near fireproof as any wood I know of. Sometimes you get hold of a run of redwood boards that will not burn at all, even in a stove. A man would not need any fire insurance if he could select out enough of that kind of redwood for his house."

"He'd have to have insurance on his furniture," said Weiler, forgetting for a moment to be careful.

"He wouldn't if he had it made of the right *kind* of redwood."

THE remark was casually made; so casually, indeed, that Weiler almost failed to see the point of it. He knew that Cruse was watching him; but his mind told him that he was safe enough. His books were right; his furniture had passed out of existence, burned while he was two thousand miles away in Chicago. All he need do was to stand pat and collect his insurance. The law could not touch him.

Cruse's casual remark fell across his consciousness like the lash of a whip. The full bearing of his enormous blunder struck him before the sentence was completed.

"You mean, it wouldn't burn at all?"

"Absolutely not—some kinds, that is."

The statement was exaggerated; but it was so nearly true that the speaker was not conscious of the exaggeration and proceeded to amplify it in tones too sincere to be doubted.

"It would burn if it was mixed up with other furniture maybe."

"No matter what it was mixed with. You could pour paraffin over it and it wouldn't burn. You could wrap it up in a celluloid film from the movies, and then set fire to the celluloid, and it wouldn't burn."

"Celluloid?" Weiler's voice faded off into falsetto.

"You know how touchy celluloid is. There isn't any fire harder to put out than a fire of celluloid."

"Not celluloid!"

"Celluloid in any form will burn like gunpowder, as you probably know. But it can't carry some redwood along with it any more than it could so much asbestos."

"The furniture was not of redwood," Weiler lied desperately. "It was of mahogany and walnut."

The train for some minutes had been running between level fields of wheat stubble, in which here and there stood ancient live-oaks. These cultivated fields became displaced by the sandy reaches bordering a water course, and these in turn by the brush-covered flats along the edge of the river. The brush was dense and high; an animal taking refuge in it would have been difficult to find.

"I've tried to burn some of that resistant stuff in a grate," Cruse continued, disregarding the statement. "I've begun with paper and dried pine twigs and even cones, and then laid split redwood sticks on top, and the fire would go black the minute the underpinning burned out."

Weiler in his mind saw pictures of his carefully piled storeroom after the fire had burned out the oak and the pine and the birch and the maple. He saw the pile of redwood arms and legs, seats, table-tops and the rest of it—saw it in its details. And he saw the pages of his carefully planned inventory, with never a stick of redwood recorded from the first item to the last. Then with his physical eyesight he saw out of the car window this expanse of tangled copse gliding smoothly by.

"Redwood will burn," he asserted between dry lips, but more to assure himself than as a reply.

"Burn? Not the kind I mean. Maybe if it were melted down it might. If you were to melt it down in a glass furnace, it might burn very well. What is the temperature at which glass will melt? Do you happen to remember?"

"I don't know."

"After it is red-hot it is soft enough to run, if I'm not wrong. I mean ordinary window glass. How hot would that be, do you suppose?"

"I don't know how hot."

"The glass you would use in a skylight would very likely be a little thicker. I've seen skylight glass melted down into buttons in a fire. Ever look at a building after a fire?"

"I don't know anything about any kind of glass."

"There's another kind of glass that ought to be still harder to melt. Lens glass, I mean. I'd like to try melting down a lens some day, just to see. Not an expensive lens; a cheap burning lens."

Weiler turned his desperate glance from the window to the face of the man sitting opposite.

"Who are you?" he cried. "I don't know you!"

"This is the American River we are now approaching," said the other mildly. "We shall soon be in Sacramento."

The breaking-point was reached as the train swung out upon the bridge spanning the river.

"Come out on the platform with me to see something new!" cried Weiler, rising.

Cruse was telling a group of passengers about it later.

"The man had been acting queer all morning," he said. "Once or twice he burst out in a demand to know who I was. I had been talking redwood to him and I don't know what all. Suddenly he asked me to go out on the platform with him; said he had something he wanted to show me. The next thing I knew he had a pistol pointed at me. And what do you suppose he wanted?"

"Money?"

"All he wanted was for me to raise the trap and open the vestibule door. When I had it open this man made me stand on the car steps above him with my hands raised. The next thing I knew he had jumped overboard. The last I saw of him he had picked himself up and was streaking for the brush. Now wouldn't that jar you?"

"Who was he?"

"I haven't any idea. He didn't tell me his name."

"The conductor will have it," suggested a passenger.

"He got his ticket from the conductor back here at Auburn," said the porter. "Said he was getting off at Sacramento. He went through his baggage very careful, then had his ticket returned."

"I'd like to take your name," said the conductor.

"My name is Cruse. I'm from San Luis Obispo."

"What's your business?"

"My business? Me? I'm in building materials. Lumber and brick and glass. I have the best stock of prime redwood between San Francisco and Los Angeles."

ASSISTANT fire chief Cormack was talking at his desk with the city attorney's office on the wire.

"No," said Cormack, "we haven't found a thing connecting the owner with the fire. I thought once that I had struck a clue. But it led off into the brush. I still think the fire was phony, but I can't prove it. The stuff on the upper floor was a total loss. All we found was a pile of kindling, and not much of that. It must have been a hot fire, for it melted the glass in the skylight into a lump. No, the owner hasn't returned. He checked out at his hotel in Chicago a week ago Sunday, his clerk tells me. Since then nothing has been heard of him. Yes, his books seem to be straight. All right; we'll drop it then."

The Dream Destroyed

By Edmund Leamy

THERE'S a glimpse of the bay from my window,
There's a breath of the open sea,
And the voice of the wind at sunset
Is full of witchery,
Of tales and dreams of olden lands,
Cathay and Arcady.

And I can scent the spicy shores
Of some far tropic isle,
And see myself adventuring
O'er many a lonely mile,
Beyond the realms of city men
Beneath the stars that smile.

So I can bear the toiling day,
The figures rows on rows,
The ledger's heartless inky lines,
For every sunset shows—
The road that haunts me in my dreams
Wherein the South wind blows.

And this I knew but yesterday!
To-day an iron beam,
A girder on a girder rose,
All brazenly a-gleam,
A brand-new building's frame of steel
To shatter the old dream!

And the glimpse of the bay from my window
Is gone where I never can see,
And the voice of the wind at sunset
Is still as still can be,
And I am alone with a little dead dream
Of far-off Arcady!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

If Winter Comes

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

Author of "Once Aboard the Lugger," "The Happy Warrior," etc.

V

THE STORY

IN THE year 1912, Mark Sabre, at the age of thirty-four, is living with his wife, Mabel, in the English country town of Penny Green, suburb of Tidborough. His habit of ceaseless inquiry into causes and his gift for sympathetic understanding of people, traits that earned for him the nickname of Puzzlehead in his school days, are still paramount.

In business Sabre is associated with the long-established Tidborough house of Fortune, East & Sabre, ecclesiastical and scholastic furnishers and designers. That part of his work to which Sabre brings special enthusiasm is the publication of educational text-books. His projected masterpiece is to be known as just "England," or "Sabre's England."

Something of the difference in interests and temperament between Mark and his wife is brought out in their daily relations with each other. Mabel's fondness for gossip and the exclusive society of social equals, her practicality and her lack of imagination sometimes irritate Mark. She is indifferent to his fondness for books, his constant groping for light on the odd business of life, his commonplace friends, and his occasional sallies of humorous comment. Particularly obnoxious to her is his low taste for the bicycle, which he rides daily to and from business.

One morning as Sabre is bicycling toward Tidborough he stops to exchange greetings with Lord and Lady Tybar, recently returned after two years' absence abroad. Lady Tybar, who before her marriage had been Nona Holiday, was an old friend and neighbor of Sabre's.

On reaching the office Mark learns that his junior business associate, Twyning, has been taken into partnership by the Reverend Sebastian Fortune, senior member of the firm. Mark, mindful of Fortune's similar promise to him, asks the elder man for an explanation, but fails to get a satisfactory one. On the same day he arrives home in time to receive a note from Nona Tybar inviting him to call.

Mabel reads Nona's letter and by her comments on the familiar tone of it, starts a disagreeable discussion that reveals her jealous suspicions. Mark's patience is further strained by the mannerisms and positive opinions of her luncheon guest, the Reverend Mr. Boom Bagshaw.

A few days later Nona Tybar comes to see Sabre at his office, where she inspects his work with a friendly interest. Her visit is terminated by the arrival of Lord Tybar, who greets both with facetious mockery. Sabre begins dimly to realize that the bantering tone habitually used between the Tybars is a shield concealing some unhappiness.

His next meeting with Nona is an accidental one. Nona tells Sabre that her marriage with Tybar, who, for all his captivating charm, is utterly without conscience or a scrap of moral principle, was a mistake—that she should have chosen him, Mark. Sabre, profoundly moved by her confession, is walking homeward, attempting to focus his scattered thoughts, when he meets Captain Otway, of the crack local regiment, "The Pinks," who predicts war with Germany within two years.

One morning at the office Sabre receives a visit from Fortune, who introduces Twyning's son as a new member of the staff. Then he reads a letter from Nona, asking him to take her away. War is declared the same day, and in the excitement Sabre fortunately hasn't time to answer, for he immediately receives another announcing Tybar's receipt of a commission and Nona's intention to stick by her husband. Sabre attempts to join the Pinks but is rejected because of a heart affection.

Young Perch, a neighbor of Sabre's who is about to enlist, asks Mark to find a companion for his widowed mother. Sabre recommends Effie Bright, daughter of a foreman at the Tidborough works.

Chapter Five (*Continued*)

IX

IT WAS from Twyning that Sabre had heard that a post of some sort was being considered for Effie Bright. Her father, as he had told young Perch, was works' foreman at Fortune, East & Sabre's — Mr. Bright. A massive old man with a massive, rather striking face hewn beneath a bald dome, and thickly grown all about and down the throat with stiff white hair. He had been in the firm as long as Mr. Fortune himself, and appeared to Sabre, who had little to do with him, to take orders from nobody. He was intensely religious and he had the deep-set and extraordinarily penetrating eyes that frequently denote the religious zealot. He was not liked by the hands. They called him Moses, disliked his intense religiosity and feared the cold and heavy manner that he had. He trod heavily about the workshops looking into the eyes of the young men as if far more concerned to search their souls than their benches; and Sabre, when speaking to him, always had the feeling that Mr. Bright was penetrating him with the same intention.

Extraordinary that such a stern and hard old man should have for daughter such a fresh and lovable slip of a young thing as his Effie! Bright Effie, Sabre always called her, inverting her names. Mr. Bright had a little cupboard called his office at the foot of the main stairway and Bright Effie came often to see her father there. Sabre had spoken to her in the little cupboard or just outside it. He had delight in watching the most extraordinary shining that she had in her eyes. It was like reading an entertaining book, he used to think, and he had the idea that humor of that rarest kind which is unbounded love mingled with unbounded sense of the oddities of life was packed to bursting within her. All that she saw or heard seemed to be taken into that exhaustless fount, metamorphosed into the most delicious sensations, and shone forth in extraordinarily humorous delight through her eyes. Somewhere in the dullest day light is found and thrown back by a bright surface. It was just so, Sabre used to think, with Effie. All things were fresh to her and she found freshness in all things.

Some such apprehension of her Sabre had expressed to Twyning on the occasion that came to his mind during young Perch's entreaty for some one to live with his mother. Sabre had been standing with Twyning at Mr. Fortune's window, Mr. Bright and Effie leaving the office and crossing the street together beneath them. Twyning, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Bright, had given a short laugh and said: "Hullo, you seem to have been thinking a lot about the fair Effie!"

THE kind of laugh and the kind of remark that Sabre hated, and he gave a slight gesture which Twyning well knew meant that he hated it. This was what Twyning called "stuck-uppishness," and equally hated, and he chose words expressive of his resentment—the class insistence:

"Well, she's got to earn her living, however jolly she is. She's not one of your fine ladies, you know."

Sabre recognized the implication, but ignored it. "What's old Bright going to do with her?"

"He doesn't quite know. He was talking to my missus about it the other day. He's as good as we are, you know. He's an idea of getting her out as a sort of lady's companion somewhere."

This was what Sabre had remembered; and he went straight from young Perch to Twyning and recalled the conversation.

Twyning said: "Hullo; still interested in the fair Effie?"

"It's for young Perch over at Penny Green I'm asking. For his mother. He's a young man"—Sabre permitted his eyes to rest for a moment on Harold, seated at his desk—"and he feels he ought to join the army. He wants the girl to be with his mother while he's away."

Twyning changed his tone to one of much friendliness. "Oh, I see, old man. No, Effie's got nothing yet. She was over to our place to tea last Sunday."

"Good. I'll go and talk to old Bright. I'm keen about this."

"Yes, you seem to be, old man."

X

MR. BRIGHT received the suggestion with a manner that irritated Sabre. While he was being told of the Perches he stared at Sabre with that penetrating gaze of his as though in the proposal he searched for some motive other than common friendliness. His first comment was: "They'll want references, I suppose, sir?"

Sabre smiled. "Oh, scarcely, Mr. Bright; not when they know who you are."

The old man was standing before Sabre in the little cupboard, bending his head close toward him as though he would sense out, if he could not see, some hidden motive behind all this. He contracted his great brows as if to squeeze more penetration into his gaze. "Yes, but I'll want references, Mr. Sabre. My girl's been well brought up. She's not going here, there, nor anywhere."

Extraordinary the intensity of his searching, suspicious stare! Hard, stupid old man, Sabre thought. "Dash it, does he suppose I've got designs on the girl?" He would have returned an impatient answer

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Drawn by L. Perm Bird

She touched her handkerchief to her lips and gave it to him.

had he not been so anxious on the Perches' behalf. Instead he said pleasantly: "Of course she's not, Mr. Bright. You may be sure I wouldn't suggest this if I didn't know it was in every way desirable. Mrs. Perch is a very old friend of mine and a very simple and kind old lady. There'll be only herself for Effie to meet, and she'll make a daughter of her."

Nothing of the penetration abated from the deep-set eyes, nor came any expression of thanks from the stern, pursed mouth. "I'll take my girl over and see for myself."

Surly, stupid old man! However, poor young Perch! Poor old Mrs. Perch! The very thing, if only it would come off.

XI

IT CAME off. Sabre went up to Puncher's Farm on the evening of the day Mr. Bright, "to see for himself," had called with Effie. Young Perch greeted him delightedly in the doorway and clasped his hand in gratitude. "It's all right. It's fixed. She's coming. I've had the most frightful struggle with my mother. But it's only her way, you know. Only her way. I could see she took to the girl from the start. My mother's started knitting me a pair of socks, and old man Bright—I say, he's rather an alarming sort of person, Sabre—had hardly opened his mouth when they arrived when the girl, in the most extraordinary making-a-fuss-of-her kind of way, told her she was using the wrong size needles or something. And my mother, as if she had known her all her life, said: 'There you are, I knew I was. It's simply useless asking Freddie to do any shopping for me. He simply lets them give him anything they like.' And she told the girl she thought she had some other needles in one of those gigantic old boxes of ours. And they went off together to look, and Heaven only knows what they got up to; they were away about half an hour and came back with about three hundredweight of old wools and nine pounds of needles, and talking about how they were going through all the other boxes, 'now I've got some one to help me,' as my mother said. By Jove, the girl's wonderful! D'you know, she actually kissed my mother when she was leaving and said: 'Now be sure you try that little pillow just under your side to-night. Just press it in as you're falling asleep.' By Jove, you can't think how grateful I am to you, Sabre!"

"I am glad," Sabre told him. "I felt she'd be just like that. But why have you been having a frightful struggle over it with your mother if she's taken to her so?"

Young Perch gave the fond little laugh with which Sabre had so often heard him conclude his enormous arguments with his mother. "Oh, you know what my mother is. She's now made up her mind that the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

girl is coming here to do what she calls 'catch me.' She'll forget that soon. Anyway, the girl's coming. She's coming the day after to-morrow, the day I'm going. Come along in and see my mother and keep her to it."

The subject did not require bringing up. "I suppose Freddie's told you what he's forcing me into now, Mr. Sabre," old Mrs. Perch greeted him. "It's a funny thing that I should be forced to do things at my time of life. Of course she's after Freddie. Do you suppose I can't see that?"

"Well, but she won't see Freddie, Mrs. Perch. He won't be here."

"She'll catch him," declared Mrs. Perch doggedly. "Any girl could catch Freddie. He's a positive fool with one of these girls after him. Now she's got to have his Uncle Henry's armchair in her room, if you please. That's a nice thing, isn't it?"

"Now look here, mother, you know perfectly well that was your own idea. You said you felt sure she had a weak back and that——"

"I never supposed she was going to have your Uncle Henry's chair for her weak back or for any other back. Ask Mr. Sabre what he thinks. There he is. Ask him."

Sabre said: "But you do like the girl, don't you, Mrs. Perch?"

Mrs. Perch pursed her lips.

"I don't say I don't like her. I merely ask what I'm going to do with her in the house. When Freddie said he wanted to bring some one in to be with me, I never supposed he was going to bring a chit of a child into the house. I assure you I never supposed that was going to be done to me."

And then quite suddenly Mrs. Perch dropped into a chair and said in a horribly weak voice: "I don't mind who comes into the house, now. I can't contend like I used to contend." Immense tears gathered in her eyes and began to run swiftly down her cheeks. "I'm not fit for anything now. I can't live without Freddie. I like the girl; but all this house where we've been so happy—without Freddie—I shall see his dear, bright face everywhere. Why must he go, Mr. Sabre? Why must he go? I don't understand this war at all." Her voice trailed off. Her hands just fumbled on her lap. A tear fell on them. She brushed at it with a fumbling motion, but it remained there.

YOUNG PERCH took her hand and fondled it. Sabre saw the wrinkled, fumbling old hand between the strong brown fingers. "That's all right, mother. Of course you don't understand it. That's just it. You think I'm going out to fighting and all that. And I'm just going into a training-camp here in England for a bit. And before Christmas it will all be over and I shall come flying back and we'll send Miss Bright toddling off home and—don't cry, mother. Don't cry, mother. Isn't that so, Sabre? Just training in England. Isn't that so? Now wherever's your old handkerchief got to? Look here; here's mine. Look, this is the one I chose that day with you in Tidborough. Do you remember what a jolly tea we had that day? Remember what a laugh we had over that funny teapot? There, let me wipe them, mother."

Sabre turned away. This frightful war . . .

Chapter Six

Sabre's Rejection Paper

THIS frightful war. On his brain like a weight. On his heart like a pressing hand.

Came Christmas, by which, at the outset, everybody knew it would be over, and it was not over. Came June, 1915, concerning which, at the outset, he had joined with Mr. Fortune, Twyning and Harold in laughter at his own grotesque idea of the war lasting to the dramatic effect of a culminating battle on the centenary of Waterloo, and the war had lasted, and was still lasting.

"This frightful war!" The words were constantly upon his lips, ejaculated to himself in reception of new manifestations of its eruptions; forever in his mind, like a live thing gnawing there. Other people seemed to suffer the war in spasms, isolated amid the round of their customary routines, of dejection or of optimistic reassurance. The splendid sentiment of "business as usual" was upon many valiant mouths. The land, in so far as provisions and prices were concerned, continued to flow in milk and honey as the British Isles had always flowed in milk and honey.

"The fact is the war really hasn't mattered a bit," Mabel said. "I think it's wonderful. And when you remember at the beginning how people rushed to buy up food and what awful ideas of starvation went about—you were one of the worst."

And Sabre agreed that it really was wonderful; and agreed too with Mabel's further opinion that he really ought not to get so fearfully depressed.

But he remained fearfully depressed. The abundance of food meant nothing to him. He knew nothing about war. Very possibly the prophecies of shortage and restrictions and starvation were, in the proof, to be refuted as a thousand other prophecies of the early days, optimistic and pessimistic, were being refuted.

What had that to do with it? Remained the frightful facts that were going on out there in Belgium and in Gallipoli and in Russia. Remained the increasing revelation of Germany's enormous might in war and the revelation of what war was as she conducted it. Remained the sinister revelation that we were not winning as in the past we had "always won." Remained his envisagement of England—England, standing foursquare to her enemies, but standing as some huge and splendid animal, something bewildered by the fury of the onset upon it. Shaking her head whereon had fallen stunning and unexpected blows, as it might be a lion enormously smashed across the face; roaring her defiance; baring her fangs; tearing up the ground before her; dreadful and undaunted and tremendous; but stricken; in sore agony; in heavy amazement; her pride thrust through with swords; her glory answered by another's glory; her dominion challenged; shaken, bleeding.

England . . .

This frightful war . . .

II

REMAINED also, blowing about the streets, in the newspapers and at meetings, in the mouths of many, and in the eyes of most, the new popular question: "Why aren't you in khaki?" The subject of age, always shrouded in a seemly and decorous modesty in England, and especially since, a few years previously, an eminent professor of medicine had unloosed the alarming theory of "Too old at forty," was suddenly ripped out of its prudish coverings. One generation of men began to talk with thoroughly engaging frankness and largeness about their age. They would even announce it in loud voice in crowded public conveyances.

It was nothing, in those days, to hear a man suddenly declare in an omnibus or tramway-car: "Well, I'm thirty-eight and I only wish to Heaven I was a few years younger." Other men would heartfully chime in: "Ah, same thing with me. It's hard." And all these men, thus cruelly burdened with a few more years than the age limit, would look with great intensity at other men, apparently not thus burdened, who for their part would assume attitudes of physical unfitness or gaze very sternly out of the window.

Several of the younger employees of Fortune, East & Sabre's joined up (as the current phrase had it) in the first weeks of the war. In the third month Mr. Fortune assembled the hands and from across the whale-like front indicated the path of duty, and announced that the places of all those who followed it would be kept open for them. "Hear, hear!" said Twyning. "Hear, hear!" and as the men were filing out he took Sabre affectionately by the arm and explained to him that young Harold was dying to go. "But I feel a certain duty is due to the firm, old man. What I mean is, that the boy's only just come here and I feel that in my position as a partner it wouldn't look well for me practically with my own hand to be paying out unearned salary to a chap who'd not been four months in the place. Don't you agree, old man?"

Sabre said: "But we wouldn't be paying him, would we? Fortune said salaries of married men."

"Ah, yes, old man, but between you and me he's going to do it for unmarried men as well, as the cases come up."

"Why didn't he tell them so?"

Twyning's genial expression hardened under these questions, but he said, still on his first note of confidential affection, "Ah, because he thinks they ought to do their duty without being bribed. Quite right, too. No, it's a difficult position for me. My idea is not to give way to the boy's wishes for a few months while he establishes his position here, and then, if men are still wanted, why of course he'll go. Sound, don't you think, old man?"

Sabre disengaged his arm and turned into his own room. "Well, I think this is a business in which you can't judge any one. I think every man is his own judge."

An astonishing rasp came into Twyning's voice: "How old are you?"

"Thirty-six. Why?"

Twyning laughed away the rasp. "Ah, I'm older. I daresay you'll have a chance later on, if the *Times* and the *Morning Post* and those class papers have their way. And you've got no family, have you, old man?"

III

THAT was in the third month of the war. But by June, 1915, the position on these little points had hardened. In June "Why aren't you in khaki?" was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He was alone in the room where Mrs. Perch lay. He had thought to shut away war for a night and here was the inconceivable occupation to which it had brought him.

blowing about the streets. Questions looked out of eyes. Certain men avoided one another. And in June young Harold joined up. Sabre greeted the news with very great warmth. Toward Harold he had none of the antipathy that was often aroused in him by Harold's father. He shook the good-looking young man very heartily by the hand. "By Jove, I am glad. Well done, Harold. That's splendid. Jolly good luck to you."

Later in the morning Twyning came in. He entered abruptly. His air, and when he spoke, his manner, struck Sabre as being deliberately aggressive. "Well, Harold's gone," he said.

"Yes, I'm jolly glad for the boy's sake. I was just congratulating him. I think it's splendid of him."

Twyning breathed heavily through his nose. "Splendid? Hur! He wanted to go long ago. Well, he's gone now and I hope you're satisfied."

Sabre turned in his chair and questioned Twyning with puckered brows. "Satisfied? What on earth do you mean—satisfied?"

"You always thought he ought to go. You're one of those who've sent him off. My boy saw it."

"You're talking nonsense. I've never so much as mentioned the subject to Harold. I told you long ago that I think every man's his own judge, and sole judge, in this business."

Twyning always retracted when Sabre showed signs of becoming roused. "Ah well, what does it matter? He's gone now. He'll be in this precious khaki to-night. No one can point at him now." He drew out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes slowly. He stared inimically at Sabre. "I'll tell you one thing, Sabre. You wait till you've got a son, then you'll think differently, perhaps. You don't know what my boy is to me. He's everything in the world to me. I got him in here so as to have him with me, and now this cursed war's taken him. You don't know what he is, my boy Harold. He's a better man than his father, I'll tell you that. He's a good Christian boy. He's never had a bad thought or said a bad word."

He broke off. He rammed his handkerchief into his trousers pocket. As though the sight of Sabre sitting before him suddenly infuriated him he broke out: "It's all right for you, sitting there. You're not going. Never mind. My boy Harold's gone. You're satisfied. *All* right."

SABRE got up. "Look here, Twyning, I'm sorry for you about Harold. I make allowances for you. But——"

When Twyning was angry his speech sometimes betrayed that on which he was most sensitive. "I don't want you to make no allowances for me. I don't——"

"You've repeated the stupid implication you made when you first came in."

Twyning changed to a hearty laugh. "Oh, I say, steady, old man. Don't let's have a row. Nothing to have a row about, old man. I made no implication. Whatever for should I? No, no, I simply said '*All* right.' I say people have sent my boy Harold off and I'm merely saying '*All* right. He's gone. Now perhaps you're satisfied.' Not you, old man. Other people." He paused. His tone hardened. "*All* right. That's all, old man. *All* right."

IV

NOT very long after this incident occurred another incident. In its obvious aspect it was also related to the "Why aren't you in khaki?" question. Sabre apprehended in it a different bearing.

One morning he stepped suddenly from his own room into Mr. Fortune's in quest of a reference. Twyning and Mr. Fortune were seated together in deep conversation. They were very often thus seated, Sabre had noticed. At his entry their conversation abruptly ceased; and this also was not new.

Sabre went across to the filing cabinet without speaking.

Mr. Fortune cleared his throat. "Ah, Sabre. Ah, Sabre, we were just saying—we were just saying—" His hesitation, and the pause before he had begun, quite clearly informed Sabre that what he was now about to say was not going to be—precisely—what he had just been saying. "We were just saying what a very unfortunate thing, what a very deeply unfortunate thing, it is that none of us principals is of an age to do the right thing by the firm by joining the army. I'm afraid we've got one or two shirkers down-stairs, and we were just saying what a splendid, what an entirely splendid thing, it would be if one of us were able to set them an example."

Sabre faced about from the cabinet toward them. Twyning in the big chair had his elbow on the arm and was biting his nails. Mr. Fortune, revolved to face the room, was exercising his watch-chain on his whale-like front.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Yes, it's a pity," Sabre said.

"I'm glad you agree. I knew you would. Indeed, yes, a pity; a very great pity. For myself, of course I'm out of the question. Twyning here is getting on for forty and of course he's given his son to the war; moreover there's the business to be thought of. I'm afraid I'm not quite able to do all I used to do. You—of course you're married too, and there we are! It does, as you say, seem a great pity." The watch-chain having been generously exercised was put to the duty of heavy tugs at its reluctant partner. Mr. Fortune gazed at his watch and remarked absently: "I hear young Phillips of Brown & Phillips has persuaded his wife to let him go. You were at the school with him, Sabre, weren't you? Isn't he about your age?"

Sabre spoke very slowly. Most furious anger had been rising within him. It was about to burst when there had suddenly come to its control the thought: "These two aren't getting at you for any love of England, for any patriotic reason. That's not it. Don't bother about that. Man alive, don't mix them up in what you feel about these things. Don't go cheapening what you think about England. Theirs is another reason." He said very slowly: "I never told you, perhaps I ought to have told you at the time, that I was refused for the army some while ago."

Mr. Fortune's watch slipped through his fingers to the full length of his chain. Twyning got up and went over to a bookcase and stared at it.

Mr. Fortune heaved in the line with an agitated hand-over-hand motion. "I'd no idea! My dear fellow, I'd no idea! How very admirable of you! When was this? After that big meeting in the Corn Exchange the other day?"

"Don't tell them when it was," said Sabre's mind. He said: "No, rather before that. I was rejected on medical grounds."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Fortune. "Well, well!" He gave the suggestion of being unable to array his thoughts against this surprising turn of the day. "Most creditable. Twyning, do you hear that?"

Twyning spun around from the bookcase and came forward. "Eh? Sorry; I'm afraid I wasn't listening."

"Our excellent Sabre has offered himself for enlistment and been rejected."

Twyning said: "Have you, by Jove! Jolly good. What bad luck being turned down! What was it?"

Sabre moved across to his room. "Heart."

"WAS it really? By Jove, and you look fit enough, too, old man. Fancy, heart! Fancy! Jolly sporting of you. Fancy! Oh, I say, old man, do let's have a look at your paper if you've got it on you. I want to see one of those things."

Sabre was at his door. "What paper?"

"Your rejection paper, old man. I've never seen one. Only if you've got it on you."

"I haven't got one."

"Not got one! You must have, old man."

"Well, I haven't. I was seen privately. I'm rather friendly with them up at the barracks."

"Oh, yes, of course. Wonder they didn't give you a paper, though."

"Well, they didn't."

"Quite so, old man. Quite so. Funny, that's all."

Sabre paused on the threshold. He perfectly well understood the villainous implication. Vile, intolerable! But of what service to take it up—to hear Twyning's laugh and his "My dear old chap, as if I should think such a thing!" He passed into his room. The thought he had had which had arrested his anger at Mr. Fortune's hints, revealing this incident in another light, was "They want to get rid of me."

V

IN AUGUST, the anniversary month of the war, he again offered himself for enlistment and was again rejected, but this time after a longer scrutiny; the standard was not at its first height of perfection. Earnshaw, Colonel Rattray, all the remnant of his former friends, were gone to the front. Sabre submitted himself through the ordinary channels and this time received what Twyning had called his "paper." He did not show it to Twyning, nor mention either to him or to Mr. Fortune that he had tried again. "Again! most creditable of you, my dear Sabre." "Again, have you though? By Jove, that's sporting of you. Did they give you a paper this time, old man?" No. Not much. Feeling as he felt about the war, acutely aware as he was of the partners' interest in the matter, that, he felt, could not be borne.

But on this occasion he told Mabel.

The war had not altered his relations with Mabel. He had had the feeling that it ought to bring them closer together, to make her more susceptible to his attempts to do the right thing by her. But it did not bring them closer together. The accumulating months, the imperceptibly increasing strangeness and tension and high pitch of the war atmosphere, increased, rather, her susceptibility to those characteristics of his which were most impossible to her. He felt things with draft too deep and with burthen too capacious for the navigability of her mind; and here was an ever-present thing, this (in her phrase) most unsettling war, which must be taken (in her view) on a high, brisk note that was as impossible to him as was his own attitude toward the war to her. The effect of the war, in this result, was but to sunder them on a new dimension. Whereas formerly he had learned not to join with her on subjects his feeling about which he had been taught to shrink from exposing before her, now the world contained but one subject.

There was no choice and there was no upshot but clash of incompatibility. His feelings were daily forced to the ordeal; his ideas daily exasperated her. The path he had set himself was not to mind her abuse of his feelings, and he tried with some success not to mind; but (in his own expression, brooding in his mind's solitude) they riled her and he had nothing else to offer her; they riled her and he had set himself not to rile her. It was like desiring to ease a querulous invalid and having in the dispensary but a single—and a detested—palliative.

Things were not better; they were worse.

But he made his efforts.

The matter of telling her (when he tried in August) that he thought he ought to join the army was one, and it came nearest to establishing pleasant relations. That it revealed profound difference of sensibility was nothing. He blamed himself for causing that side to appear.

Her comment, when, on the eve of his attempt, he rather diffidently acquainted her with his intention was: "Do you really think you ought to?" This was not enthusiastic; but he went ahead with it and made a joke, which amused her, about how funny it would be if she had to start making "comforts" for him at the War Knitting League which she was attending with great energy at the Garden Home. He found, as they talked, that it never occurred to her but that it was as an officer that he would be going, and something warned him not to correct her assumption. He found with pleased surprise quite a friendly chat afoot between them. She only began to fall away in interest when he, made forgetful by this new quality in their contact, allowed his deeper feelings to find voice. Once started, he was away before he had realized it in how one couldn't help feeling about England and how utterly glorious would be his own sensations if he could actually get into uniform and feel that England had admitted him to be a part of her.

She looked at the clock.

His face was reddening in its customary signal of his enthusiasms. He noticed her glance, but was not altogether checked. He went on quickly: "Well, look here. I must just tell you this. I'll tell you what I'll say to myself first thing if I really do get in. A thing out of the Psalms. By Jove, an absolutely terrific thing, Mabel. In the forty-fifth. Has old Bag—has Boom Bagshaw told you people up at the church what absolutely magnificent reading the Psalms are just now, in this war?"

She shook her head. "We sing them every Sunday, of course. But I don't see how the Psalms—you mean the Bible Psalms, don't you—can have anything to do with war."

"OH, BUT they have. They're absolutely bung full of it. Half of them are the finest battle chants ever written. You ought to read them, Mabel; every one ought to be reading them these days. Well, this verse I'm telling you about. I say, do listen: I won't keep you a minute. It's in that one where there comes in a magnificent chant to some princess who was being brought to marriage to some foreign king——"

Mabel's dispersing attention took arms: "To a princess! However can it be? It's the Psalms? You do mean the Bible Psalms, don't you?"

He said quickly: "Oh, well, never mind that. Look here, this is it. I shall say it to myself directly I get in, and then often and often again. It ought to be printed on a card and given to every recruit. Just listen:

" 'Good luck have thee with thine honor; ride on, because of the word of truth of meekness and of righteousness; and thy right hand shall show thee terrible things.' "Isn't that terrific? Isn't it tremendous? By Jove, it——"

For the first time in her married life she looked at him, in this humor, not distastefully but curiously; his flushed face and shining eyes. Whatever about? He was perfectly incomprehensible to her. She got up. She said: "Yes. But 'Ride

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on'— of course you're not going in the cavalry, are you?"

He said: "Oh, well. Sorry. It's just a thing, you know. Yes, it's past your bedtime, I'm afraid. I've kept you up, gassing. Well, dream good luck for me tomorrow."

His thoughts, when she had gone from the room, went: "A better evening! That's the way! I can do it, you see, if I try. That other thing doesn't matter. I was a fool to drag that in. She doesn't understand. Yes, that's the way!"

He sat late happily. If only he could get past the doctor to-morrow!

IV

THAT'S the way! But on the following evening the way was not to be recaptured. The old way was restored. He was enormously cast down by his rejection. When he got back that night he went straight in to her. "I say, they've rejected me. They won't have me." His face was working. "It's that cursed heart."

She slightly puckered her brows. "Oh! D'you know for the minute I couldn't think what on earth you were talking about. Were you rejected? Well, I must say I'm glad. Up at the Knitting League Mrs. Turner was saying her son saw you at the recruiting office after you were rejected and that it was into the ranks you were going. You never told me that. I must say I don't think you ought to have thought about the ranks without telling me. And I wouldn't have liked it. I wouldn't have liked it at all. I think you ought to be very thankful you were rejected. I'm sure I am."

He said flatly: "*Why* are you? Thankful—Good Lord! you don't know—what do you mean, I ought to be thankful?"

"Because you ought to be an officer if you go at all. It's not the place for you in your position. And apart from anything else—" She gave her sudden burst of laughter.

He felt arise within him violent and horrible feelings about her. "What are you laughing at?"

"Well, do just imagine what you'd look like in private soldier's clothing!" She laughed very heartily again.

He turned away.

Chapter Seven

Two Tidborough Heroes

UP IN his room he began a long letter to Nona, pouring out to her all his feelings about this second rejection. He was writing to her and hearing from her regularly and frequently now. It was his only vent in the oppression of these frightful days. She said that it was hers, too.

After that letter of hers at the outbreak of the war, in which she had said that she thanked God for him that he had delayed her decision to unchain their chains and to join their lives, no further reference had been made by either to that near touch of desire's wand. It was, as he had said it should be, as though her letter had never been written. And in her letters she always mentioned Tony. She wrote to Tony every day, she told him; and there were few of her letters but mentioned a parcel of some kind sent to her husband. Tony never wrote. Sometimes, she said, there came a scrap from him relative to some business matter she must see to; but never any response to her daily budget of gossip—"the kind of news I know he likes to hear"—or any news of himself and his doings.

She once or twice said, without any comment: "But he is writing often to Mrs. Stanley and Lady Grace Heddon and Sophie Basildon and I hear bits of him from them and know he is keeping well. Of course I pretend to them that their news is stale to me." Another time: "I've just finished my budget to Tony," she wrote, "and have sent him two sets of those patent rubber soles for his boots. Do you think he can get them put on? Every day I try to think of some new trifle he'd like; and you'd be shocked, and think I care nothing about the war, at the number of theatres I make time to go to. You see, it makes something bright and amusing to tell him, describing the plays. I feel most frightfully that, although of course my canteen work is useful, the real best thing every woman can do in this frightful time is to do all she can for her man out there; and Tony's mine. When this is all over—oh, Marko, is it ever going to be over?—things will hurt again; but while he's out there the old things are dead and Tony's mine and England's—my man for England. That is my thought; that is my pride; that is my prayer."

And a few lines farther on: "And he's so splendid. Of course you can imagine how utterly splendid he is. Lady King-Warner, his colonel's wife, told me yesterday her husband says he's brave beyond anything she could imagine. He said—she's given me his letter—'the men have picked up from home this story about angels at Mons and are beginning to believe they saw them. Tybar says he hopes the angels were near him because he thought he was in hell, the particular bit he got into, and he thinks it must be good for angels, enlarging for their minds, to know what hell is like! As a matter of fact, Tybar himself is nearer to the superhuman than anything I saw knocking about at Mons. His daring and his coolness and his example are a byword in a battalion composed, my dear, with the solitary exception of the writer, entirely of heroes. In sticky places Tybar is the most wonderful thing that ever happened. I like to be near him because his immediate vicinity is unquestionably a charmed circle; and I shudder to be near him because his is always the worst spot.' "

"Can't you imagine him, Marko?"

II

AND always her letters breathed to Sabre his own passionate love of England, his own poignant sense of possession in her and by her, his own intolerable aching at the heart at his envisagement of her enormously beset. They reflected his own frightful oppression and they assuaged it, as his letters, she told him, assuaged hers, as burdens are assuaged by mingling of distress. "There is no good news," he told her, "and for me who can do nothing—and sometimes things are a little difficult with me here and I suppose that makes it worse—there seems to be no way out. But your letters are more than good news and more than rescue; they are courage. Courage is like love, Nona—it touches the spirit; and the spirit, amazing essence, is like a spring—it is never touched but it—springs!"

She was working daily at a canteen at Victoria Station. She had been on the night shift, "but I can't sleep, I simply can not sleep nowadays"; and so, shortly before he wrote to her of his second rejection, she had changed onto the day shift and at night took out the car to run arriving men from one terminus to another. "And about twice a week I get dog-tired and feel sleepy and send the chauffeur with the car and stay at home and do sleep. It's splendid!"

Northrepps had been handed over to the Red Cross as a military hospital. Her answer to his letter telling of his second rejection at the recruiting office—most tender words from her heart to his heart, comforting his spirit as transfusion of blood from health to sickness maintains the exhausted body—her reply told him that on that day fortnight she was coming down to say of his disappointment what she could so inadequately express in writing. She was going out to war work in France—in Tony's name she had presented a fleet of ambulance cars to a Red Cross unit and she was going out to drive one—and she was coming down to look at things at Northrepps before she left.

ON THE following day Tidborough, opening its newspapers, shook hands with itself in all its houses, shops and offices on its own special and most glorious V. C.—Lord Tybar.

III

TYBAR'S V. C. was the first thing Sabre spoke of to Nona when, a fortnight later, she came down and he went up to her at Northrepps in the afternoon. Its brilliant gallantry, rendered so vivid to him by the intimacy with which he could see that thrice attractive figure engaged in its performance, stirred him most deeply. He had by heart every line of its official record in the restrained language of the *Gazette:*

The left flank of the position was insecure and the post, when taken over, was ill prepared for defence. When the battalion was suffering very heavy casualties from a 77-mm. field gun at very close range, Captain Lord Tybar rushed forward under intense machine-gun fire and succeeded in capturing the gun single-handed after killing the entire crew. Later, when repeated attacks developed, he controlled the defense at the point threatened, giving personal assistance with revolver and bombs. Single-handed he repulsed one bombing assault. It was entirely owing to the gallant conduct of this officer that the situation was relieved.

Oh, rare and splendid spirit! Fortune's darling, thrice worthy all her dowry!

Nona had written of it in ringing words. She flushed in beautiful ardor of the enthusiasm she joined with Sabre's at his opening words of their meeting; but she ended with a sad little laugh: "And then!" she said.

"What do you mean, Nona, 'and then'?"

She took a letter from her bag. "I only got this this morning just as I was coming away. It's in reply to the one I wrote him about his V. C. Oh, Marko, so splendid, so utterly splendid as he is, and then to be like this. Look, he says he's just

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

got leave and he's going to spend it in Paris! One of his women is there. That Mrs. Winfred. He's taken up with her again. He says: 'Poor thing. She's all alone in Paris. I know how sorry you will feel for her and I feel I ought to go and look after her. I know you will agree. I'll tell her you sent me. That will amuse and please her so.' "

She touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "It rather hurts, Marko. It's not that I mind his going. It's just what he would do. But it's the way he tells me. He just says it like that, deliberately to be cruel because he knows it will hurt. So utterly splendid, Marko, and so utterly graceless." She gave her little note of sadness again. "Utterly splendid! Look, this is all he says about his V. C. Isn't this fine and isn't it like him? He says: 'P. S. Yes, that V. C. business. You know why I got it, don't you? It stands for Very Cautious, you know.' "

They laughed together. Yes, like him! Tybar exactly! Sabre could see him writing the letter. Delighting in saying words that would hurt; delighting in his own whimsicality that would amuse. Splendid; airy; untouched by fear; untouched by thought; fearless, faithless, heedless, graceless. Fortune's darling; invested in her robe of mockery.

Nona's laughter ended in a little catch at her breath. He touched her arm. "Let's walk, Nona."

IV

HE THOUGHT she was looking thin and done up. Her face had rather a drawn look, its soft roundness gone. He thought she never had looked so beautiful to him. She spoke to him of what she had tried to say in her letters of his disappointments in offering himself for service. Never her sweet voice had sounded so exquisitely tender to him. They spoke of the war. Never, but in their letters, had he been able thus to give his feelings and receive them, touched with the same perceptions, kindled and enlarged, back into his sympathies again. With others the war was all discussion of chances and circumstances: of this that had happened and that that might happen; of this that should be done and that that ought not to have been done. Laboratory examination of means and remedies. The epidemic everything and the patient up-stairs nothing. The wood not seen for the trees. With Nona he talked of how he felt, of England.

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand."

He told her that.

She nodded. "I know. I know. Say it all through, Marko."

He stumbled through it. At the end, a little abashed, he smiled at her and said: "Of course, no one else would think it applies. *Richard* was saying it in Wales, where he'd just landed, and it's about civil war, not foreign; but where it comes to me is the loving of the soil itself as if it was a living thing that knew it was being loved and loved back in return. Our England, Nona. You remember *Gaunt's* thing in the same play:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, . . .
This other Eden, demi-paradise; . . .
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea, . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

She nodded again. He saw that her dear eyes were brimming. She said: "Yes. Yes; our England. Rupert Brooke said it just perfectly, Marko:

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

She touched his hand: "Dear Marko." She made approach to that which lay between them: " 'This heart, all evil shed away.' Marko, in this frightful time we couldn't have given back the thoughts by England given if we had —— And that was you, Marko.' "

He shook his head, not trusting himself to look at her. He said: "You; not I. Any one can know the right thing. But strength to do it— Strength flows out of you to me. It always has. I want it more and more. I shall want it. Things are difficult. Sometimes I've a frightful feeling that things are closing in on me. There's Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind.' It makes me—I don't know—wrought up. And sometimes I've the feeling that I'm being carried along like that and toward that frightful cry at the end: 'O Wind, if Winter comes——' "

He stopped. He said: "Give me your handkerchief to keep, Nona. Something of your own to keep. Strength in it for me, to help me hold on to the rest, to believe it. 'If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?' "

She touched her handkerchief to her lips and gave it to him.

V

AFTER October, especially, he spent never less than two evenings a week with old Mrs. Perch. In October young Perch went to France and on his draft-leave took from Sabre the easy promise to "keep an eye on my mother." Military training, which to most gave robustness, gave to young Perch, Sabre thought, a striking enhancement of the fine-drawn expression that always had been his. About his eyes and forehead Sabre apprehended something suggestive of the mystic, spiritually occupied look that paintings of the Huguenots and the old crusaders had; and looking at him when he came to say good-by, and while he spoke solely and only of his mother, Sabre remembered that long-ago thought of young Perch's aspect—of his spirit being alighted in his body as a bird on a twig, not engrossed in his body; a thing death would need no more than to pluck off between finger and thumb . . .

But unthinkable, that. Not young Perch.

Old Mrs. Perch was very broken and very querulous. She blamed Sabre and she blamed Effie that Freddie had gone to the war. She said they had "leagued" with him to send him off. "Freddie I could have managed," she used to say; "but you I can not manage, Mr. Sabre; and as for Effie, you might think I was the child and she was mistress the way she treats me."

Bright Effie used to laugh and say: "Now, you know, Mrs. Perch, you will insist on coming and tucking me up at night. Now does that look as if she's the child, Mr. Sabre?"

Mrs. Perch in her dogged way: "If Mr. Sabre doesn't know that you only permit me to tuck you up one night because I permit you to tuck me up the next night, the sooner he does know how I'm treated in my own establishment the better."

Thus the initial cause of querulousness would bump off into something else, and in an astonishing short number of moves Bright Effie would lead Mrs. Perch to some happy subject and the querulousness would give place to little rays of animation, and presently Mrs. Perch would doze comfortably in her chair while Sabre talked to Effie in whispers; and when she woke Sabre would be ready with some reminiscence of Freddie carefully chosen and carefully carried along to keep it hedged with smiles.

She used to doze and murmur to herself: "My boy's gone to fight for his country. I'm very proud of my boy gone to fight for his country."

Effie said young Perch had taught her that before he went away.

While they were talking she used to doze and say: "Good morning, Mrs. So-and-So. My boy's gone to fight for his country. I'm very proud of my boy gone to fight for his country. Good morning, Mr. So-and-So. My boy's gone to— He didn't want to go, but I said he must go to fight for his country. (But that's not true, Freddie. Oh, very well, dear.) Good morning, Mrs. So-and-So——"

She used to wake up with a start and say, "Eh, Freddie? Oh, I thought Freddie was in the room."

Tears.

She said she always looked forward to the evenings when Sabre came. She liked him to sit and talk to Effie and to smoke all the time and knock out his pipe on the fender. She said it made her think Freddie was there. Effie said that every night she went into young Perch's room and tucked up the bed and set the alarm-clock and put the candle and the matches and one cigaret and the ash-tray by the bed; and every night in this performance said: "He said he's certain to come in quite unexpectedly one night and he will smoke his one cigaret before he goes to sleep. It's no good my telling him he'll set the house on fire one night. He never listens to anything I tell him." And every morning when Effie took her in a cup of tea very early (like Freddie used to), she always said: "Has Freddie come home in the night, Effie, dear? Now, just go and knock on his door very quietly and then just peep your head in."

VI

SABRE had always thought Bright Effie would be wonderful with old Mrs. Perch. He wrote long letters to young Perch telling him how much more than wonderful Bright Effie was. Effie mothered Mrs. Perch and managed her and humored her in a way that not even young Perch himself could have bettered. In that astounding fund of humor of hers, reflected in those sparkling eyes, even Mrs. Perch's most querulously violent attacks were transformed into matter for

(*Continued on page 78*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PROSE OR WORSE

(*Wisconsin State Journal*)

Wanted—Man with wheelbarrow for outdoor work. 11 East Gilman.

The last man they had sure did mar the furniture.

(*Chicago Examiner*)

Four years ago she was run over by a train, losing her right leg and her right foot.

However, she was lucky in just saving her right large toe.

(*Laramie, Wyoming, Republican*)

Prof. Garrard assumed the principalship on the same day that his bride became the director of the musical department, and the friendship begun at the first teachers' meeting continued until the last, which was held on Thursday, and went even further, into the bonds of matrimony that bind them for aye. May they never know an unpleasanter sensation than the perfect June day—a day hallowed to remembrance as the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

And they probably—

(*Iola, Kansas, Register*)

Mr. Roberts went to Kansas City with a car of hogs. Several of the neighbors went in together to make up the car.

And the editor left town just before they got back.

(*Elgin News*)

Within two hours all inflammable material within reach of the flames had been consumed. The blaze was then under control of the fighters.

Just give them a little time.

(*La Salle, Illinois, Post*)

Two killed; one may die.

The other is now reported to be entirely out of danger.

(*Denver News*)

Lost—Monday, between Trinity Church and Twentieth and Sherman Streets, a Filipino embroidered chemise. Please phone York 2577.

A mere slip, probably.

(*Logansport, Indiana Pharos-Reporter*)

Mrs. J. F. Imbler called at this office to-day and asked modification of the story published last week, in which it was reported Mrs. Imbler and a young lady friend had a scrap with Mrs. Imbler's husband and the latter's shirt was torn off. It appears that the shirt was not torn entirely off.

Oh, well, that makes it all right, then.

(*Picton, Ontario, Times*)

E. Jones is building a henhouse and pig pen which adds much to the appearance of his place.

Bet bacon and eggs is E. J's. dish.

(*Lancaster, Wisconsin, Banner*)

Mr. Sykes has been married fifty years and his war stories are well worth listening to.

Change the record, change the record.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

In a hotel in Miami, Arizona: "*When the handles are off the faucets it means that the water is not to be used. The landlady will provide baths on Saturdays and Sundays. Use no wrenches.*"

In the Phœnix Hotel, Findlay, Ohio: "*Chaste music discoursed at noon and in the evening.*"

In a hotel in Aurora, Illinois: "*Cooking and washing in rooms forbidden, also appearing in office or lobby in kimonos.*"

In West Bend, Wisconsin: "*Neutral Hotel. Formerly Hotel Wiskirschen.*"

On the fire hose in the Hotel Leland, Rockford, Illinois: "*Fire Hose: To be used in case of fire.*"

In Decatur, Illinois: "*For sale—A fresh cow; gives five gallons of milk a day and a heifer.*"

Notice in City Hall, Chicago: "*Dog Licenses: Male dog $4. Female dog $3. No refund will be made on account of owner procuring wrong license.*"

(*De Lamore, N. D., Correspondence*)

Helen Johnson was quite severely bitten by a dog. No ill effects are anticipated, although the wound is quite painful and some fears were at first entertained as to the condition of the dog.

Later news: the dog is entirely out of danger.

(*Letter to mail-order house from woman in Edenton, N. C.*)

The reason why I gets white stockings is on account of fleas, and we don't know where so many flees comes from. I can't see them on black stockings, they are gone before I can see them, so that is why I get white stockings so I can catch the fleas on them.

Will somebody furnish white socks for my pup?

(*Automobile Ad*)

It is not a mechanism; it is an inspiration. You enter an enchanted world, carried steadily onward by a force as irresistible as time. There is no semblance of harshness, either in sound or operation—only the gentle undulations of its springs to stimulate a wayward fancy. It suggests a Venetian gondola languidly drifting on halcyon seas or a placid stream winding its way through sylvan glens. The symphony of it all lulls one into serene forgetfulness. Life acquires new phases and there ensues a clearer conception of the sublimity of Nature. Verily, it was designed for the immortals.

A *gas* car, all right.

(*Miami Metropolis*)

For Sale—A good mule (single).

Will he promise to remain a bachelor, and stay 'round home as mother's little helper?

(*Plattsburg, New York, Press*)

Ralph E. Lewis is having his block painted. It will be a great improvement.

He'll want a manicure next.

Another collection of "Prose or Worse" will appear in the May issue of EVERYBODY'S.

(*Paonia, Colorado, Paonian*)

A severe windstorm visited Delta County yesterday. Johnson, who was there at the time, says the gale was so strong that women on the street anchored themselves to telephone-poles and trees and their limbs were blown off.

It being summer time the leaves had not yet begun to fall.

(*Waterloo Times-Tribune*)

Both these young artists are notable in the charms of exceptional personality. Both are blondes of striking appearance and undeniable conversational attractiveness. Mrs. Williams is of the Hebe type and Miss Marsh of the Trojan Helen style of coloring and physique. Both have an immense popularity and vogue among the social set of the central west and in all social civics are intelligent factors. Their success is not alone Waterlooan but sectional.

By "sectional" is probably meant that they'll fit into any climate.

(*Sioux City Journal*)

Wanted—Bright boy to stay in office and take care of horse.

Saddling him with extra duties.

(*Carton, Illinois, Ledger*)

There was no attempt made at any sort of entertainment during the afternoon though Miss Madeline Drake accompanied by Mrs. Joseph Ross gave several vocal solos.

Not knocking nobody, oh, no!

(*From an Ohio journal*)

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Rood of Norwalk eat a fat squirrel dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cook and they were shot by Mr. Rood's namesake, Clayton Cook.

Too many Cooks usually start a scrap.

(*De Pere, Wisconsin, News*)

Mrs. Albert Cavil and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McMillan for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. John Wyckoff and daughter Alice are the guests of Wm. McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan are on the sick list.

'Twas daughter Alice that broke the camel's back.

(*Iowa City Press*)

Madame Lund gave a superb recital last evening, her soprano voice being at its best. The audience was delighted, and pronounced every number the synonym of the charming caroling of a perfect-throated songstress of the leafy glades and swaying treetops.

Say, what did you put in this home brew?

(*Kewanee Star-Courier*)

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ford are the proud parents of a nine lb. Ford, which arrived a few days ago. It arrived in fine condition and was accepted at once. It has all the attachments that the other Fords have.

Such as top, headlights, windshield and rattle.

Copyright, 1921, by Gridley Adams
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

At the bank he could cast his cold glance around him and bring visions of printed slips which meant looking for other jobs.

Samuel Perkins, Unable Mariner

By Wyndham Martyn

MR. POPPLEWELL was the inveterate foe of romance. He pointed with pride that sentiment had not entered into his marriage and that his marriage had been a success. People who knew the Popplewell menage, but feared to cross him, had their own opinion of this.

At three and twenty Popplewell, just in possession of his progenitors' fortune, married Marian Nichols of Indianapolis and became the father of two children. Mrs. Popplewell, after five years of living with a humorless and selfish, albeit virtuous, husband, turned her tired eyes to the wall one day and expired.

At the age of sixteen Dick Popplewell also rebelled. He did not die, having the vision of future joys in his mind. He ran away to sea. Solemnly Mr. Popplewell informed his relatives and remaining child that he had no son. Herein he spoke the truth, although he did not know it. Poor Dick was washed overboard off Cape Ann and his body never again seen by the eyes of men. And since he had signed on under a name that was not his own there was none to inform his folk.

THERE was left to the dour banker his daughter Elizabeth, whom all but he called Betty. In figure she was small and slight and like her father. But whereas he gazed at his world with a cold repelling scorn she looked upon it with laughter in her sweet eyes, and when people disliked the banker they swore instant fealty to Betty. Her only days of gloom were those spent in her own house. At boarding-school she was adored.

Betty was eighteen when it occurred to her father that there was grave danger in allowing her to mix, unguarded, with those lads who had been Dick's playmates but a few years before.

"What do they come for?" he asked petulantly one day.

"To see you," said Betty, smiling, "but as you're always so high and mighty they have to fall back on poor little me."

"Next time, I'll see them," said her father.

"That will cheer them up," said Betty.

Perhaps Betty exaggerated Mr. Popplewell's charm. A more completely unhappy group of amorous youth it would not have been possible to find in the large library of the Popplewell home when the banker made his unexpected entrance. Although he must have seen all of these boys from childhood, he insisted on introductions, and with each introduction he made one of those cutting remarks for which he was famous, and from which his wife needed to die in order to escape.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I don't think they'll come again," the banker said, breathing a sigh of satisfaction as they went out one by one. He wore the expression of one who has seen his duty and has done it.

"Not while you are here," she conceded. She had that glint of red in her hair which keeps a woman from turning her face to the wall and admitting defeat.

"And as you will not see them when I am absent," he remarked with emphasis, "they have come to my house for the last time."

"How do you know?" Betty asked pleasantly. "You are at the bank all day long, and I'm at home all day long, now, worse luck."

It was said of Mr. Popplewell that he had a majesty which the gods in an uncommon degree give to some very small men. He looked at least six feet tall when he turned on his daughter.

"Is this rebellion, Elizabeth?" he demanded. His voice was deep and sonorous. He was always conscious that he had a "presence."

"IT MAY seem that to you," she said, smiling, "you are so hopelessly old-fashioned; but I'm not meaning to rebel. I'm simply telling you that I shall see whom I please, like any other girl. You said abominably rude things to those boys. You made me feel ashamed. But if by any chance I'd been *really* fond of them I'd have scratched you."

"Scratched your father!" Mr. Popplewell was almost seven feet high now and his voice as deep as the ocean.

"Anybody's father," Betty declared with wide impartiality. "As these boys mean very little in my young life, I was only ashamed of you."

Mr. Popplewell found it very difficult to impress her. At the bank now it was different. There he could cast his cold glance around him and bring visions of pay-envelopes with printed slips in them which meant looking for other jobs. In moments of wrath, years of long service were as nothing to the banker.

"This can not go on," he said at length.

"I'm going to take up painting," his daughter said. "I think I can make money at it."

"You have no need to make money," he said heavily.

"Haven't I?" cried Betty. "Why, any time you are likely to disinherit me. You are certain not to like the man I shall marry, just as I'm certain to hate the one you'd want me to marry. I've thought it all out——"

"Is there any one you want to marry or who has asked you to marry him?"

Betty fenced a little. "Every one of those boys you sent away has asked me, even though they hated the idea of you as a father-in-law. I must make money. No woman can be happy until she is economically secure. I'm utterly dependent on your whims, and that devitalizes me. Just read this prospectus."

Mr. Popplewell carefully perused the engaging literature sent out by the promoter of a studio colony on the high cliffs of Maine. It was far better, so the promoter said, than Gloucester or any other American art center. Here, with every natural advantage, far from defiling fish and glue odors, talent might sprout and genius illume a waiting world. Only hard workers were needed. "'This is not,' Mr. Popplewell read, "'an excuse for social gaiety masquerading under Art's sacred ægis. This is a workshop.'"

Mr. Popplewell was relieved as he read on. In Indianapolis every function ended with those grotesque modern dances. Every lad and lass seemed to live only for pleasure. Every young married woman seemed sorry she was wed, and every young married man seemed to forget that he was. Edgecliffe-on-Sea would be different. Sobriety of thought and a fervor for hard work was the impression Mr. Popplewell got from the booklet.

"It's expensive," Betty said quietly, "but that's to keep the idlers away, of course. Every student after she's passed the committee has her own studio. As you see, they eat at a central building. There's a doctor and trained nurse there. I don't much like the idea of being a pupil again as I was at school, but it's the teaching I'm after. Think of it! Frank Newlyn teaches there! It happens that the place suits his health. Isn't that gorgeous luck? I should have much more fun here, I suppose, but I want to turn my poor talent to account. What do you think about it?"

Finding on further discussion that his daughter seemed rather to incline to play at home instead of work in Maine, Mr. Popplewell insisted that she go north. Betty followed his arguments respectfully. "Well, you know best," she said at last. "I'll go."

Thereupon she sent a telegram to one Frank Newyln informing him that she was coming to Edgecliffe. Although it was brief and barren of any terms of endearment, that rising young seascape painter kissed the typewritten page with a passion that would have horrified Mr. Popplewell beyond measure. Betty was not yet certain whether or not she would like to marry Newlyn. For his part the painter was long determined that she should.

II

IT WAS in mid-August that the Popplewell physician informed his rich patient that his liver was not as it ought to be. A change was indicated, different surroundings, long walks, freedom from worry. For years the Popplewell bank and real-estate interests had been running smoothly, owing to able administration. They would run just as well until Christmas with the president absent, although he would not concede this.

He had been disturbed by the frequent mention of Frank Newlyn in his daughter's letters. The painter pervaded these communications. Frank had taken her out in his sailboat, and now she could handle it as well as the owner. She had given Frank six holes at golf and beaten him two up. Frank and she had won the mixed doubles in the tennis week at Lewiston. Frank said she was a natural colorist. Form was nothing to her—color all. In the last letter, which came the morning before the banker was going to make his daughter an unannounced visit, there was a strangely disquieting sentence. "Frank keeps plaguing me to marry him and says he won't teach me any more unless I do. You see what sacrifice one's art demands!"

As became a capitalist who linked art with absinthe and literature with low living, Mr. Popplewell had never conceived it possible that one of his blood might marry an undesirable. The thought was intolerable. Those local boys he had driven with scorn from his house were, after all, much better prospective sons-in-law than this belauded Newlyn. It was time he went up and looked into things. As he stroked his carefully kept Vandyke beard, Mr. Popplewell thought of a number of acidulous phrases that would wilt the Newlyn ambition. He always took joy in such mental exercises.

SOME say that the high gods, who once watched tenderly over true lovers and confounded the enemies of romance, are dead. Suspend your judgment until you have considered the case of Mr. Popplewell and Betty, his daughter.

So that he might come stealthily upon them, Mr. Popplewell set out one fine evening of early September, checked his baggage at the railroad station, and made his way to Edgecliffe-on-Sea, still turning over acetic aphorisms. It was not his custom to walk far, but here at last was the opportunity to fill his physician's prescription. Five miles was not too much for one who carried no excess weight, and he desired above all things to open the door of Betty's studio and discover Newlyn, that enamored painter who aspired to marry one who must inherit at least five million dollars.

As he had been informed he could not lose his way so long as he followed the road, the banker gave little heed to the sea mist that rolled in. It was only when it enwrapped him in a wet, white, bewildering cloak that he grew uneasy. But he kept steadily on his way until at last the ocean's ceaseless voice fell on his ears. If he had been informed rightly, he should now be near the colony. No man is lonely who has a grievance so pronounced as Mr. Popplewell carried with him. He was cheerful, strangely cheerful. And yet, had any guardian spirit watched o'er him, he should have known he was near the most appalling situation of his life.

Almost before he knew it the brilliantly lighted glass of a studio met his eyes. As he came nearer he saw that it was a lonely house at which he gazed, standing almost on the cliff's edge. The windows were dark. It was only the skylight which was illuminated. Oddly enough the cluster of houses that he had seen in the booklet were not to be found. So far as he could discover the building stood alone.

Mr. Popplewell knocked at the door and received no answer. It enraged him to think that while he waited decorously at the door Frank Newlyn might be breathing love into the coral ear of an heiress. Indignation was always near the surface with Mr. Popplewell, and it inevitably spurred him to activity. The door opened without noise and he stepped into a large hall dimly lighted by a Moorish hanging lamp. In the distance he could hear the sound of a man singing here and there a snatch of song. Mr. Popplewell had been to the opera and recognized passionate tenorian arias when he heard them. He made no pretense of stepping softly, but nevertheless found himself, two flights up, standing unperceived at the entrance of a splendid studio.

Bitterly he thought of that lying booklet which had pictured the studio colony of Edgecliffe-on-Sea as one devoted to hard

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

work. The studio's decoration was superb. Tapestries hung on to the walls and rare Persian rugs covered the parquet floor. Men in armor guarded the broad stairway to a minstrel's gallery at one end of the vast apartment. It was luxurious, sybaritic, demoralizing!

On an easel was a partially finished painting of the deep green combers on a rocky shore, such a shore as lay beneath the cliffs outside. And the man who stood looking at it was exactly the type he had pictured Frank Newlyn to be. He was a tall, spare, blond man with a humorous face, and in an amazingly jovial mood.

But Mr. Popplewell saw that the artist was not gazing at the picture alone. It was not the spectacle of green waves which made him carol his lay. In his capable hand lay the pearl necklace which had years ago in the rue de la Paix cost the banker thirty thousand francs. He had been informed since that his honeymoon pearls had steadily advanced in price. There was a curious golden clasp, unlike that of any other necklace he had ever seen, which made him certain that it was indeed Betty's graduation present which lay in the Newlyn palm. There were many questions to ask, and Mr. Popplewell's unpleasing cough had the desired effect. The tall man spun around on his heel, and looked for one moment with vivid anger at the intruder, then he smiled. Mr. Popplewell, it seemed, was not so terrifying on prolonged scrutiny.

"Mr. Newlyn, I presume?" was the banker's introduction.

"And you are Henry Stanley," said the artist. "In this part of Africa the mosquitoes are damnable. You won't think it inhospitable of me to keep them out?"

With a quick, stealthy, silent step the speaker went to the door and locked it. The Yale key he put in his pocket.

"You have locked the door," said Mr. Popplewell.

"Well are you named Chief Eagle Eye," said the tall man admiringly. "Yes, I locked it. Curious things come out of the night, things much more terrifying than you, dear old lad, and I am easily startled."

Mr. Popplewell controlled his indignation as well as he could. Never had he met such insolence. He detested very tall men, and he was not drawn to his English cousins; and this impertinent dallier with hearts and pearls was instantly disliked on both counts. He had seen when he first announced his presence that Newlyn was startled. It was all very well for him to assume this impudent ease of manner. Now was he going to account for Betty's necklace?

"THAT," he began, and pointed to the pearls, "that is rather valuable, I imagine?"

"An imitation merely," said the other, and put it in his pocket. "Had it been genuine I should have thrust it on you as a gift. I always like pearls on small men with beards."

"Damn you," said Mr. Popplewell, and realized that he had been spurred to a profanity he ordinarily detested. "Where's my daughter?"

"That would be telling," said the other. "You see, she may not want to acknowledge you before witnesses. I wouldn't if I were she."

Mr. Popplewell smiled. There was scorn in that smile and superiority, and the confidence that comes to one who holds the winning hand.

"If you have married her," he said calmly, "you have married a pauper, for she will not have a cent of my money. If she gave you that pearl necklace, she gave my property and I invite you to return it. If you refuse, I shall have you arrested as a thief. I know a good deal about you from her letters, and I don't hesitate to denounce you as a fortune-hunter."

"I am all of that," said the tall man. "Fortune is the only game worth the candle, and I am sadly afraid you are out of luck, dear old Ginger Beard. It's amazing that at this particular moment of the billions you must have lived, you should have chosen to come here."

"I planned it as I plan most things," the banker answered.

"Then you're a rotten planner," the other declared. "You've upset my schemes, and you've thrust yourself right into the web of fate."

HE LIGHTED a cigaret and paced up and down the studio. Mr. Popplewell could easily understand his perturbation. His eyes were keen enough to have seen the tall man sweep a handful of jewels into his pocket almost directly he had made his preliminary cough. The pearl necklace was not his only exhibit. Probably this Newlyn relied on his rather attractive appearance and the feminine worship of the artist to relieve many trusting maidens of their valuables. Presently there would come a confession and a plea for mercy. It was then that Mr. Popplewell would reveal himself as one of iron purpose and inflexible will. Henry Stanley! Chief Eagle Eye! Ginger Beard! These were epithets not easily to be forgotten.

Mr. Popplewell was one of those fortunate men who had never been placed in a situation in which he had cause to fear for his success. Always he had been aided by fortune, position and the respect of his fellows, and he had come, not unnaturally, to think that he was built of stern and resolute stuff.

The tall and jocose handler of precious stones looked at him searchingly. He saw a handsome man, small but graceful, who wore the character of dominating personality. But he noted that the chin hidden by the Vandyke beard was not unduly pronounced, and that there were facial signs which would tell the skilled physiognomist that the smaller man was not as strong as he thought himself.

"A rotten planner!" the tall man went on cheerfully. "You have walked into the parlor of an unappreciative spider."

Mr. Popplewell snorted. There was contempt in his snort, disbelief, inflexibility of purpose and a threat. He snorted again.

"A spider," the other continued, "who does not like little flies with ginger beards who make inarticulate noises. There are several ways of disposing of such flies. You can tread on 'em, and they make a squishy noise and die."

"Are you proposing," Mr. Popplewell interrupted with lofty contempt, "to tread on me?"

"That would be the simplest way," mused the tall man, "but I have a horror of applied electricity. That chair, for instance, on which you are leaning your good right arm. If I trod on you, there might be just such a chair waiting for me with little electric bulbs all over it."

"I do not understand you," said the other. "In fact, you are talking nonsense. Instead of seeking excuses you had better face what is coming. I warn you I am not one of these humanitarians who wink at crime. I find you in possession of stolen jewels. Nothing will alter that fact. I ask you merely what you propose to do?"

"Did you ever do any high mathematics?" the banker was asked suddenly. "Of course you didn't. If you had, you would understand me when I say I am wondering if the age-old problem of the three bodies has any solution."

For the first time Mr. Popplewell felt a momentary discomfort. The three bodies! Frank Newlyn was talking in terms of sensational fiction.

"I am not a patient man," said the banker, "and your buffoonery irritates me. Unlock that door!" His tone was stern and high.

"My dear old thing," said the other, "you don't understand at all. You are the third body. What am I to do with it? To unlock that door would be to invite arrest, and I do not propose to be arrested. To have evaded the minions of the law from Perth to Perth Amboy, and taken joy in the process, is what golf is to most men of my age—a recreation and a tonic. And you ask me to deliver myself to a county policeman! Fie!"

"You are only putting off the evil day," Mr. Popplewell reminded him. He was annoyed at meeting flippancy where contrition should have been. Frank Newlyn was different from what he had pictured him. He was a good-looking man with the mobile face of an actor, now a little too old for juvenile leads, and he had a pleasant smile which was not untinctured with mockery.

"WHO can try for more than that?" The tall man with the wavy hair lighted another cigaret.

"Now, Napoleon," he said pleasantly, "let us have a heart-to-heart talk, for the night is cold and we have far to go."

"I am not named Napoleon," said Mr. Popplewell severely, "the night is not cold and I, at least, have not far to go."

It was not possible to frighten Mr. Popplewell by soft talking or geniality. He was convinced he had his man badly scared.

"The point is," said the stranger, "that you have broken in here at the wrong moment and discovered my dreadful secret."

"I know that you have a pocket full of stolen jewels," Mr. Popplewell said coldly.

"Exactly," the other agreed. "That's what I mean. You have the face of one who revels in doing the right thing unpleasantly."

"I know my duty and shall do it," said Mr. Popplewell heavily.

"That would be very awkward for me," said the stranger.

Mr. Popplewell coughed. It was a rebuke to the cigaret rings which the stranger was blowing. The banker hated tobacco in all its dreadful forms. He frowned at the table on which a half dozen pipes were lying.

"You should have thought of that before," he said sententiously.

"Look here, old Hawkshaw," cried the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I am incoherent with admiration," said the tall man. "Madge," he called, "the grub has become a splendid butterfly. Come in."

smoker, still amiably, "I have you here in my power, absolutely. The owner of this palatial studio is away on his honeymoon——"

"What?" cried Popplewell. "Aren't you Frank Newlyn?"

"Bless your dear old heart, no. I'm even more famous than he, although you may not know it. Newlyn has taken his wife, the daughter of some inconsequential millionaire from the Middle West, and is seeing roof shows in New York. What agitates you, Napoleon?"

"I must go after them," Popplewell cried, making for the door. "He has run away with my daughter, whose pearls you have stolen. Let me out."

"Presently. First of all, we must make a bargain. If I let you go, will you give me your word of honor to forget this pleasant little meeting and all you have seen and most of what you have heard?"

"Make terms with a crook! Never!" cried the banker. "Never!"

"Then I can't let you out."

They both listened eagerly as the sound of an automobile broke on their ears. Mr. Popplewell noted the look of anxiety on the other's face and felt that rescue was at hand.

"Ha! Ha!" he sneered.

There was the sound of a door opening, and then a woman's voice sang a few words in French to a bright little air.

The tall man's face relaxed as he heard it.

"Ha! Ha!" he chuckled. "It is my wife's intimation that all is well without." He crossed the room, admitted his wife, and then relocked the door.

Mr. Popplewell saw an attractive woman of five and thirty, very smartly dressed. She was dark and slim and had emerald eardrops in her small white ears. She looked at him startled.

"This quaint old thing," the man said in answer to her look of interrogation, "was wafted in by the evening breezes. He knows our business secrets and wishes to deliver us up to justice."

"Can't he be bought?" she said quickly.

"My name, madame," said the banker icily, "is Stephen Popplewell and you will have no difficulty in ascertaining that I am worth something less than ten million dollars. If you think you have sufficient to bribe me to aid the escape of yourself and confederate, you may begin."

The woman looked at her husband.

"Wasn't Mrs. Newlyn a Popplewell?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Yes; this is *the* Popplewell, chief of the clan!"

"What are we to do?" the woman asked. "Everything is ready, and now this turns up."

"We must take him with us," the tall man said. "One can't be as particular as one would like."

"I refuse absolutely," said Mr. Popplewell.

Neither of them paid any attention to him. The tall man wrapped himself in a motoring coat and filled his pockets with Newlyn's cigars and cigarets. Then he took an automatic pistol from an inner pocket and slipped it in the long coat.

"Now, little man, listen," said the taker of jewels. "You know too much about us for comfort. Also you underestimate our resource. I can see you are venomous. Fortunately for you I'm not given to dark deeds of violence or I should wring your neck and plant you under a poison-ivy bush. I dare not leave you here. We are on our way to Canada, where we shall arrive in time for breakfast. It depends upon you in what character you go. I will not own you as a blood relation. You may be my lawyer, my broker—anything you like."

"I shall," said Stephen Popplewell acidly, "deliver you to the first officer I see either here or across the frontier."

"Is that wise?" the other said without heat. "I am almost forty and if I were caught should suffer not less than thirty years' imprisonment. That means sentence of death to one who likes luxuries as I do. Also it means banishment from my wife." Airily he kissed his hand to the pretty woman on the *chaise longue.* "That is worse than death. Furthermore, she would suffer with me. I tell you these things because they would easily be discovered. I was so careless once as to leave finger prints on the knob of a bank door."

"I am not interested in your past," said Stephen Popplewell. "Your future is in my hands."

"Exactly," said the tall man, agreeing genially. "I perceive the birth of reason at last. Now I do not propose to embellish a jail for your comfort. I want to escape, retire, turn gentleman-farmer and find out if I'm too old to take up tennis again. You are the fly in my pot of ointment. Therefore, whenever you are near enough to another to denounce me, you will feel, pressing against your neat little ribs, this service automatic which belongs to your son-in-law."

"That would be murder!" Popplewell cried.

"It would mean death, at all events. It would be in effect your death or ours, for if I am to go under you shall too."

"Surely there's some other way?" the woman asked.

"Nothing, dear," the other answered. "I could tie him up here, but some one would find him and the wires would track us easily. The little creature is spiteful. He would spend his ill-gotten ten millions just for the joy of getting us. We must take him with us."

"What shall we do with him later?"

Her husband smiled. "I've a delightful scheme," he announced, "but it is for your private ear."

Stephen Popplewell was turned over to the cook and bidden clean huge and greasy vessels of their slime and odors.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You can't frighten me," Mr. Popplewell declared. He was less sure of his destiny now and his voice lacked the assurance it had previously held.

"Little man," said the other smiling, "you are frightened now. There are many miles to go, and every yard of them you will remember what is pointing at your heart. You will meet many people, and you will know that I am watching every look on your face. If we are caught through your efforts, life will never hold another happy moment for us. Think it over."

Stephen Popplewell thought it over in silence, and the prospect of the long night ride appalled him. He had always feared firearms. Perhaps some unexpected jolt might bring the trigger down on a cartridge hungry for his life. His throat constricted oddly. The man looking down on him hid behind his whimsical manner something of unexpected strength.

Stephen Popplewell felt himself gripped by the arm and urged into an adjoining room. In it were all sorts of costumes such as painters keep for models' use.

"I can't let you go as you are," the captor explained. "You'll be missed. People will look for an elderly gentleman, with a ginger gray beard, dressed becomingly, in a chaste suit of dark cloth. First shave your beard, and then I'll get you a suit. He held up a toreador costume. "I wish I dare take you in this."

"I will not shave," said Popplewell rebelliously. The thought outraged him. As Samson without his curling locks was but the shadow of him who had strangled lions in the ways, so would Stephen Popplewell feel himself without his carefully trimmed beard. "I will not," he said again, half hysterically.

The tall men looked down at him still with his mocking smile. "My little millionaire," he said, "you haven't yet realized that you are in danger. We start from this house in twenty minutes. That gives you ten minutes for a shave, and ten minutes to get into a new suit of clothes. Now, shall I shave you, and I am unskilled as a barber, or will you?"

Very old Mr. Popplewell felt, and weak and friendless. He was alone in a strange house in the ocean mists with two people who must be steel-nerved to have prospered at their profession. His white, weak hands trembled as he took the scissors and safety razor. His eyes were tear-filled. Inwardly he was filled with impotent rage. He understood the meaning of hate as he looked at the man who stood over him. He realized why fathers handed down feuds to their sons. He wished his own lad had lived to receive this heritage of wrath. But he did not dare rebel.

IT WAS a different face which looked at him in the mirror. It was true he had a thin tight-lipped mouth, but the chin lacked power. There were tears in Stephen Popplewell's eyes when he beheld God's handiwork.

He turned to the other. "Laugh," he said in a voice which trembled. "Laugh!"

"No," said the man, "I have a sense of the tragic. I'm not going to laugh. I will say truthfully that you have shorn twenty years from your age. I was going to call you my father. Now you shall be my elder brother. Now for your wardrobe."

The crook seemed to know where everything was kept.

"You may not have learned," he said cheerfully, "that your son-in-law paid for this luxurious studio, not out of selling seascapes, but out of more commercial endeavors. If you read the papers, you will have seen full-page advertisements of the celebrated Rah - Rah clothing. Supersnappy stuff for the snappy stylist. It will drive him to doing nudes yet. He does this super-snappy stuff under another name." The big man flung open a closet door. "Here we have the latest creations. Observe the curving cuffs on the narrow sleeves of that purple-green semi-Norfolk! Snappy, very snappy indeed. Now if I had your slender figure and juvenile outline I should incline strongly to the semi-Norfolk. A jaunty Panama, vivid silk socks and shirt, bold defiant shoes and natty cane will make 'em turn in the streets to look at you. Offers of marriage will pour in. I may even be proud of you." He looked at his watch. "Stephen, my super-smart sartorial stylist, you have seven minutes."

"I WON'T do it!" cried Stephen Popplewell.

Undoubtedly under that smile and cheerily mocking manner there was force. Popplewell felt his throat constrict again. He was at last beginning to realize that he was physically weak and unable to protect himself and that he was being covertly threatened. The tall man took him by the arm without anger and shook him. Never had the banker experienced such a grip. "Six minutes," he said warningly. "When another has gone by, I shall constitute myself your dresser."

He smiled when he saw the banker with trembling fingers begin the process of disarray.

It was another tragedy for Stephen Popplewell, who had always in sartorial matters aimed at conservative elegance. He was compelled to strip to the buff, to wear a union suit which outraged his dignity, a lavender silk shirt with aggressive red stripes and socks to match. He was not even allowed to resume his own collar.

"No," said his mentor firmly, "you must wear one of the latest things in collars. You are now shaking off the habits of a lifetime and commencing to live. You are now the juvenile hero of modern fiction. By the way, are you up on college yells?"

Mr. Popplewell felt rage trembling within him. He found himself possessed of the instincts of primitive man.

The tall man had stepped back from him, head on one side, and was looking at him as an artist might look at a canvas of which he was proud. The tribute was generous, but failed to appease the banker.

"I should like to kill you!" he cried.

There may be those who mourn their hard lot, warm-blooded presidents of banks, comfortable heads of large concerns and middle-aged men of probity and pride, who feel that they are not running true to form. Ingeniously they will think of a hundred schemes, suggested to them subliminally by exciting fiction, where they could turn the tables on the wardens. To his credit some of these suggested themselves to Stephen Popplewell. His weakness was a certain slowness in execution.

For example: he made a dash for the telephone and shouted into it the dread word *police!* Not a buzz rewarded his efforts. Not a look of fear crossed the face of the man who had bereft him of his beard.

"Temporarily disconnected," smiled the tall man.

That was not all. He made, even as they led him to the hall door, a dash for liberty. The tall man shot out a long leg and Mr. Popplewell stumbled heavily, and the fall took his courage away with his breath.

"Coward," said Mr. Popplewell, and his voice trembled.

"Not in those clothes, I beg," said the other, "and not just now, as we are pressed for time. I am incoherent with admiration, Madge," he called; "the grub has become a splendid butterfly. Come in."

Madge looked at the banker in astonishment. "I could not have believed it. Will he be troublesome, do you think?"

"If he wishes to change into angelic robes, he may, but not otherwise."

Popplewell watched him make a bundle of the discarded clothes and he watched him sullenly. If they had been left there, sooner or later his daughter would return with her painter husband and institute a search. Now he was robbed even of that hope.

"He hasn't a coat," the woman said, "and it will be cold to-night."

They pressed upon Stephen Popplewell, the unhappy, an ornate coat which combined a touch of the trench with the town. There were large and offensive buttons on it and commodious pouch pockets. It did not comfort his hurt spirit that his captor described him enthusiastically as a fashion plate, the beau ideal of Rah-Rahdom. He was led to the waiting sedan and told to sit by the driver's seat. He saw the blue-black automatic handed to the woman who sat beside him.

"Just one word more," said the driver. "You have the power to send us both to an imprisonment from which we should never return. I would rather swing for ending your wretched little life than go to jail. You can take your choice, my Stephen, but don't think we are merely threatening."

"YOU do not," said the man when the car was running smoothly toward the north, "understand your good fortune in dealing with me. I am by profession an abstractor. But—and here you should thank your stars—not the usual kind. That sort would have knocked you on your neat little head and worried no more about your safety. I am a philosopher and a hedonist. If my father had possessed your money, I should never have abstracted a *centime*. I should have been universally popular because I should have been unmitigatedly happy. You behold in me a working man who has broken most of the commandments. I hope you won't compel me to add murder to my crimes. Borrow some of my philosophy. In effect you are reborn. Consider yourself as one starting life all over again with new clothes, of a fashion that will be popular three years hence, and a crisp five-dollar bill."

"I had eight thousand dollars," the banker cried. He had forgotten about that.

"That is too much for you," the other said kindly. "I shall take most of it for my personal expenses."

The car came to a stop. Popplewell wondered what was to happen now. He

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

only saw the woman called Madge get down with a package in her arms. She was absent almost ten minutes. When she got into the car again, she was out of breath.

"It's fearful climbing in the dark," she gasped.

For hours they sped on. The pace was alarmingly fast for one who never allowed his chauffeurs to exceed twenty miles an hour. Once, when they passed through a small town as workers were leaving their homes soon after daybreak, Popplewell was ordered to crouch down on the floor of the car. This ignominous position was his a dozen times an hour. Evidently his captors were taking no risks.

Every moment added to the spleen of the banker. He included the whole world in his hate. He hated Betty for eloping with Newlyn. He hated Newlyn for daring to wed the daughter of a man of his position. Then he regarded his clothes with aversion and wondered how long his beard would take to grow. He felt shorn of dignity. How they would laugh at him in Indianapolis! When Madge offered him a cake of chocolate, he turned his head away with a sneer although he was desperately hungry. He could tell that she was a bad woman and he wished to show his detestation. He shuddered with obvious disgust; she was so dull as to think he was cold and put a traveling rug about his narrow shoulders. "Never," said Stephen Popplewell to himself, "will I allow mercy to sway me after this. I will be severe in my dealings with all men and women. For all I am suffering others shall pay interest."

From which it will be seen that Popplewell was in need of a treatment which would remove his vicious virtue.

The party breakfasted at a little town in Canada and by night had come to a small port on the south bank of the St. Lawrence river. By this time Stephen Popplewell, whose rage had kept him wakeful, felt unaccountable drowsiness steal over him. He had eaten in a private room and had partaken of the same food as his abductors. Yet, as sleep forced his eyelids down, he was certain that he was drugged. He looked at the two, Madge and the man she called Tom, and perceived triumph on their faces. Never again did Stephen Popplewell look on that strange pair. A dose of chloral hydrate wiped them from his life.

III

LYING at the wharf of the riverside town was a tramp ship about to sail for the port of Grimsby. Her skipper, a man of whom insurance companies fought shy, was embarking short handed. This was a tribute to his reputation as a driver of underfed scabs of the sea, and he scowled when a fashionably dressed man climbed aboard.

That he was asked to ship a middle-aged relative of the stranger because physicians declared a sea voyage necessary seemed a preposterous story. He was far more influenced by the sight of one hundred dollars.

"My relative suffers from delusions," said the stranger, handing the skipper one of Newlyn's choicest cigars. "First he imagines he is back at college and dresses in a style that pains us very much. Second, he thinks he is a millionaire. One day he claims to be Rockefeller, another Vanderbilt, and a third Popplewell."

"I've heard of the first two but never of Popplewell," said the skipper. "Who's he?"

"It is very plain that you don't know the great Middle West," said the stranger. "Popplewell is the greatest capitalist there. His name is a household word."

The skipper felt he had made a blunder. "I'm a State of Maine man," he explained. "I'll take him along and feed him good. There's not a man aboard this boat as dare say anything about the food."

"YOU must bring him back safely," the stranger insisted. "He's not young and he's not strong, but I feel this treatment will be the making of him. When he comes back, you will find another hundred dollars at the St. Lawrence National Bank to be paid on evidence that he is safe and sound. His name is Samuel Perkins and he comes from Massachusetts. I must have your name so that you can get the money from the bank. We had a farewell dinner to-night and Mr. Perkins took a little more than was good for him."

The skipper was a shrewd man and looked straight into the pleasant face of the talker.

"Two hundred," said the skipper firmly, "and two hundred when he gets home."

"When the safety of a relative demands it," the other smiled, "I will even rob myself. Here it is."

When Stephen Popplewell opened weary eyes in a throbbing head, he could not for the moment understand where he was. There was movement and he supposed he was still racing over Canada. But the strange smell of tar and hawsers, of cooking odors and kerosene led to further investigation. He was on a ship, an unsteady ship, and he clung to moving ladders and at last won the deck.

Gone were his super-stylistic clothes. The exchange was for the worse. He wore dreadful things: a stained, overlarge khaki shirt, and blue dungaree trousers! He made his way to a surly man shouting profane orders from the bridge.

"Go back at once," ordered Stephen Popplewell.

The first mate had not yet seen the man who was voyaging for his body's good. This imperious apparition annoyed him. He faced Mr. Popplewell about rather roughly and kicked him down the steps. He commended Mr. Popplewell's body to perdition and his soul to hell.

The fall bereft the banker of two teeth, and shook him badly. He sat on a coiled hawser and tried to plan bitter revenge. He soon found that he was the least among those who went down to the sea on this particular tramp. The crew seemed animated by ceaseless activity. Roughly he was bidden, some hours later, to descend to the captain's cabin.

"See here," said the skipper gruffly, "I don't want to bother with you, Mr. Rockefeller, Vanderbilt or Popplewell."

The banker sighed with relief. "So you know me," he said, and drew himself up to his full sixty-four inches of stature.

The skipper frowned at his interruption. "We's bound for Grimsby," he said, "and we'll be back in the river here in about five weeks with luck. My advice to you is to do what's told you. Them as is acting on your behalf are doing it for your good. Don't worry me. You can be all the millionaires you've a mind to, but don't tell me about it and steer clear of my mate. He's rough, is Dan, and what he tells you to do you do right quick."

"I warn you," said the other pompously, "that you are a party to the serious crime of kidnaping me, and I shall see that you suffer due penalty of the law. I shall appeal to my consul at Grimsby and you and your mate—who has already grievously assaulted me—will be put in prison. My name is Stephen Popplewell, and I am president of the First Agricultural Bank of Indianapolis, and chairman of the chamber of commerce."

"I know all about that," the sailor said impatiently, "and you're a multi-millionaire, but that don't cut no ice here. Now get out."

The voyage to the English port was one black indignity for poor Popplewell. The mate disliked him at sight, and, having no financial interest in his safe conduct and proper entertainment, abused him abominably. The captain was invariably drunk from the St. Lawrence to the Wash, and only came on deck in time to clap his charge into a locker from which escape was impossible. He had not forgotten the threat to appeal to the American consul.

It was no longer a protesting, outraged Popplewell who waited in the locker's gloom at the Lincolnshire port. It was a man bodily weak who had suffered intensely physically and mentally, a man who cringed when the buckaroo mate passed by.

IT WAS mid-October when the tramp pushed westward on her long home journey. It was cold and the sea rough. The equinoctial gales were let loose and buffeted the unseaworthy old vessel until she lay in the trough of the sea, her propeller shaft snapped.

One sailor, seeing that the ship was sinking, strapped a life-belt about the thin body of the old man they called Sam, and shouted an encouraging word through the skrieking tempest.

When Samuel Perkins, unable mariner, awoke to find he still had a grip upon life, he was on another and larger ship, this time a better tramp on her long voyage to Sydney in far Australia.

The captain asked him his name and nationality. It was a mere form. He was far more interested in being able to send a wireless to Lloyds about a missing ship. But here Stephen Popplewell unaccountably failed him. He did not know the vessel's name or her tonnage, he could not tell who commanded her nor from what port she had registered. That the mate was named Dan, and Grimsby was the port from which they sailed was all he knew. He rambled on incoherently about being an abducted millionaire; but this time he made no threats of vengeance. His old life seemed remote, almost illusory.

Since there can be no idlers aboard tramp ships, Stephen Popplewell was turned over to the cook and bidden to clean huge and greasy vessels of their slime and odors. And he cleaned them very badly. Sometimes the fat but active cook would bring in others to witness his ineffectiveness. Sometimes, too, the cook would cuff his ears in rage and beg the skipper

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bill felt that old Sam was wandering in body as well as in mind. He sidled up to Newlyn. "Leave him to me," Bill whispered. "I'll get him away."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to put him in the stokehold. But it was plain that the stranger from the sea had not the strength for that work.

He did not suffer as much from his fellows on this boat as on that nameless ship which went down in the mid-October gales of the North Sea. There was a lad called Bill, a farmer's son who had run away to sea, on whom the crew expended its rude jests. A tall lad was Bill, with huge hands and feet and a constant expression of wonderment on his honest face, who suffered perpetually from a desire for an extra portion of food that was never his.

One day Samuel Perkins, forgetting his disgust of scouring metals in long thought of other occupations and vague wonderment of what Indianapolis thought of his disappearance, wrought with so much energy that the great vessels began to gleam brilliantly. Ambition was born in the cook's helper and he labored with such enthusiasm that the cook, entering the galley, staggered back as though unwittingly he had looked into the sun.

"STRIKE me pink!" cried the cook, and hailed in "chips" to see his copper vessels.

"He done it," said the cook, pointing to Sam. "That little fellow done it." Obviously the cook had drunk of the store the ship's carpenter was reputed to hoard and was verging on sentimentality. Never had he looked so kindly on his helper. "You and me will be reg'ler friends before long," he said simply, "and any man who picks on you has got me to reckon with."

The cook sat down and tears trickled down his fat cheeks as he thought of wasted years.

There was born in Stephen Popplewell a certain pride in his work, the joy of hard toil well done robbed him of the opportunity of brooding, for a copper pot is a tyrant and he had set a standard that would not readily be forgotten. So it was that Stephen Popplewell, who had been a famous authority on finance and bond issues, labored without shame. And whether he was being false to his better self in embracing democracy or whether he was being stripped of his false ideals is a matter for the reader's decision.

By the time the ship steamed into warmer latitudes Sam's lot was so much easier that he had time to talk long hours to the boy Bill.

Bill's father was a home tyrant and angered at his son's awkwardness in play and slowness in school. And there was the stepmother motif, too, in his unhappiness.

"Do you like the sea?" asked Stephen Popplewell.

"I hate it," Bill said passionately. "I'm a farmer, I lie awake and think of having a dairy of my own and a real home and," here Bill blushed, "a wife."

"What is her name?" the other asked.

"Polly Norden," Bill answered. Then with gloom he added: "Polly's father wouldn't let her have me. Old man Norden's got money, and my father used to tell every one I wasn't going to get a cent from him alive or dead. There was the other boys he liked best, my stepbrothers."

"If you had a good dairy farm with, say, fifty cows, would she marry you?"

"Fifty cows!" Bill cried. "Why, Sam, old man Norden would fall all over himself being civil."

"You shall have it," said Stephen Popplewell. "We'll cable Polly that you've made a fortune, and are going to buy just such a farm."

Bill made no reply. It was not a subject to jest about. In common with the other men he thought old Sam was a little touched mentally. But he was very grateful to the old man. Not until Stephen Popplewell had set his reckless pace in polishing copper and brass had Bill been satisfied so far as food went. It was Sam who was always handing him out an extra meal.

"It will be true," his companion said, smiling a little. "You have made your fortune, Bill, whether you know it or not."

Perhaps it was because of Bill that Popplewell fell to thinking of his own boy who had run away to sea ten years before, and had never again been heard of. These hours of agony, when he had waited for death, had shown him to what his hard discipline might have condemned the lad. After a time he told Bill about Dick and asked ceaseless questions of such men as would listen, as to whether they had even met a lad like his. And here he would describe the boy who had met his death, off the cruel sand bars of Cape May, on a winter's night, seven years gone by.

Presently the men wove a romantic story about his odyssey, and treated him in a kindlier fashion. He was plainly no seaman, and it touched them to think that he had set out voyaging from port to port of the seven seas with the hope of finding his son.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked Bill one day.

"Around seventy," Bill replied, looking at him.

Stephen Popplewell asked the question one day when his years numbered fifty-six. His graying hair was almost white, and it was a carelessly trimmed white beard that covered his cheeks now.

"Have you any other children?" Bill demanded, later.

"One daughter," said the elder.

Bill hesitated a moment. Popplewell had made no secret of his harshness to the lad who had run away.

"Weren't you good to her?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I wasn't," said Samuel Perkins gravely.

When once ashore in Sydney Stephen Popplewell found himself not so anxious to cable home. There was now a difference about him and a lack of arrogance and, certainty that had not been his, ere he went down to the sea in ships.

But one thing did please him. Bill had found a steamer from Portland whose owner was ready to ship them on as cook's helper and dock hand. They did not know until they had sailed that there were many ports at which to call before they set out for America.

SO IT was not until a September morning exactly a year after his disappearance that Stephen Popplewell and Bill left their ship at Portland and took train to the station some five miles from Edgecliffe-on-Sea. Bill was appalled to find his friend intended to enter a great white stucco house standing alone almost on the edge of the steep cliffs.

None noticed their approach. Bill followed his friend up wide stairs into a magnificent studio filled with costly articles, rugs, bronzes and pictures.

Sam motioned him to a seat and took one himself.

"Wait," Sam commanded. Bill noticed that his voice was husky. But he sat awkwardly on the edge of the chair, red hands on bony knees, wondering what was to happen. If, after all, old Sam was really crazy and this an outcome of it, explanations might be difficult.

There entered, cheerily and whistling, a man in a paint-stained smock, a young man with regular features and white teeth, of middle height and slim active body. He looked at the two invaders in astonishment. He could only imagine they had come as models seeking engagements.

The old fellow with the tanned face and grizzled beard was a perfect type. It was a curious face in a way, he thought. There was a certain air of suffering about it and a benignant dignity which the sea lends to many who sail upon it. During his weary hours at sea the solace of tobacco had been granted to Stephen Popplewell and he took from his pocket a pipe.

"Any tobacco to spare?" he asked.

Newlyn pushed a jar toward him. The old man had a pleasant, low-pitched voice.

"Help yourself," said Frank Newlyn. "I'm afraid," he added, "that I haven't any work for either of you. I'm not using models just now, as I'm doing sea stuff."

"We'll wait a bit," said the old man. "Don't get up, Bill. I'm going to finish my pipe."

Bill looked at Newlyn rather nervously. It was as much as to say, "Pity the vagaries of an old man." Bill did indeed feel that old Sam was wandering in body as well as in mind. He sidled up to Newlyn.

"Leave him to me," Bill whispered. "I'll get him away."

"IF YOU do," said Samuel Perkins, who had overheard it, "Polly Norden will never have the chance to marry a dairy farm. Wait, Bill."

The other men were equally astonished at what followed.

The girl who had been Betty Popplewell came to the door of the studio and looked in. She stared, round-eyed, at the little old sailor with the ragged white beard who was drawing at a pipe, a little old man with kind eyes who was looking at her almost timidly.

Betty flung her arms about him and cried. She called him "daddy," and said she had thought him drowned, because his clothes were found in a neat bundle, by a favorite bathing spot under the cliffs, a year ago.

She knew that this was a different man who had come back with stained and scarred hands. And her intuition told her that there had been some, as yet, uncomprehended soul changes, which had brought him to her a different man from the intolerant father of other days. What had happened would be explained later. Meanwhile the presence of a stranger at such a moment was not welcome. She looked inquiringly at the tall awkward lad.

"This is my friend Bill," said Stephen Popplewell simply. "I owe him a dairy farm, Elizabeth. Bill, this is my daughter."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Guild of Peter Pans

By Alexander Woollcott

Francis Wilson at Sixty-seven

EVER since the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock (instead, as Raymond Hitchcock subsequently lamented, of Plymouth Rock landing on the Puritans) there has been a gradually subsiding tradition that play-actors lead a singularly riotous and depleting existence. This is a notion which makes extremely disconcerting the obstinate longevity of our players and the conspicuous vigor and agility of their declining years. If we were really to enforce the scheme of chloroforming the elderly most of the brightest stars in our firmament would be extinguished.

Sarah Bernhardt, a crippled great-grandmother in her seventy-seventh year, who for the past two decades has been bidding a long farewell to all her greatness, and who, even now, occasionally startles Paris by reappearing on its stage, is an ever interesting phenomenon of the stage—chiefly interesting, however, not because she is exceptional but because she isn't.

Our own Mrs. Whiffen is a shade the older of the two, and the announcement five years ago that she was about to retire was an invention in press agentry on the part of her manager to which she paid not the slightest attention. That rare and mellow comedian, George Giddens, who played right up to his death in the middle of this season, may also have been slightly older than Bernhardt and certainly never pretended to be much younger. But such as they go on in gentle, grand-parental rôles which smilingly confess their years.

HOW much more puzzling are those veteran players who must seem young and do! Consider, for instance, Miss Marlowe, who is in her fifties and who meditates gamboling across the American continent next season in the exacting boy's garb of *Viola*. Consider, with even more amazement and even deeper respect, the nightly antics of Francis Wilson who slides down-stairs and skids all the way across the stage on his knees and falls flat repeatedly in the time-honored nonsense of "Erminie." For Francis Wilson is sixty-seven. His partner in this enterprise is a mere youngster—a dashing blade of sixty-three, a neophyte named DeWolf Hopper. And associated with them, perhaps for the purpose of making them both feel adolescent by comparison, is the sprightly Jennie Weathersby, who is seventy if she's a day. It's a great life.

You can gather your own statistics in the matter by resorting mischievously to the reference books in any public library, where, however, it is well to check up the more dubious birth-years as quoted by looking back in the older editions to see if the player in question has been aging at the customary rate of one year annually. You will note, for instance, that the incredibly nimble Fred Stone is old enough to be a grandfather and that with him in the forties are Maude Adams, Lionel Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin and Blanche Bates. Miss Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Faversham, Frank Bacon, Willie Collier, Warfield, Arliss, Maxine Elliot, Hackett, and Cyril Maude—these are all in their fifties. Like Wilson and Hopper, the sixties claim Skinner, Drew, Gillette, Dixey, Henry Miller and Sothern. It *is* a great life.

After thus studying the vital statistics of the stage for a while, you are driven to the conclusion that an actor of sixty is not quite as old as an ordinary mortal born the same year. And you wonder why.

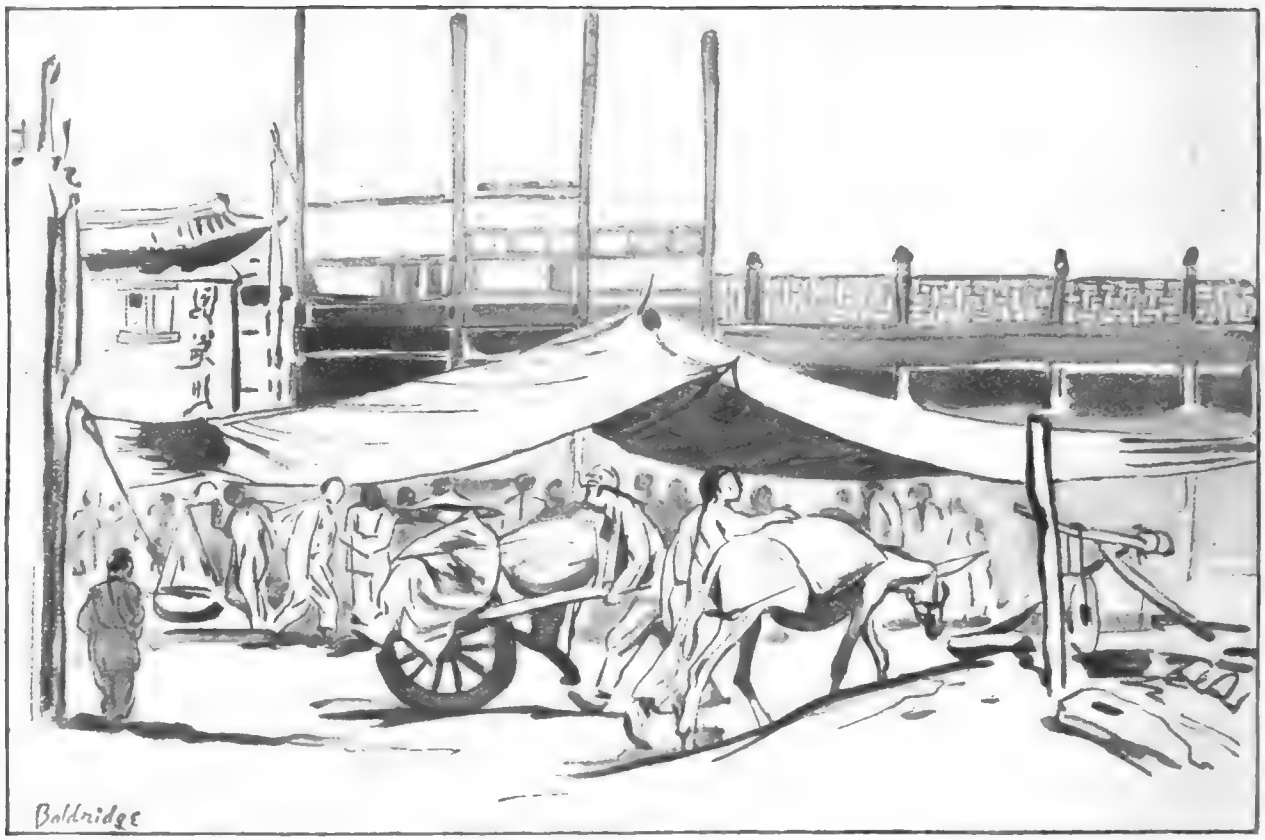
IT IS true that all the lights and colors of the theatre conspire to make him seem younger, that the make-up box can brighten the eye and erase those wrinkles and shadows which the years have brought. It is also true that among the conspirators is every playgoer who has grown so used to pretending that each bulging emotional actress of fifty is the slip of a girl the play calls for that in time he comes to believe it without half-trying.

But it is more than a mere seeming. There is a real youth that lingers on in our players, the youth that made it possible for Miss Adams at forty-five to play *Peter Pan* and for Mrs. Fiske, at the same age, to essay unabashed the rôle of the little girl in "Hannele." More strongly than all other people, they have the WILL TO YOUTH and it holds the bridge for them against the advancing years.

And is there not another factor at work back-stage? In calculating a player's age, is there not something we should deduct from the total of the years elapsed since his birth? Ought we not subtract all the hours he has spent being some one else? There are hours in every day and therefore weeks in every season when an actor is not himself and so perhaps, in his own person and character, is not aging at all.

From Bernhardt's years, then, you must strike off all the hours she has been *Camille, the Eaglet, Tosca, Mélisande, Roxanne, Fédora* and so on through an endless list, Perhaps the suggestion sounds fantastic, yet green-room annals abound in supporting evidence—a thousand and one tales which hint that instead of sailing futilely to Florida, Ponce de Leon might better have compromised and gone on the stage.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Those few crowded hours were to be recalled in later years as the quietly darkest in the young man's life.

In Red *and* Gold

A Romance of the Greatest River

By Samuel Merwin

Author of "Temperamental Henry," "The Hills of Han," etc.

Part VIII—*Conclusion*

Chapter Fourteen

The World of Tact

I

THE yellow junk was now abreast the landing hulks of the great international shipping companies just below the city. Rocky left the bow and made his way to the after cabins without once lifting his somber gaze to the silent figures on the poop.

Slowly—his eyes a trifle wild, his thoughts beyond control, bitterness in his heart—he moved along the dim corridor.

A puff of wind found its way through an open window; a blue curtain bellied out, discovering, through a doorway, Miss Carmichael, seated in a chair beneath the window. It was lighter in her cabin. She had laid aside the familiar blue middy blouse and skirt, and appeared to be sewing something on her petticoat. For an instant she looked up, her eyes meeting those of the pale youth who stood motionless in the corridor. The curtain swung back then; but as it swung the youth stepped through the doorway and stood within the room.

"I don't know that I asked you in," said she, coolly.

His eyes were intent on the amazing, glistening strings of pearls that were looped everywhere about her clothing.

Through narrowed lids she watched him, sitting very still, needle poised just as she had drawn it through.

On his young face was an expression of firm decision that she had not before seen there. He looked oddly, now, like his father. There was, apparently, a trace of the Kane iron in him. The situation was of wholly accidental origin; he couldn't have planned it; his first expression, out in the corridor, had been of startled surprize; the decision to step within must have been instant; yet now, suddenly, he meant business. She caught all that. Here, after all, was a young man who presented difficulties.

"Take off those pearls," said he, quietly.

"You are in my room," said she, as quietly.

"I shall take the pearls when I go."

"You'll have my life to answer for."

"Your life is nothing to me."

"Your own life is."

"Never mind about that."

"I've warned you fairly."

"Stand up."

THE STORY

IN THE March instalment, Rocky Kane discovered Dixie's stolen pearls, which she accidentally spilled on the deck. His attempt to make her account for them met with obdurate resistance and a threat of retaliation in the event of her exposure. When he told Doane of the incident, he was advised not to press the girl further in the absence of proof of her guilt. As the junk neared Shanghai, the Viceroy, conforming to the code of honor of his ancestors, committed suicide rather than submit to disgrace at the hands of the Emperor. Among the documents left behind him was one in which he bequeathed the balance of his estate to Doane, whom he urged to marry Hui Fei. Young Kane, embittered by the frustration of his own suit, accused Doane of having unfairly influenced the Viceroy. Even when the generous mate offered to abide by the Chinese girl's own choice, Rocky refused and had just declined to shake hands when the boat entered the harbor.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You propose to take them from me by force?"

"Yes. Unless you choose to give them to me."

"And you expect me to trust you with them."

"Yes."

There was a silence.

"Of course you are stronger than I," she observed musingly.

He offered no reply to this.

Her thin mouth curved into the faint smile that was cold as her calculating brain.

"So"—said she—"we're enemies, then?"

This evidently did not interest him.

"I think," she went on, quietly desperate, "that I'll try crying and screaming. I'm something of an actress."

"Scream your head off," said he, the slang phrase sounding almost courteous in this new quiet voice of his.

"There's not a person—alive—that could prove these pearls aren't my own." Her voice dwelt on that one telling word, "alive," with an almost caressing note of satisfaction.

He shook his head with a touch of impatience. And she was studying him, her quick thoughts darting sharply about—darting in every conceivable direction—for an avenue of escape. She knew, however, as the moments passed and the pale youth stood his ground that there was only one. She had supposed him weak. It hardly seemed that her judgment could have gone so far wrong.

"You're cruel to me," she said, softly.

"Stand up."

Now she obeyed. He drew near.

"I didn't think you'd turn out this sort, Rocky. You liked me at first." She moved a hand, hesitatingly, within reach of his own. But he ignored it.

"Aren't we going to see each other at Shanghai? Are you just going to be brutal with me—like this? I'd like to see you."

"Will you take them off," said he, "or must I?"

She turned to him, with curiously mixed passions coming to life in her face.

"Oh my God, Rocky!" she cried, very low, "haven't you any human feelings? Can you just come in here—into my own room—and rob me, without a decent word? Haven't I played fair with you? Haven't I kept out of your way? Haven't I? She moved close against him, slid her sensitively thin hands over his shoulders; looked straight up into his eyes, almost honestly. "Rocky, don't tell me you're this kind!" She was clinging to him now.

He caught her hands, and, without roughness but with his young strength, removed them. She let them fall at her side.

"I'M NOT going to wait much longer on you," he said.

"You're hard as nails, Rocky." Her under lip was quivering; her pale eyes were a little darker, and seemed full of feeling. She turned suddenly to the rough bed, and reached under the cover for her shopping-bag. Hiding it from him with her body, she opened it and took out the triangular bottle; then lingered an instant to look at the clasps of the pearl cape that were set with large, perfectly cut diamonds. There were five of the clasps, and perhaps fifty of the stones. In value they would vary somewhat; but in themselves, even without the pearls, they represented a fortune. She quietly closed the bag and replaced it under the covers.

With the rough-edged little bottle in her hand she faced him.

"I knew a girl," she said, with a far-away look in her eyes, "who took five of these tablets and then lived two days. She suffered terribly, of——

He caught the bottle from her hand and threw it against the wall, where it broke. The green pills rolled about the floor.

"Oh well," she remarked, "I can take them after you've gone."

"After I've gone you can do as you think best."

"But something will have to be done about me, Rocky. You'll have to get me ashore. And see about burying me. And you'll have to explain me."

This moved him not at all. Apparently he *was* to be one of the Kanes—strong, pitiless, destined for success and power. There would be weak moments; but all that her uncannily shrewd eyes saw in him. For that matter, Miss Carmichael had known many men of the sort that in America are termed "big"—certain of them with an unpleasant secret intimacy—and each had possessed and (at moments) been possessed by strong passions. It had never been wholly a matter of what is called brain; always there had been emotional force, with a dark side as well as a bright.

OVERHEAD the great clumsy sails creaked. Soft feet pattered about the deck. The nasal voices of the crew broke into a chantey. A chain rattled.

"We must be there," said she. "We're anchoring, I think." And she glanced out the window at one of the roofed-over opium bulks that lay in those days directly opposite the bund. Finally she looked again at him.

"Very well," she said then; and raised her arms above her head. Swiftly, at once, he began stripping off the festoons of pearls. The only other thing said was her remark, in a casual tone: "It's understood that you're using force. And you'll hear from it, of course."

As soon as he had gone she slipped into her blouse and skirt. Once again she looked thoughtfully at the radiant gems that were left her; then went, coolly swinging the little bag, up on deck, where certain of the crew were already drawing around to the ladder at the side of the sampan that had been towing astern.

Rocky had gone directly, on tiptoe, to Doane's cabin. The huge, sad-faced man was there; quick, however, with a kindly smile.

Rocky said—"I beg your pardon, sir!"—stiffly, not unlike a proud young Briton and from a tied-up handkerchief and bulging pockets—even from his shirt above his tightly drawn belt—produced enormous quantities of perfectly matched large pearls; laid them on the bed in a heap; helped Mr. Doane make a bundle of them in a square of blue cloth.

"They are yours, sir," he explained.

He withdrew then, with a coldness of manner that to the older man was moving; and went out on deck to await his turn in the sampan.

II

DOANE found a temporary home for Hui Fei and her sister at the mission compound of his friend, Dr. Henry Withery, in the Chinese city; himself lodging with other friends. Rocky went to the Astor House, across Soochow Creek, which was still, in 1911, a famous stopping place for the tourists, diplomats, military and commercial men, and all the other more prosperous among the white travelers that pour into Shanghai from everywhere else in the world by the great ships that plow unceasingly the Pacific and Indian Oceans and the Yellow and China Seas; to pour out again in peaceful times, from Shanghai by rail, and by lesser craft of the river and the coast to Hong Kong and Manila to Hankow, to Tientsin and Peking, to Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohoma and Tokio—and Shanghai had never been so crowded as now, with its thousands of travelers detained, awaiting news from this or that revolutionary center; with the American Marines and the British and German sailors; with Manchu refugees swarming into the foreign settlements; with revolutionists, cueless, wearing unaccustomed European dress, parading everywhere.

Doane found time to call at the hotel and leave word regarding the burial of his Excellency; but was not to know that Rocky, himself, immured in his room, gave the word that he was out, and there awaited the friendly chit that Doane sent up by the blue-robed servant. Nor was he to know that the boy dressed carefully for the ceremony, only to find the ordeal too great for his overstrung emotions. It was as an afterthought, a day or two later that Doane sent him Hui Fei's address.

During other days, after this sad experience, Doane, in accordance with his promise to the late Sun Shi-pi, called on Dr. Wu Ting Fang and offered his services to the revolutionary party. Another day and he was hard at work, bending his strong, finely trained and experienced mind to the great task of presenting the dreams and the activities of Young China fairly and sympathetically to the press and the governments of the Western world.

And so Griggsby Doane concealing—at moments almost from his own inner eye—the ache in his heart, the loneliness of his solitary existence, found himself once more fitting into the scheme of organized human life.

A grave man, with sad eyes but with a slow, kindly smile, always courteously attentive to the person and problem of the moment, thinking always clearly and objectively out of a comprehensively tolerant background that seemed to include all nations and all men; a gently tactful man; a tireless, powerful figure of a man, who could work twenty hours on end without a trace of fatigue, going through masses of minor detail without for a moment losing his broad view of the major problems—such was the Griggsby Doane one saw at revolutionary headquarters during that late autumn of 1911. Life had caught him up. Whatever his private sorrow, the world needed him now. Rapidly, in all that confusion, he was formulating policies, helping to direct the current of one stream of destiny. In past years Griggsby Doane had been discussed and forgotten. He had

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

even been laughed at as an unfrocked missionary by ribald, dominant, not infrequently drunken whites along the Coast. It occurred to no one to laugh at him now.

These were the days when in half the provincial capitals of China the Manchus that had ruled during nearly three centuries were hunted to their death, men and women alike, like vermin. Bloody heads decorated the lamp-posts that had been erected in the Western fashion beside freshly macadamized streets. Slaughter, as in other dramatic moments in Oriental history, had become a pastime. Palaces and wealthy homes in a hundred cities were looted and burned, and a vast new traffic started up in the silks and paintings and pottery and objects of art suddenly thrown into the market.

Hankow had been taken by the imperial troops, but was to be recaptured as a charred, gutted ruin. General Li Yuan-hung was now "President of the Republic of China," up at Wu Chang, by right of military organizations and popular acclaim. Admiral Sah, of the imperial navy, was about to witness the unanimous mutiny of his fleet. The great Yuan Shi-K'ai, himself a Chinese born, was in command of the imperial troops while negotiating on either hand with the frantic throne and the upsurging revolutionists. At Peking heads were falling and great princes were fleeing or hiding pitifully under the walls of the Legations.

Within a few weeks Sun Yat Sen was to leave London on his long journey eastward by way of Suez and Singapore, but without the enormous golden treasure so confidently expected by the revolutionists. Before his arrival, even, he was to be elected President of the new China, in the recently captured Nanking—where a National Assembly in cropped heads and frock coats already would be grinding out fresh tangles of legislation. The event was outrunning the mental capacity of man. What was now tragic confusion would grow through the swift-following years into tragic chaos, as the most numerous and most nearly inert of peoples struggled out of the sluggish habit of centuries toward the dubious light of modernity.

BUT through the chaos Griggsby Doane was never for a moment to lose the new vision that had finally cleared his long-troubled mind. Behind the crumbling of the empire, underlying the torn and bleeding surface of Chinese life, lay a tradition finer, he was to believe until his dying day, than any so far developed in the truculent West—a delicate responsiveness to beauty in nature and art, a reflective quality, an instinct for peace—it was all these at once, and more; a blend of art in living and living in art; a finish that was exquisite in concept, a sensitiveness that lifted the soul of man above the ugly fact.

Even the brittle perfection of Chinese etiquette—regulating every passing human contact, clothing in silken manner the naked thought—was like a fine lacquer over the knotted wood of life. America, he felt, with all its earnestly insistent young virtues, worshiped the fact. To the Americans must be preached the gospel of sensitive thought, of reflective enjoyment of the beautiful. Those old masters of Tang and Sung painting breathed beauty; it was sweet air in their lungs; whereas in America beauty was still, crudely, too often like a garment to be bought in a shop and worn for show. Yes, this revolutionary work was a gratifying opportunity for service, of great momentary importance because the Chinese people must be rescued from Manchu conquerors and their eunuchs, from disease and famine, and from ignorance of the new world that had come amazingly, brutally, into being while the old Middle Kingdom slumbered; but it was not the main work.

The aggressively greedy West, now, with its merchants and warships and armies, was destroying the soul of China even while teaching her a smattering of the materialistic new faith. There must be a counter influence; as the East now so strongly felt the West, so must be the West made sensitively aware of the East. It was fair give and take. It might yet help the world to find a stable balance. This was what the difficult life of Griggsby Doane was coming to mean. The East had crept into his heart. So he must turn back to the West.

III

FOR three days Mr. Doane's brief chit—with the address of Hui Fei in the native city—burned in Rocky Kane's pocket; then, early in the third afternoon, he went down to the Japanese steamship offices (for the keen little brown people had already captured the Pacific traffic from the Americans) and bought the second officer's room on a crowded liner, leaving at the end of the week for San Francisco. On the fourth afternoon he called a rickshaw and rode out beyond the American post-office to the house at which the older man was stopping.

But Mr. Doane, it appeared, was not in; already he was established at Doctor Wu's revolutionary headquarters. Rocky considered driving there; even took the address and rode part of the way; but reconsidered, returned to the hotel, and sent a messenger to Hui Fei with this chit:

I'm sailing Saturday. Do you feel that you could see me for a few moments?

The reply, within the hour, bade him come. He found her in Western dress—a tailored suit, very simple; her glistening black hair parted smoothly—as he would always most vividly remember it—gently sad in manner, yet able to smile. She would be like that, come to think of it; not crushed by the tragedy, not sunken in the grief that, among Westerners, seems too often a sort of histrionic egotism. They sat in a tiled courtyard among dahlias.

A race that ruled China for three centuries.

More than ever like a proud young Briton was Rocky.

"It is good of you to see me." Thus he began. "I couldn't go without a word."

She murmured then, "Of course no'."

"I want you to know, too, that I am coming to see—" He had to pause; in this new phase of sober young manhood he had not yet achieved steady self-control.

She broke the silence with a question about the revolution. It is to his credit that he talked, stumbling only at first, clearly. And as the strain of the meeting gradually relaxed, he became aware of her sobered but still intense absorption in the struggle; aware, too, increasingly, of her strong gift of what is called personality. Her mind was quick, bright, eager—better, it seemed (he had to fight bitterness here) than his own. And she was impersonal to a degree that he couldn't yet attain—couldn't, in fact, quite understand.

He had to speak slowly and carefully; feeling his way with a dogged determination among uprushing emotions, moved as never before by the charm of appearance and manner and speech of which she was so prettily unconscious. He had come—perhaps with more than a touch in him of (again) that Western histrionism, the intense overplaying of the individual and his feelings—as a man who was effacing himself that the woman he loved might be happy with another man.

CONFUSED with this wholly unconscious call upon the sympathies, undoubtedly, was an unphrased incredulity that she—so strongly a person, fine and courageous and outstanding as he knew her to be—could accept this being almost casually left as part of a legacy to that other man. It was incredible. Unless she loved other man. So he came around again to the the personal; unaware, of course, that he was feeling inevitably with his strongly individualistic race. Even when she dwelt on race, a little later in their talk, he found no light. He couldn't have; for the American can not often see what lies outside himself.

"I don' know yet what I can do," she was saying, very honestly and simply (they hadn't yet mentioned Mr. Doane). "Of course I'm an Oriental, after all. An' blood does coun'. I feel that. A good many people to-day talk differen'ly, I know. We saw a good 'eal of Socialism at college. The idealists to-day—the Jews an' Russians an' even some of our Chinese students—the younger men—talk as if race doesn' matter. But of course it does. It will ta' thousan's of years, I suppose, to bring the races together. An' maybe it's impossible. Maybe it can' be done at all. I think tha's the tragedy of so much of this beautiful dreaming. An' here you see I'm a Manchu, an' yet I wan' the Manchus put out of China. Because they won' let China grow. An' China mus' grow, or die."

He was moodily watching her; head bowed a little, gazing out under knit brows.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Hui"—he whispered huskily—"I want you to come with me to America. I'll give up my life to making you happy."

"Do you know," he said, "it's a queer thing to say, of course, but sometimes you make me feel terribly young."

She smiled faintly. "You are—rather young, Rocky."

He closed his eyes and compressed his lips; his name, on her lips, was dangerously thrilling music to him. After a moment he went doggedly on.

"The crowds I've gone with at home haven't talked about these things. They wouldn't think it good form."

"I know," said she. "They woul'n'."

"I'm beginning to wonder if we're—well, intelligent, exactly. You know—just motors and horses and girls and bridge and 'killings' in Wall Street."

"Killings?" Her brows were lifted.

"Oh—picking up a lot of money, quick."

"That," she mused, "is what I sometimes worry about. You know, I love America. I have foun' happiness there. I love the books an' the colleges and the freedom an' all the goo' times. But it is true, I think—money is God in America. Pipple don' like to have you say it, of course. But I'm afraid it is true. Ever'thing has to come to money—the gover'men', the churches, ever'thing. I have seen that."

"Isn't that true everywhere—in England—here?"

She shook her head. "No—not qui' so much. Traditions are ver' strong here. An' they are strong in Europe. But not so strong in America. There aren' so many other forces besides money. It is felt everywhere. It corrupts almos' ever'thing. That is the hard side of America. I don' like that so well."

FINALLY—coming down, helplessly, on the personal, yet with a courageous light in his eyes—he said——

'I do want you to know this—Hui? You won't mind my speaking of my love for you——"

Her hand moved a very little way upward.

"Please! I can't help that. It's my life now. I'm full of you. And it has changed me. I'm—I'm going back. I'm going at things differently. I want you to know that. Because if I hadn't met you it couldn't possibly have happened. And if I hadn't—well, learned what it means to love a wonderful girl like you. I want you to know how big the change is that you've made."

"Rocky," she said, gently, "will you do something for me?" He waited. "I wan' you to go back to college."

"I've already made up my mind to that," he replied, more quietly. "It's the job for me now. It's the next thing."

"I'm glad," said she. "An' I'd love it if you'd write to me sometimes."

He inclined his head.

Then, for a moment, his old turbulent inner self unexpectedly (even to himself) lifted its head.

"I tried to see Mr. Doane—that is, I thought perhaps I ought to tell him that I was coming out here."

She seemed slightly puzzled at this. Her lips framed questioningly the words "Tell him?"

"I—I perhaps can't say much—but I'm sure you and he will be happy. I—oh, he's a big man. He's terribly busy now, of course—you know what he's doing—at Wu Ting Fang's headquarters?"

She inclined her head rather wearily, saying, "He wrote me a ver' kin' note—jus' to say that he was busy."

"They talk about him some at the hotel. All of a sudden he seems to be a power here."

She slipped, without a further word, into the house, returning with a bit of paper.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He couldn't make out the words; he bent down close to the lovely face. "I want 'o marry you," she murmured.

Into her manner had crept at the mention of Doane's name, a gentler, more wistful quality that she seemed not to think of concealing; it was even a confiding quality, intimately friendly.

"I don' quite un'erstand it," she said. "A gen'leman called from the Hongkong Bank an' lef' this."

Rocky read the paper; a receipt for a sealed parcel of pearls and for other separate jewels and a sum of money.

"Oh—he put it all there in your name," said he, while a sudden new hope rose into his drying throat and throbbed in his temples.

"Yes. It puzzle' me—a little."

He turned the paper over and over in his fingers, once again struggling to think. She sat motionless, gazing at the dahlias.

Blindly then he groped for her hands; found them and impulsively gripped them.

"Hui"—he whispered huskily—"tell me—if it's like this—if you—if he— All this time I've supposed you and he were—I want you to come with me to America. We both do love it there. I'll give up my life to making you happy. I'll slave for you. I'll make of my life what you say. Just let us try it together."

She quietly heard him out—through this and much more, leaving her hands quietly in his. Finally then, when the emotional gust seemed in some measure to have spent itself, she said, gently—

"Rocky, I wan' you to listen to what I'm going to tell you. You said I make you feel young. Well—can' you see why? Can' you see that I'm quite an ol' lady?"

"But that's nonsense! You—" His eyes were feasting on her soft skin and on the exquisite curve of her cheek.

"No—you mus' listen! First tell me how ol' you are."

Unexpectedly on the defensive, Rocky had to compose himself, arrange his dignity, before he could reply. "I was twenty-one in the summer."

"Ver' good. An' I was twenty-five in the spring."

"But——"

"Please! I don' know what you coul' have thought—how young you thought I was when I wen' to college. But tha's the way it is. I'm an' ol' lady. I have learn' to like you ver' much. I'm fond of you. I wan' to feel always tha' we're frien's. But we coul'n' be happy together. Our interes' aren' the same—they coul'n' be. Can' you see, Rocky? If there is something abou' me tha' stirs you—that is ver' won'erful. But we musn' let it hurt you. An' that isn' the same as marriage. Marriage is differen'—there must be so much in common—if a man an' woman are to live together an' work together, they mus' think an' hope an——"

Her voice died out. She was gazing again, mournfully at the dahlias. When he released her hands they lay limp in her lap.

With a great effort of will he wished her every happiness, promised to write, and got himself away.

IV

THIS was on Thursday. Rocky walked at a feverish pace from the native city to the European settlement that was so quaintly not Chinese—more, with its Western style buildings that were decorated with ornamental iron balconies and richly colored Chinese signs, like a "Chinatown" in an American city—and wandered for a time along Nanking Road; then out to Bubbling Well Road; away out, past the Country Club to the almost absurdly suburban quarter with its comfortably British villas; seeing, however, little of the busy life that moved about him, threading

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his way over cross streets without a conscious glance at the motor cars and pony-drawn Victorias (with turbanned *mafoos* cracking their whips) and bicycles and the creaking passenger wheelbarrows on which fat native women with tiny stumps of feet rode precariously. For those few hours were to be recalled in later years as the quietly darkest in the young man's life.

There was no question now of dissipation; he knew with the decisiveness of the Kanes that he had turned definitely away from the morbid oblivion of alcohol and opium, as from the unhealthy if exciting diversion of loveless women. But the bitterness would not down all at once. Indeed it was savagely powerful still, to cloud his reason. The only evidence of victory over self of which he was aware at the time was the fact that he could now look almost objectively at himself, and could fight.

He was back at the hotel between seven and eight, but couldn't eat. For an hour he walked his room, locked in. Then, in sheer loneliness a little afraid of himself, he went down to the spacious lounge and sat in a corner, behind a palm, staring at a copy of the *China Press* and listening, all overstrung nerves, to the cackle and laughter of the self-centered tourists and the curiously bold, loud commercial men from across the Pacific. He heard this, in his younger way, as Doane would have heard it, even as Hui; it was all heedless, light-brained; careless.

Confused with the bitterness (in a bewildering degree) was a sense of the finely reflective atmosphere that had lately enveloped him and that he was not to lose easily. He felt—sitting, all nerves, in this babel—the fine old Chinese gentleman who had gone serenely to the death that he felt to be his destiny. He felt—constantly, intensely—the princess who had brought to her American college an instinct for culture the like of which neither he nor any of his friends at home had brought or found there. And he felt Griggsby Doane—felt a spaciousness of mind in the man, a patience, a tolerance—felt him as a gentleman—felt him while still, in his heart, he was bitterly fighting him. The thing had closed over his head—the sheer quality of these remarkable folk. He was simply out of a cruder world. He hadn't the right to stand with them—the simple right of character and breeding.

AND no amount of determination, no amount of storming at it could alter the fact. It would take years and years of patient work. Even then he might miss it; for his environment soon again would be that of the cackling tourists he now hated. Even at college it would be all the dominant athletics, the parties and the motors and girls and drinking, the association with those sons of prosperous families who were all consciously cementing alliances with the financial upper class that quietly ruled America, while hired politicians prated and performed without in the smallest measure controlling or even altering the blatant facts. He and his kind, at college, despised the "grind." And you had to be a grind if you weren't the other thing. Yet Hui Fei had managed it differently. She was neither and both. It seemed to be a difference of mental texture.

A slim girl, richly dressed, with a sable wrap about her shoulders and a pretty little hat was threading her way among the crowded chairs and tables and the talkative groups in the lounge. He glanced up; then looked closely. It was Dixie Carmichael.

She stood before him, wearing her icy, faintly mocking smile. He rose.

"How are you?" said she.

He could only incline his head with a sort of courtesy, and contrive an artificial smile. He seemed to have been dreaming, outrageously. Life had begun now.

"I'm running down to Singapore," said she. "Friends there. And a look-see?"

"Oh," he murmured—"indeed." She looked out-and-out rich; and she was surprizingly pretty, without a sign that she had ever known danger or even care.

"Staying here?" she asked.

"No. I start back home Saturday."

"So? Well, that'll be pleasant." With a final glance of what seemed almost like triumph she sailed away. And he knew that in taking the pearls he had not taken it all from her. Apparently, too, she meant him to know it. That would be her moment of triumph. And that was all; not a word was spoken regarding his violence or her threats. He saw the yellow porters carrying out her luggage of bright new leather.

He resumed his seat; twitched for a time with increasing nervousness; got up and went aimlessly over to the desk; asked the Malay clerk for mail.

(*Continued on page* 93)

Announcing a New Serial

"THE Rider of Golden Bar," which will begin in EVERYBODY'S for May, represents at his best the author of such popular Western story-successes as "Paradise Bend," "Hidden Trails," and "Lynch Lawyers."

In his newest novel Mr. White sticks to the country he knows so well, the great plains of the more remote West. The daily round of cattle wrangling and bronco busting is varied by the excitement offered in the nearest settlement on pay-days, by the intense rivalry between local political factions, and by the occasional round-up of offenders for summary justice, more often dispensed according to unwritten code than formal statute.

Active lives, high spirits and contempt for danger are second nature to Mr. White's characters. Ranch owners and cowpunchers, crafty politicians and unscrupulous merchants, workers and shirkers, are brought together in relations that are sometimes friendly, sometimes strained, and often hostile enough to involve gun play and bloodshed.

It is in such a school that the violet-eyed heroine of "The Rider of Golden Bar" learns what she knows of life. Sally Jane Prescott is the kind of girl who commands the respect of men, who knows her own mind, and who does not hold her affections lightly. All unwittingly, however, she sets in motion the dramatic events that make a stirring story, full of rapid movement and suspense.

William Patterson White.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Call It What You Please

By Veta Hurst Griggs

TWICE a day the vaudeville acrobat, trusting to steel nerves and an alert brain, literally takes his life in his hands. Anything that disturbs one or the other may have consequences as tragic as those faced by Christopher Bellew in the dramatic climax of Mrs. Griggs's story.

"FIVE minutes to curtain—and Jake not here yet!"

His lean, fresh-shaven face very grim, Christopher Bellew bent to smooth the pink tights that had twisted around his ankle. A girl standing at the curtain peep-hole a foot away dusted the rice-powder from her plump shoulders with a shrug.

"I seem to have heard that before," she observed. "He's a regular bad habit with you, Mister Bellew. Why'd you ever haul the little beast outa the wet?"

Christopher shook his head blankly, and Miss Georgie Du Bose turned on him a smile that showed her real name might be Flannigan.

"Me mother had an old-maid sister who lived in a flat," she informed him. "One day she got married. 'What made you do it?' says me mother, crying. 'Ain't me own husband bad luck enough for one dacent family? Why did you do it?' 'Well, I'll tell you, *alanna*,' she says. 'I was lonely,' she says, 'and they won't leave me keep a dog!' "

From the tail of one eye Miss Du Bose saw that the implication had gone home. "Better get rid of Jake and tie up with a dame."

"Who'd have an old fellow like me?" Christopher asked good-naturedly.

"Listen to grandpa! You got all your molars yet, ain't you? There goes Jake now, headed for the dressing-room."

"Yes, I see him."

THROUGH the cracked canvas wall, dropped to shut out their view, sifted the hum and rustle and varied exhalations of a Sunday-night crowd; hidden orchestra tuning up to the dissonance of a jazz melody, shuffling of feet on uncarpeted aisles, seats unfolding with a crash; and below it all an insistent crackle and drip of peanut shells. A nervous moisture started under the girl's paint—she drew back suddenly.

"It's just an eye—a big, cruel, critical eye that stares at you and scares you stiff! I feel it in my stummick—here." And she laid a hand there, the orange spangles of her bodice rising and falling, a pulse beating thickly in her neck.

Bellew nodded indulgence. "That's because you're new to the game. When you get to be thirty-five and a veteran, like me, the audience may not mean any more to you than if it was smeared on a drop. That's the danger-mark. The actor who don't keep in touch with his house can kiss it good-night." He indicated with a gesture the composite presence beyond the curtain. "You have to feel that *they* can make or break you unless you do your best."

"I know it," she said and shivered.

"I feel the fear of them sometimes now," he confessed. "It gets me in the calves. Some feel it in the shoulder-blades. And often I'm influenced by one person's eyes and imagine they have a message for me. There was a nice old lady in Peoria last week——"

The unseen orchestra, exploding combined *fortissimo* and *crescendo* almost at their feet, smothered his voice. Miss Du Bose jumped like a shot doe, and pantomiming excuses, fled up-stage. Bellew drew back into the wings.

It was twenty minutes till his turn, which was second on the program, and with Jake safe in the dressing-room and his own costume in order, his mind was temporarily at rest. With folded arms he leaned against a prop, his thoughts reverting to the old lady of Peoria. Her spectacles like exclamatory "O's" before a worried, unwinking gaze, she had tried to telegraph him something—the thrill of it had crept down the supple spine under his gold trunks. And after the act he had discovered a tear in the jersey under one armpit, and she had probably been wanting to sew it up for him! Smiling, he played now with the belief, luxuriating in the sense of comfort, of knitted shawls and firelight and peace it suggested. Then, the sensation persisting, he lifted his eyes.

The curtain was up. Across the foreshortened stage, where a black-faced comedian was basking in the spotlight, projected the slanting, stucco-flowered side of the box. In it sat a young girl and an elderly man, and the girl was looking at Christopher.

As he met her eyes the old lady faded with piteous suddenness from his mind.

They were big eyes, far apart and delicately gray, shadowed with long dark lashes. Bellew knew the rare type to whom such eyes belong; a girl who wears her hair in a braid down her back until she is eighteen; who has never gone anywhere alone in her life; a truthful girl, respectful to parents and kind to brothers and sisters—a girl whose white soul lies like a piece of parchment under the moving finger, God bless her! Christopher saw that she neither squirmed nor giggled like the flappers nibbling peanuts in pit and gallery. There was about her a composure, a certain soft solemnity greater than her years.

She looked across at him—their heads were nearly on a level—with an innocent pleasure in his supple and silken anatomy, lit by the wing-light overhead, and he dropped quick lids lest his stare affront her.

"If I had a sister," said Christopher Bellew, Nomad, to himself, "I would want her to look like that."

THE curtain, unrolling majestically, shut the girl from view in little sections—firm round chin, gold locket, white dress. Her small hands, clasped on the box edge and clutching a handkerchief edged with pink tatting, disappeared last. Bellew raced to the dressing-room to see if Jake was ready for the act.

The acrobat was well on the stage and had made that half-shy bow which endeared him to his audiences before he dared to glance again at the box—and discovered that at the distance of eight or ten feet she was more adorable than ever. The old man with her, whose bald head had a luscious pink luster, must be a relative. There was no time for more surmise. Bellew turned a cartwheel or two and strained anxious ears. Then his expression relaxed.

A flutter, little isolated explosions of mirth from the audience, and Jake—in his half-tramp, half-clown costume, with absurd six-inch wings fanning at his shoulder-blades—trotted on, left. He stumbled, going up, and Bellew watched him closely.

The act began. Chris made a living pin-wheel of himself with flags plucked from the atmosphere, exploded glass balls with a crook-handled whip, threw bottles into the air and balanced a chain of them on his forehead. His partner ambled foolishly around, pretending to help, stumbling over his own huge pasteboard shoes and falling flat with an ease that was not all pretense. As a finale the two men built a pyramid of bright, wooden blocks, like the playthings of a gigantic child—Bellew climbing as he built, Jake handing up blocks from below.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You're miffed because I made a hit with a queen—and—and I am sober, you big stiff!"

"Shift them flies," the clown called out, looking up. "You want to crowd us?"

The last orange-and-green cube fell into place, the acrobat sprang like a squirrel to the single block which formed the pinnacle, and fifteen feet above the footlights, with the crazy structure vibrating under him, swung himself through racking contortions. At the last he did a muscle dance, standing on his head—a gyration which threatened to dislocate the pyramid and hurl it piecemeal into the pit. The spotlight cut the darkened house with a smoky blade and enveloped him, turning flesh and fleshings to silver and plastering his writhing shadow large against the drop curtain. He dropped lightly to the floor amid a bombardment of beating palms.

A moment later the applause turned without apparent reason to laughter. It was an instant before Bellew understood.

Jake, venturing an uncertain figure till it almost toppled over the footlights, was on his knees before the girl in the box, flapping greasy hands, spreading them over the region of his stomach, mouthing kisses at her.

Yet it was not this sad old trick that drew the laughter, but the effect on its victim. A fevered pink, even to the childish neck of the white dress, she stared for one heart-stricken instant at the leering creature before her, then buried her quivering face on her companion's shoulder. The old man grinned proudly, as if inviting the audience to share the full flavor of the joke with him. Bellew crossed the stage in three bounds.

"Come out of that!" he snarled, and one brown hand, closing on the crooked handle of his whip, took accurate aim and caught the clown by the waistband, jerking him roughly off his short legs. The curtain fell on a confused clamor.

TO JAKE'S carping soul this applause seemed misapplied. He picked himself up from the boards and bristled out to find his partner. Bellew was stripping in the dressing-room.

Ten years younger than Christopher, Jake Meacham looked five years older. His puffy lower lids had already sagged, showing the inflamed mucous lining scarlet against the thick white of his make-up; his fists trembled even while threatening; his breath was habitually vile. The acrobat stood over him like a sapling over a toadstool.

"What'd you call me for, anyway? Trying to steal my laugh? What you think you are?"

"You've been boozing again." The other turned on him sternly. "After you promised me!"

"That's right—call me screwed because I make 'em laugh. Get sore now! You want to hog everything yourself."

"Oh, chuck it!"

"I could work the skin off my gloves and never get a hand if you could help it."

"That's rot! You are funny—when you're sober."

"Catch me doing doubles again—that's all! You're miffed because I made a hit with a queen—and—and I *am* sober, you big stiff!"

Bellew shrugged away and began to rummage suspiciously in the mess of the room. He had picked Jake from the gutter and held him approximately upright in an—also approximately—straight and narrow path. This was perhaps in response to the demand of a strong nature for dominion over the weaker, rather than any ethical impulse, and Jake chose to find it food for hatred. Now, pale through his paint with spite and something deeper, he watched the acrobat discover a fat, black bottle in the folds of a shirt and tilt it contemptuously into the waste-basket.

Jake gave a raspy chuckle. He was amorous, reminiscent. "Hm— Some little armful."

Tugging now at the knot of a sandal lace, the other man did not look up, but Jake knew he heard. This was to pay for the loss of the bottle.

"Oh, you little bunch of love!" He kissed his dirty fingers.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Don't speak like that of a decent girl."

"Hm— And believe it or not—she winked at me first."

Bellew straightened suddenly. "There, that's enough!"

"You're jealous because she wouldn't look at you."

"No, she wouldn't look at me——"

"Baby Blue-Eyes!"

"I said—that's enough!"

But Jake, being now ready for the street, and having planted his sting, strutted out, grinning. A sandal plumped harmlessly against the door lintel.

"Liar!" muttered the acrobat. "A girl like that wouldn't flirt. She couldn't!"

Half wearily he sponged his moist, relaxed muscles with alcohol, flexing sinewy arms and stretching first one leg and then the other to get the kinks out. He was a little slower than usual in dressing, and before the globe above the mirror snapped the room into darkness he took from a traveling-case the photograph of a woman; the bride of a week, killed in a train wreck many years ago.

The knife edge of pain dulls after twenty years. Nearly all grief becomes volitional. This picture had been the symbol of Bellew's asceticism, the bitter-sweet solace of his loneliness. To-night the card showed the same blurred, simpering face under its small sailor, the mannish collar and tie and huge leg-of-mutton sleeves—but he could not spur himself up to the usual emotional reaction. Putting poor Amy's unflattering likeness back in the case, Bellew wondered if he were getting old.

As a matter of fact, although he was among the elders of a strenuous profession, the same self-control which had graven deeper the lines in his cheeks had kept his body young. Now he left the dressing-room, rosy, a-tingle, stepping lightly as if barefoot. In the ticket-office the manager, Mulvahey, was checking up the first night's receipts.

"Who was the old man in box four?" asked Bellew, peering through the window. Mulvahey chewed the raveled stub of his cigar thoughtfully.

"Oh—him!" he said. "He's a bear."

"He might have been once—" began the other, doubtfully, and the manager chuckled.

"A bear on Wall Street, I mean to say. He broke down and came to our beautiful little city for his health."

"I noticed he had on an overcoat and a muffler—and it was hotter than Calcutta in the boxes."

"Sure. He's dippy over vodeville. Comes every night, trailin' the poor kid with him."

"Daughter?" Bellew asked, examining his nails absently.

"GRANDDAUGHTER. At least, I've heard so. Just left boarding-school. I never see them with anybody else. He leaves her out in front sometimes and comes in back and I introduce him to the best lookers. Regular old dodderer—I've seen hundreds of his kind taking the rest-cure in private sanitariums."

So she would come again, thought Chris, striding under the summer stars to his hotel. Such interest did not seem unusual; during twenty-four hours a great many subjects pass inspection in an active, solitary mind. If poor Amy had lived and they had had a daughter, he would have wanted her to be just like this girl.

In his room, Jake, having cradled a shoe in the wash-basin, was asleep with emphasis and content. Moodily the acrobat eyed the black, close-cropped head on its doubled-up pillow, the puffy, open mouth and uncleanly areas of neck and jaw. It would be easy to cast this derelict afloat again on his gutter stream, but it would only mean the substitution of another aid. It could hardly help the situation or relieve him of that longing for a different homecoming.

"Damn it!" he cried, "what a life!" And on sudden impulse, snatching up his hat, he left the hotel and did not come back till morning.

THE week's bill—according to billboards in the opera house foyer—presented nothing phenomenal. Georgiana Du Bose and Rose Le Mar in a song and dance novelty introducing Miss Le Mar's latest hit: "Tune Up Your Heartstrings and Harmonize with Me;" a twenty-minute underworld skit, by the Rev. Bruce Hollingswood; Mirabeau's more or less animated puppets; Bellew and Meachem, the "Men Who Know How," and "Happy Joe," blackface comedian of "Ah'm Mah Own Goat" fame. Nothing there, apparently, to entertain a nerve-shaken financier for seven consecutive nights, but the manager had seemed to know his man. When Chris went hunting for Jake among Birdwood dives that evening, the occurrence of the night before was fresh in his mind. He patrolled the little man to the opera house entrance and laid down the law. "No more monkey business with the boxes, you understand, or Bellew and Meachem part company. And no more jags."

"How can I?" Jake was plaintive. "You know I'm flat broke. Loosen up, can't you?"

"I'm not any too flush myself."

"Aw right, aw right, aw right."

"If I gave it to you, you'd drink it."

"I said *aw* right, didn't I? What do you want me to do—cry?"

Dicer on the back of his greasy head, the little man trailed uncertainly away. Later the manager approached Chris, who stood with a dressing-gown over his fleshings, waiting for his turn.

"That's a fair act you've got, Bellew. Though there's nothing really new in your line any more. And say, that pyramid stunt looks kind of teetery to me." He cocked an inquiring eye.

"Perfectly safe so long as I keep my nerve. It'll get me some time, of course, but if I do go over I'll only smash down in the orchestra."

"Well, if you feel yourself going, aim at professor at the piano, will you? He's rotten."

A bell pinged, the lights went down in the house and up on the stage and the curtain slid whispering up. In box four sat the dodderer, muffled to the ears, and the gray-eyed girl. She turned her head slightly and Christopher, alert to-night for details, saw the huge black taffeta bow at the back of her neck and felt something like a pang. How young she was!

All through Happy Joe's act the acrobat watched her, admiring the quiet strength of character which enabled her to endure a repetition of cheap vaudeville for six mortal nights. She was quiet and slightly pale, and it might be possible that she feared a renewal of Jake's absurdities, or dreaded their act. But when Bellew had let the dressing-gown slide from his warmed skin and had bounded before the footlights, a swift glance showed her watching him with the same innocent interest. Evidently she did not associate her discomfort with him personally—and a weight seemed lifted from his shoulders.

There was snap and crackle in his work to-night. Jake, too, was a scream and had the audience with him. Still drinking, he had not yet attained the stage of irresponsibility and studiously avoided box four. Where did he get the liquor? And then Bellew forgot him, forgot everything but his act and the girl. For, pirouetting aloft on his cubist perch, he looked down, and their eyes met with the suddenness of a blow. The man looked away at once, but she reddened and with small, fumbling hands adjusted her grandfather's muffler. Though the gray glance had thrilled him from the chestnut sweep of his hair to his chamois soles, the acrobat felt a vague regret. Embarrassment had flooded those gray eyes. The snake had entered Eden.

Tuesday and Wednesday Christopher worked hard on a new stunt which he had been projecting for some time, and finished it finally in the middle of Wednesday afternoon. Panting and flushed with victory, he sat down on the iron bed in his room at the hotel and sewed up the rent which straining dorsal muscles made each night under his armpit. He whistled the while, an awkward laborer with stout thread and needle the size of a crow-bar, pricked, but keeping admirable temper. An illogical happiness, compounded of healthy exertion, sunlight measuring the carpet through an open window, and memories of the night before, brought him to a rash decision to dedicate the new stunt to the girl with the eyes—and let her know it.

THAT afternoon Georgie Du Bose met him in the hotel lobby and drew him to one side. Bellew liked Georgie—she had the simplicity of utter honesty.

"Jake borrowed a ten of me on Monday," she said. "It's all right and us professionals ought to help each other out. But I got word to-day me mother has broke her arm, and I need every cent I can scrape together."

"So that's how he was doing the town!" thought Bellew. Aloud he said: "Did you ask him for it?"

"Sure I did! He referred me to you."

Bellew interviewed a flabby pocketbook and gave her a bill. "If I were you, I wouldn't lend Jake any more, Georgie," he said. "He's—forgetful. Besides he's better off without it. And—pass the word to your friends, will you?"

That night the senior partner of Bellew and Meachem extended their act by introducing a new stunt. He flung his bottles toward the flies, turned two or three furiously fast somersaults backward, and alighting all set, like a panther, caught the descending bottles on arm and shoulder. This took well with the house, but before acknowledging applause from pit and gallery the acrobat made his bow to box four.

It was as gracefully, reverently done as if the performer had been that medieval jongleur-monk who essayed his feats for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Suddenly the girl in box four stood up. She braced herself against the railing and called up sharply: "No, no! Don't fall! You must not!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the honor of Mary of the sky. The dodderer clapped loudly, and on the box railing two pink palms beat softly together. Bellew left the stage filled with irrational happiness.

But behind the scenes rude hands brushed the bloom from the harmless little episode. "Who's your lady-friend?" giggled Rose Le Mar, and prodded Christopher in the ribs with a painted slipper. "Oh, these old-timers! Can you beat 'em!" And Mulvahey grunted; "You pick 'em young."

Their victim did not improve matters by growing red and angry, and whirling to catch Jake engaged in ribald pantomime. The two men parted on very bad terms, the one to seek his own level in the questionable part of Birdwood, the other to yawn and dawdle the rest of the evening at the hotel.

He did not leave the hotel till early Thursday evening, proceeding directly to the Opera House, and finding a crowd in the wings—the nucleus of which was Miss Le Mar in hysterics on the shelving shoulder of Georgiana Du Bose. She had seen a black cat and no known influence, managerial or otherwise, could pull her together again or drive her on to do her act.

"I know when I'm well off," she wailed. "You'll have to telescope the bill, Mulvahey. Oh! Ha-ha! O-o-ou!"

"Be a sensible girl and buck up," the manager protested. "There's millions of black cats in the world and they got to go some place, some time. I've seen dozens myself, and look at me." He smiled ingratiatingly, slapping his white vest to indicate a state of well-being.

"Humph!" commented the lady, unflatteringly. She reached an unfailing hand for her vanity case. "No siree—I don't sing a note. When a perfeckly strange animal climbs three flights of fire-escape at two A. M. to run across my bed, I quit cold. I don't need to break out twice to know when I got the measles. Come on, dearie!"

She and Georgie went off, powdering each other's noses, and the manager swore.

"Look at them, Bellew," he said to that quiet spectator. "Every last fool on the circuit has got some damn superstition. And, sir, even me, if I find I've left my rabbit's foot in my other pants pocket, there's a cold sweat on me till I can close my fist over it. It's in the blood."

"I'm not superstitious about anything," Christopher observed, "except the audience. I can always tell how it is feeling, what it expects of me. Georgie calls it a big eye. To me it's more like a brain, demanding something. Call it what you please, still you have to obey."

"SURE thing!" agreed the manager. "You cut that feeling with your stage teeth. Now, is everybody ready? You want something, Meachem?"

"No." Jake, who had been standing a little behind them, scowled at Christopher and turned away. All through the evening he nursed some grievance and his work was raw. But Bellew, going through the act as automatically as any of Mirabeau's wax-and-wire puppets, had no thought for the clown. From the seclusion of the wings he had made sure of one sad and important fact; the girl and her grandfather were not in the house.

Was she ill? Or angry? Had she left town? These questions haunted Bellew all through Friday, which was a black day for him. He would have died sooner than relieve his anxiety by speaking of it to his colleagues; he avoided them and scarcely noticed that he was himself avoided by his partner. If the absurdity of his distress over a girl with whom he had not exchanged a word, whose name, even, he did not know, struck him, he waved it away impatiently. In fact, during those days he had a constant impression of holding off with both hands something which demanded an accounting—something to which he must sooner or later answer. Meanwhile, the same perplexity; what had become of her?

AT LAST the man came to the somewhat unwarranted conclusion that his public recognition had driven her away. "I am worse than Jake," he groaned. "Why couldn't I let her alone? She was such a decent little kid!" He used the past tense unconsciously, as if mourning a death, and his sense of finale hardly deepened that night when box four remained empty. Bellew got through the act somehow and plunged out into the open air.

Five blocks out from the main section, Birdwood extends only a tenuous arm to its suburbs. Scattered houses, a field, a house, more fields—and so on into a determinate countryside. In the humid summer silence which creeps up from the soil and the night, frogs and crickets chant their antiphonies, the distant river sounds its riffles. People sit late on porches, conversing drowsily, blinds are not drawn. Through the windows this evening Christopher saw clustered faces around serene islands of light, heard many household graphophones, the accented merriment of pianos and—in a shaded garden, among the night exhalations of the roses—the give and take of a kiss.

He walked on and on in a kind of fever till at length the last house was left behind, around him the bruised sweetness of newly cut alfalfa. Starlight quivered over the fields, the haycocks; dew glistened on barn roofs; the fence-posts were wet with it. Beside a rutted country lane Christopher came to a halt, took off his hat, and lifted a face of protest to the stars.

Faintly across the fields sounded the life-beat of the town. The man accepted the symbolism. "All my life," he said, "I have been just on the edge of things!" It seemed to him that never before had he touched such sick depths of feeling, not even in those long-gone days with poor Amy. Something had cheated him till it was too late. At this distance he thought of that care-free bridegroom, that boy who had been himself, as an elder brother might, with a prescience of pain and pathos yet to be endured. As for himself, the game was over. Accustomed for some time past to think of himself as past youth his whole force cried out now against the self-imposed edict.

A rattle of wheels came near and a driver, jogging behind a tired horse, spoke to it: "Giddap, old lady! We'll soon be home." The animal quickened stride, passed Christopher, went up the lane and swung in at a gate before a distant house. The house-door opened and a woman, holding a kerosene lamp, stood outlined in gold on the threshold. Journey's end! A blind wave of homesickness swept over the observer; homesickness for a home he had never known. He turned and retraced his steps to the hotel, trying to walk jauntily—alien, urban, nomad, lost.

On Saturday, Jake, who had spent Georgie's money and had been forced to abstinence ever since, went around with a red eye and nasty underlip. He approached Bellew at dinner, hackles up.

"What do you mean by putting the girls wise to me? Was it any o' your business?"

Bellew frowned at his soup. "They ought to be protected some way. Why don't you act decent for a change?"

"Huh! Whiter than snow, ain't you? Where was you all Friday night, tell me that!"

Bellew did not answer. He had spent the small hours leaning on the bridge over the river. A ragged moon had set upside down in the still water and a few reflected clouds, floating there like soaked gauze, had turned pink before he could bring himself back to his room. But he did not tell this to Jake, who was in the working mood of a tarantula.

"Pretty poor stuff! Pretty poor!"

"Look here, boy, I don't owe you anything. I took you on and staked you to a costume and now you try to smash the act by boozing. If you'd leave the drink alone, you wouldn't always think I'm trying to put something over on you. Maybe I shouldn't have told Georgie. Well—I apologize."

The other swung away from the extended hand. "Quite a hero, old dear! That pyramid stunt don't look so dangerous——"

"Not from the ground," Bellew answered quietly.

"I HELP the act as much as you do. It was the hunch I got about painting the blocks all them wild colors that took with the house. Every time I get a hunch worth money you put the screws on me. You better look out the next one I get don't spell curtains for you!" He stamped, flinging up clenched hands. "I'm through!"

"Well," Bellew agreed after a pause, "maybe it's best to release you and finish like this, than go from bad to worse."

"You ain't releasing me. I've quit."

"All right, just as you say, boy. You'll go on to-night, though, and finish the week?"

Jake intimated he could not skip a—censored—step—until he got his—censored—salary. He went off then and Chris finished the meal and walked back slowly through gathering dusk to the opera-house, occupied with his own gray thoughts.

For even at thirty-five we dislike change, clinging with slipping hands to the most trivial or hurtful things that constitute our daily life. Jake Meachem was a part of the daily routine, and Christopher was just inconsistent and lonely enough to take the little beast back at the first sign of penitence. But Jake did not show up until the last moment. Bellew had an instant's glimpse of him in the foyer, arguing with the head usher, and later in the dressing-room he put on costume and make up in sullen silence. Christopher, having jerked on his fleshings, was glad to exchange the hostile atmosphere of the little room for the gloom of the stage.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Beyond the wall of the curtain the invisible orchestra droned and squeaked in preparation, and Georgie had her small nose at the peep-hole as usual.

"Chicago to-morrow, old dear," Georgie caroled over one shoulder, her enameled face aglow. Receiving no answer, she continued to watch the house.

"You going to give us a surprise to-night, Mister Bellew?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I saw Jake give the ushers a bunch of pink slips a while back. The boys are feeding 'em to the people now."

Bellew answered listlessly: "Nothing to do with us, Georgie."

At that moment the girl tilted her head to focus on the right side of the house and gave a wicked giggle. "Mister Bellew, your little dame is out in front again."

"What!"

"Looks kind of peaked to me—maybe she's been sick. What will you give me for a chance at this hole?"

But Christopher was gone.

IT WAS at the mirror, as he swept his hair to the polish of mahogany, that the first warning came. Brush still in hand, he was forced to lean for a moment against the wall till a black haze filling the room had thinned. At the time, under high pressure of thought, this delay irritated without alarming him. A touch of vermilion across the cheek-bones, a swift dust of powder, and the dressing-room was empty.

Rose Le Mar, who stood watching Happy Joe's gambols, saw Christopher walk out into the wings on the other side. Of a sudden he put up one hand and steadied himself against a prop. Alert, Rose telegraphed a question the length of the stage, was answered by a reassuring gesture, and turned her attention to the comedian again.

But that was the second warning, and during the rest of the initial act, Bellew, puzzled and worried even to forgetting the girl out in front, fought to control that sudden strain and uncertainty in his knees. He went through quiet calisthenics, alternated with massage, but the sensation persisted. And when he lifted a hand to the level of his eyes, it shook. Not much; hardly more than a quiver of a sensitized needle in a compass—but too much!

To final applause Happy Joe plunged backward into the wings and the curtain fell. For a moment Bellew considered omitting his turn or detaining the curtain—and, so considering, was lost. Swearing under his breath, he watched it rise relentlessly, and leaped out on the stage.

One by one the glass balls exploded under the whip, the bottles spun toward the flies. The acrobat fumbled one and the house laughed. The old man in box four explained to his companion that such accidents were timed; it made success more spectacular. She nodded, eyes fixed on the performer. While his assistant trailed in the first wheelbarrow-load of blocks, he had stooped and was tightening a sandal-lace, but the face hidden behind his sweep of glittering hair had paled. The acrobat's Nemesis had descended on Christopher Bellew, veteran. He was afraid! He was afraid to climb the pyramid—and he was going to climb it.

Swiftly it rose, Bellew taking extra care where he set his feet, catching the cubes tossed up without too much stretching. The tall pile, set at the edge of the footlights, was complete now, all but the final block, which whirled up from Jake.

"Shift them flies!" The old cry. "You want to crowd us?"

Bellew looked down, smiling stiffly lest Jake learn of his fear; but Jake did not look up, and the acrobat set the last cube on the pinnacle and tested it, dropping his weight on both hands. There seemed no reason for that acute tremble in his hamstrings; the structure stood as usual.

He bent double, got a good grip of the top block, laid his chin on it, and lifting his body from the waist, clapped his ankles lightly together in the air.

But this was only the beginning, and already his forehead was wet. A blue ball flashed through the air. He caught it with one hand, juggled it on his sandals, then kicked it off into the wings. The bottles should come next. He felt, if he handled them successfully, that he would omit the muscle dance and cut the act short. That is, if he could keep his head. But where were the bottles? He managed one dizzy glance downward—and Jake was gone!

A ghastly tremor shot through Bellew—a sense of impending catastrophe, but instinct still fought the unknown terror. It might be possible even now to drop his feet to the top cube and stand erect. Then came the realization; he couldn't—his muscles were beyond any recognition of will-power.

Overpoised, overbalanced, with heels swaying toward his head, his body becoming an acute arc, the man struggled to stiffen his spine, gripping the top block till the skin over his knuckles almost split—but a deadly force was drawing him down to disaster.

And now the quiver of his body communicated itself to the pyramid—he could feel the flimsy structure beginning to vibrate, to sway laterally, block twisting on supporting block—ready to dislocate, getting away from him!

In dead silence the audience watched the struggle, a mosaic of intent faces, the musicians cowering a little, in expectation of that last flight through the air.

Suddenly the girl in box four stood up. She braced herself against the box railing as if she were bracing that taxed and tortured body above her and called up sharply:

"No, no! Don't fall! You must not!"

Strained eyes in a livid face rolled toward her.

"YOU must not fall. Do you hear?" The strong young voice reached his brain at last, arresting the final stage of vertigo. Slowly, painfully, the wavering figure regained its balance, doubled up, stood erect and leaped down the side of the pyramid to the stage. The audience roared approval, the acrobat—very pale—bowing himself out. Some perceptive stage-hand rang down the curtain.

Bellew came swiftly behind the scenes to the dressing-room and sat down at the table, laying his head on arms in outflung collapse. Rattle of tackle, cries of stage-hands and the furious speed of the orchestra, isolated him within a circle of sound. He groaned, very sick at his stomach.

"It got me, by the Lord! It got me after all!"

Like Jake, he was through. But what had happened! All he knew was that the audience expected him to fall, with a united demand no one sensitive brain could withstand. And then, at the crucial moment, she had saved him—she, a little white heroine, crying courage, courage—oblivious of self and the gaze of a multitude. Sitting there, on a sudden the man's eyes were wet and his cheeks, and his shaking, unnerved hands. The dreaded moment of accounting was here. And it was not a sister, not a daughter, but love and the divine substance of love itself that he desired. Maudlin, ineffectual dream!

He rose at last and stripped and sponged and dressed, heavy with a sense of finality. Within the past few minutes Jake had come and gone; the clown costume, torn and soiled, was kicked into a corner with the huge pasteboard shoes and gauze wings—a vicious exit for all time. Bellew stuffed them, with an impulse of dreary neatness, into the waste-basket and packed his bags. To-morrow would come problems, difficulties, but to-night he was too fagged to think; fagged, and eager to leave the place of his misery. Yet, he must see her, must thank her——

Outside the lights were off, for Du Bose and Le Mar were on, but in the gloom by the stage door a girl in a white dress was standing. As the acrobat approached, she drew back the merest trifle, lifting face and hands to him in silence. In silence he set down his bags and pressed the pale palms on his tired lids and aching temples. They had no need of words, those two, whose eyes had bridged an agony.

"I CAN'T let you go," Christopher gasped at last. They had said so little, but everything, and now the dream-moment was over. "If you step through that door, I'll never see you again. This can't be real. Life's not like this."

He kneaded her soft fingers till she repressed a cry, smiling up: "You must come to me to-morrow. Don't question to-night. Only remember this!" A tip-toe, the gray eyes glowing like homelights at dusk, she gave him something to remember. "Everything will be all right. You know it will be all right, don't you?"

"Yes," he muttered, under her spell, "but I am too old—I have nothing—you——"

"My dear," the girl said sweetly, "I am a woman."

With a hand on the door-knob she lingered, wistful. "I must take care of you, keep you from running any more risks. Ah, how you frightened me out there! Christopher, how could you?"

"I didn't. I don't understand, myself." He shook his head hopelessly under the old bewilderment.

"All for a silly advertisement——"

"Advertisement!"

But she was holding up before him a slip of pink paper. Staring at it, the man seemed to hear again a coarse voice: "Look out the next hunch I get don't spell curtains for you!"—and saw beyond the new love the blot of an old hatred.

Hundreds of slips like this were scattered, torn and crumpled, over the theatre, underfoot in pit and gallery, waiting for the janitor's broom; pink slips six inches wide—and printed across each one in heavy type a single sentence:

WATCH THE ACROBAT FALL!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"THE man I had before you was worth twice as much as you are," said Tightroll to the new farm-hand.

The latter looked him in the eye.

"Did he get it?" he inquired.

TWO small boys went fishing and while one of them was having good luck, the other didn't even get a bite. The unlucky lad silently began to make preparations for departure. "Aw, wait a while," urged the other. "You might be lucky if you keep at it."

"There ain't no use," was the disgusted reply, "my darned worm ain't tryin'."

A FEMALE lion-tamer, young and fair, beckoned to a big lion, which came and took sugar out of her mouth.

"Why, I could do that trick!" exclaimed a man in the front row.

"What, you?" retorted the performer.

"Certainly—just as well as the lion."

"WHO is really the boss in your home?" asked the abrupt person.

"Well," was the reply, "Henrietta of course assumes command of the pug dog and the canary; but I can say pretty much what I like to the goldfish."

A WORTHY professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion. The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great, and the fair neighbor with whom the professor was engaged in lively conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied.

When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet.

They repaired to the drawing-room, where the hostess yielded to the wishes of her lady friends and ordered the nurse to bring in the baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest to the door, who happened to be the professor. He gazed at them intently for a while, struggling valiantly to subdue the rebellious tendency of his vision. Then he looked up and said hopefully:

"Really, what a sweet little child!"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree" enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A CLERGYMAN once wrote to Edwin Booth, the famous tragedian, asking if he might be admitted to Booth's theatre by a private door, because, though he very much wished to see Booth act, he didn't like the idea of being seen entering a theatre. Booth wrote back, "Sir, there is no door into my theatre through which God can not see."

WHILE riding cross-country one day a man came to a stream.

"Is it deep?" he asked of a little boy playing on the bank.

"No sir," replied the youngster, and the man started across; but before reaching the other side, both he and his horse were forced to swim.

"I thought you said it wasn't deep?" he shouted back to the boy.

"It ain't," answered the youngster. "It only takes grandpa's ducks up to their middles."

A RECENT movie comedy showed on the screen a bevy of shapely girls disrobing for a plunge in the "old swimming-pool." They had just taken off shoes, hats, coats and were beginning on— a passing freight-train dashed across the screen and obscured the view. When it had passed, the girls were frolicking in the water.

An old railroader sat through the show again and again. At length an usher tapped him on the shoulder.

"Aren't you ever going home?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll wait a while," was the answer. "One of these times that train's going to be late."

TWO boys were distributing circulars. One became alarmed at the aggressiveness of a barking dog.

"Aw gwan," said the other. "He won't hurt you."

"I dunno," was the reply. "He's barkin' an' he's waggin' his tail. Which end does he mean?"

AN OLD gentleman was fond of children. Out walking one day he met a pretty little girl who was hugging a teddy-bear with very crooked eyes.

"That's a very nice bear, little girl; what do you call him?" he asked.

"I call him Gladly," was the reply.

"Gladly!" he echoed. "How did you come to call him that?"

"Oh, I got it from the hymn," the child explained. "You know the one that says, 'Gladly, my cross-eyed bear.'"

HENRY was the neighborhood magistrate. He had been settling a dispute between two blockaders. The one in whose favor the verdict was cast was filled with admiration for the facility with which Henry made out the papers.

"You are one of those "read" men, ain't you Henry?"

"Yes, I kin read right smart," modestly admitted Henry.

"You been to school, ain't you?" With just pride Henry nodded his head.

"I reckon you been through algebra!"

"Yes, I have," said Henry, "but it was night and I didn't see nothing."

A NEW YORK business man has an office overlooking City Hall Park. During the war, scarcely a day passed but some demonstration or other was staged there. A Scottish gentleman, whose office was not so happily located, got into the habit of running into his friend's room every time he heard a band, to see what was going on.

One day the Kiltie Band of Montreal, composed wholly of drums and bagpipes, was making the welkin shriek, and the noise attracted the Scotchman, who thinks that bagpipes really make music.

"What's going on, Al?" he asked as he prepared to climb out on the balcony for a better view.

"Big celebration to-day, Gordon," replied his friend with a grin. "A Scotchman just bought a thrift stamp."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

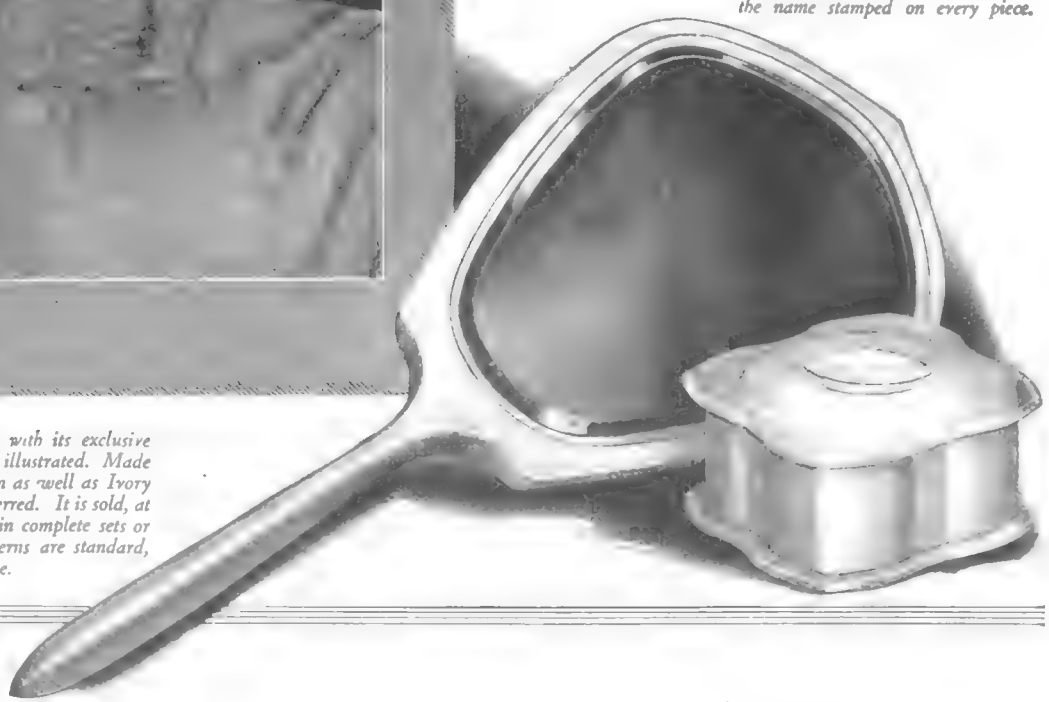
Ivory Pyralin

A WOMAN'S toilet articles are her intimate companions. They must stand the test of daily use, year after year. They must have that simple beauty which never wearies. Their usefulness must be never-failing. Perhaps these are the reasons why Ivory Pyralin is a favorite with so many thousands of women.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Sales Department: Pyralin Division
Wilmington, Delaware

DU PONT

Genuine Pyralin can be identified by the name stamped on every piece.



THE beautiful La Belle Pattern with its exclusive feature, the transverse handle, is illustrated. Made in Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin as well as Ivory Pyralin—decorated in colors if preferred. It is sold, at the leading stores the country over, in complete sets or single pieces. As all Pyralin patterns are standard, articles may be matched at any time.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IF WINTER COMES

(*Continued from page 52*)

whimsical appreciation, delightfully and most lovingly dealt with. When the full, irritable, inconsequent flood of one of Mrs. Perch's moods would be launched upon her in Sabre's presence, she would turn a dancing eye toward him and immediately she could step into the torrent would begin: "Now, look here, Mrs. Perch, you know perfectly well—" and in two minutes the old lady would be mollified.

Marvelous Effie, Sabre used to think; and of course it was because her astounding fund of humor was based upon her all-embracing capacity for love. That was why it was so astounding in its depth and breadth and compass. Sabre liked immensely the half-whispered talks with her while Mrs. Perch dozed in her chair. Effie was always happy. Nothing of that wanting-something look was ever to be seen in Effie's shining eyes. She had the secret of life. Watching her face while they talked he came to believe that the secret, the thing missing in half the faces one saw, *was* love. But—the old difficulty—many had love—himself and Nona—and yet were troubled.

One evening he asked her a most extraordinary question, shot out of him without intending it, discharged out of his questing thoughts as by a hidden spring suddenly touched by groping fingers:

"Effie, do you love God?"

Her surprise seemed to him to be more at the thing he had asked than at its amazing unexpectedness. "Why, of course I do, Mr. Sabre."

"Why do you?"

She was utterly at a loss. "Well, of course I do."

He said rather sharply: "Yes, but *why?* Have you ever asked yourself why? Respecting, fearing, trusting, that's understandable. But love, *love!* You know what love is, don't you? What's love got to do with God?"

She said in simple wonderment, as one asked what had the sun to do with light, or whether water was wet: "Why, God *is* love."

He stared at her.

VII

THE second Christmas of the war came. The evening before the last day of the old year was to have given Sabre a rare pleasure to which he had been immensely looking forward. He was to have spent it with Mr. Fargus. The old chess and acrostic evenings hardly ever happened now. Mr. Fargus, most manifestly unfitted for the exposures of such a life, had become a special constable. He did night duty in the Garden Home. He chose night duty, he told Sabre, because he had no work to do by day and could therefore then take his rest. Younger men who were in offices and shops hadn't the like advantage. It was only fair he should help when help was most wanted.

Sabre said it would kill him in time, but Mrs. Fargus and the three Miss Farguses still at home replied, when Sabre ventured this opinion to them, that papa was much stronger than any one imagined, that being at home by day, papa could help, and liked helping, in the many duties about the house now interfered with by the enlistment of the entire battalion of female Farguses in work for the war. One detachment of female Farguses had leaped into blue or khaki uniforms and disappeared into the voracious belly of the war machine; the remainder of the battalion thrust their long legs into breeches and boots and worked at home as land girls. Little old Mr. Fargus in his gray suit, and the startled child Kate with one hand still up her back in search of the errant apron-string, "did" what the battalion used to do.

Rare, therefore, the old chess and acrostic evenings; and most keenly anticipated, accordingly, this—the first for a fortnight—on the eve of New Year's Eve. It was to have been a real long evening; but it proved not very long. It was to have been one in which the war should be shut out and forgotten in the delights of mental twistings and slowly puffed pipes. It proved to be one in which "this frightful war!" was groaned out of Sabre's spirit in emotion most terrible to him.

At ten o'clock profound gymnastics of the mind in search of a hidden word beginning with e and ending with l were interrupted by the entry of the startled Kate. One hand writhed between her shoulders for the apron-string, the other held a note. "Please, Mr. Sabre, I think it's for you, Mr. Sabre. A young boy took it to your house and said you was to have it most particular, and, please, your Sarah sent him on here, please."

"For me? Who on earth——"

He opened it. He did not recognize the writing on the envelope. He had not the remotest idea— It was a jolly evening—could Enamel be that word in e and l? He unfolded it. Ah!

Freddie's killed. Please do come at once. I think she's dying.—E. B.

Chapter Eight

Mark Stands the Death Watch

HE WAS alone in the room where Mrs. Perch lay—not even Effie. One o'clock. This war! He had thought to shut it away for a night and here was the inconceivable occupation to which it had brought him, alone in here.

The doctor had been and was coming again in the morning. There was nothing to be done, he had said; just watch her.

Watch her? How long had he been standing at the foot of the huge bed—the biggest bed he had ever seen—and what was there to watch? She gave no sign. She scarcely seemed to breathe. He would not have recognized her face. It had the appearance of a mask. "Sinking," the doctor had said. In process here before his eyes, but not to be seen by them, awful and mysterious things. Death with practised fingers about his awful and mysterious surgery of separating the spirit from the flesh, the soul from the body, the incorruptible from the corruptible . . .

It could not be! There was not a sign; there was not a sound; and what should he be doing to be alone here, blind watcher of such a finality? It was not real. It was an hallucination. He was not really here. The morning, and days and weeks and years would come and he would know that this never had really happened.,

But young Perch was dead. Young Perch was killed. It was real. He was here. This war!

II

HE HAD gone down-stairs with the doctor and had remained there some little time after his departure. Effie had been left kneeling by the bed. When he came back she was sound asleep where she knelt. Worn out. The news had come on the previous evening. This was Effie's second night without sleep. Now she was overcome; collapsed; suffocated and bound and gagged in the opiates and bonds she had for thirty hours resisted. He touched her. She did not stir. He shook her gently; still no response. He lifted her up and carried her along the passage to her room, laid her on the bed and covered her with a quilt. Inconceivable occupation. Was all this really happening?

Two o'clock. He went to look at Effie; still in profound slumber. Why awaken her? Nothing could be done, only watch.

He returned to his vigil.

Yes, she was sinking. More pronounced now that mask-like aspect of her face. Yes, dying. He spoke the word to himself: "Dying." As of a fire in the grate gone to one dull spark among the graying ashes: it is out; it can not burn again. So life here, too far retired, too deeply sunk to struggle back and vitalize again that hue, those lips, that mask-like effigy.

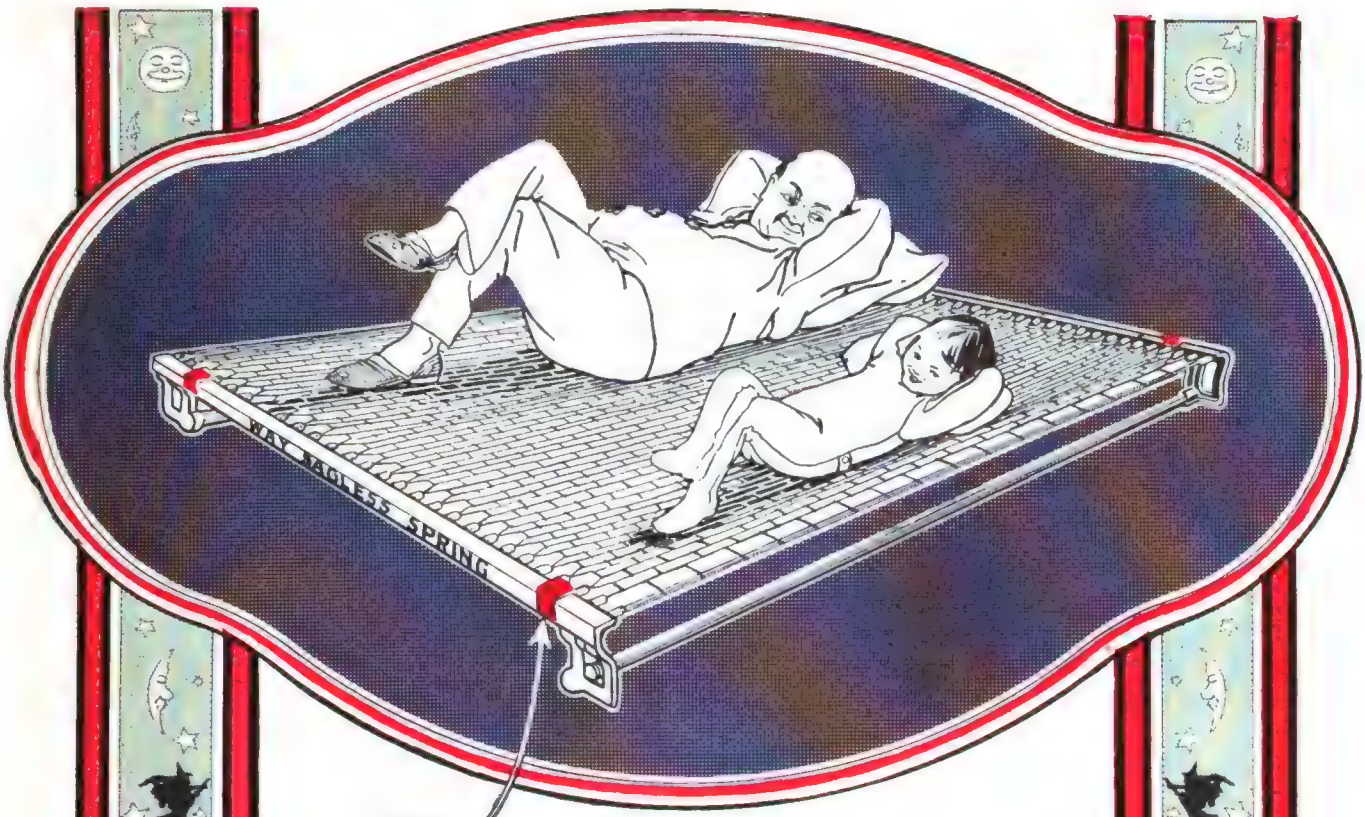
Profound and awful mystery. Within that form was in process a most dreadful activity. The spirit was preparing to vacate the habitation it had so long occupied. It gave no sign. The better to hide its preparations it had drawn that mask about the face. Seventy years it had sojourned here; now it was bound away. Seventy years it had been known to passers-by through the door and windows of this its habitation; now, deeply retired within the inner chambers, it set its house in order to be gone. Profound and awful mystery. Dreadful and momentous activity. From the windows of her eyes turning off the lights; from the engines of her powers cutting off its forces; drawing the furnaces; dissevering the contacts. A lifetime within this home; now passenger into an eternity. A lifetime settled; now preparing to be away on a journey, unimaginably awful. Did it shrink? Did it pause in its preparations to peer and peep and shudder?

III

HE FELT very cold. He moved from the bed and replenished the fire and crouched beside it.

This war! He said beneath his breath: "Young Perch! Young Perch!" Young Perch was killed. Realize the thing! He was never going to see young Perch again. He was never going to see old Mrs. Perch again. He was never to come into Puncher's again. Another place of his life was to be walled up. His home like an empty house; the office like an empty house; now no refuge here. Things were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



This mark is your Assurance

THE red stripes on the frame are the positive identification marks of the *genuine* Way Sagless Spring. They are your *assurance* of supreme sleeping comfort and restfulness, your certainty of getting all the worth-while advantages which can be had *only* in the

WAY Sagless Spring

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

You'll never know the full benefits of *real* rest—of *refreshing* sleep—until you have made this perfected bedspring the foundation of your sleeping outfit.

It's the most *economical* bedspring to buy because it *retains* all these desirable features;—*guaranteed* for 25 years not to stretch, sag or break.

Any "Way" dealer can prove to you that the "Way" patented hollow strand construction is different—and better. Write for your copy of our interesting booklet, "The Restful Way."

Way Sagless Spring Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Branch Factories in Chicago and Cleveland. Distributing warehouses at Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis. Made and sold in North Atlantic States by Burton-Dixie Corporation, N. Y. In Canada by Canadian Mercereau Co., Ltd., Toronto; Parkhill Bedding, Ltd., Winnipeg. Southern Distributors: Belknap Hdwe. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.; Chittenden & Eastman Company, Burlington, Iowa; Peck & Hills Furniture Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

crowding in about him, things were closing in upon him. And he was just to live on here, out of the war, yet insupportably beset by the war. Beset by the war yet useless in the war. Young Perch! How in pity was he to go on living out of the war now that the war had taken young Perch and killed old Mrs. Perch and shut this refuge from its oppression? He must get in. He could not endure it.

Ten minutes past three. There was perceptible to him no change in that face upon the pillow. He brought a lamp from the dressing-table and looked at her, shading the light with his hand. Impenetrable mask! Profound and awful mystery. Much more than a house that dreadfully engrossed spirit was preparing to leave. This meager form, scarcely discernible beneath the coverlet, had been its fortress, once new, once strong, once beautiful, once by its garrison proudly fought, splendidly defended, added to, enlarged, adorned. Then past its glory, past attention. Then crumbling, then decaying. Now to be abandoned. It had known great stresses and abated them; sieges and withstood them; assaults and defeated them. O vanity! It had but temporized with conquest. Time's hosts had camped these many years about its walls, in ceaseless investment, with desultory attacks, but with each attack investing closer. Now a most terrible assault had breached the citadel. The garrison was stricken amain—was withdrawing from that place and handing it over to destruction.

IV

THERE was some strange sound in the room. He had dozed in a chair. Some strange sound, or had he imagined it? He sat up tensely and listened. It was her breathing, a harsh and labored sound. He stepped quickly to the bed and looked and then ran into the passage and called loudly, "Effie! Effie!"

Frightening, terrible, agonizing. He was kneeling on one side of the bed, Effie at the other. The extreme moment was come to her that lay between them. She was moaning. He bowed his face into his hands. The sound of her moaning was terrible to him. That inhabitant of this her body had done its preparations and now stood at the door in the darkness, very frightened. It wanted to go back. It had been very accustomed to being here. It could not go back. It did not want to shut the door. The door was shutting. It stood and shrank and whimpered there.

O terrible! Beyond endurance, agonizing. It was old Mrs. Perch that stood there whimpering, shrinking, upon the threshold of that huge abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It was no spirit. It was just that very feeble Mrs. Perch with her fumbling hands and her moving lips. Look here, young Perch would never allow her even to cross a road without him! How in pity was she to take alone this frightful step? He twisted up all his emotions into an appeal of tremendous intensity: "Young Perch! Come *here!* Your mother! Young Perch! come *here!*"

Telling it, once, to Nona, he said: "I don't know what happened. They talk about self-hypnotism. Perhaps it was that. I know I made a most frightful effort saying 'Young Perch.' I had to. I could see her—that poor, terrified thing. Something had to be done. Some one had to go to her. I said it like in a nightmare, bursting to get out of it—'Young Perch! Come *here!*' Anyway, there it is, Nona. I heard them. It was imagination, of course. But I heard them."

HE HEARD: "Now then, mother! Don't be frightened. Here I am, mother. Come on, mother. One step, mother. Only one. I can't reach you. You must take just one step. Look, mother, here's my hand. Can't you *see* my hand?"

"It's so dark, Freddie."

"It's not, mother. It's only dark where you are. It's light here. Don't cry, mother. Don't be frightened. It's all right. It's quite all right."

That tall and pale young man, with his face like one of the old Huguenots. That very frail old woman with her fumbling hands and moving lips.

"It's so cold."

"Now, mother, I tell you it isn't. Do just trust me. Do just come."

"I daren't, Freddie. I can't, Freddie. I can't. I can't."

"You must, mother, you must. Look, look, here I am. It's I, Freddie. Don't cry, mother. Just trust yourself entirely to me. You know how you always can trust me. Look, here's my hand. Just one tiny step and you will touch it. I know you feel ill, darling mother. You won't any, any more, once you touch my hand. But I can't come any nearer, dearest. You must. You— Ah, brave, beloved mother—now!"

He heard Effie's voice: "Oh, she's dead! She's dead!"

Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant of this her body, in act of going had looked back and its look had done this thing. It had closed the door upon a ruined house, and looked, and left a temple. It had departed from beneath a mask, and looked, and that which had been masked now was beatified. Young Perch!

V

IN THE morning a mysterious man with a large white face, crooked spectacles and a crooked tie, and a suggestion of thinking all the time of something else, or of nothing at all, mysteriously drifted into the house, drifted about it with apparent complete aimlessness of purpose, and presently showed himself to Sabre as about to drift out of it again. This was the doctor, a stranger, one of those new faces which the war, removing the old, was everywhere introducing, and possessed of a mysterious and astounding faculty of absorbing, resolving and subjugating all matters without visibly attending to any matter. "Leave everything to me." It was all he seemed to say. He did nothing, yet everything seemed to come to his hand with the nicety and exactness of a drawing-room conjurer.

His car left and returned during his brief visit. Sabre, who had thought him up-stairs, and who had a hundred perplexities to inquire of him, found him in the hall absorbed in adjusting the weights of a grandfather clock.

He remarked to Sabre: "I thought you'd gone. You'd better get off and get a bath, and some breakfast. Nothing you can do here. Leave everything to me."

"But, look here, I can't leave——"

"That's all right. Just leave everything to me. I'm taking Miss Bright back to my wife for breakfast and a rest. After lunch I'll run her to her home. She can't stay here. Have you any idea how this thing hooks on?"

"But what about——"

The extraordinary man seemed to know everything before it was said "That's all right. I've sent for a woman and her daughter. Leave everything to me. Here's the car. Here they are."

Two women appeared.

"But about——"

"Yes, that's all right. The poor old lady's brother is coming down. He'll take charge. I found his name in her papers last night. Telegraphed." He was looking through the door. "Here's the answer."

A telegraph messenger appeared. Astounding man! He read the telegram. "Yes, that's all right. He'll be here by the eleven train at Tidborough. I'll take Miss Bright now."

Effie appeared.

Sabre had the feeling that if he opened the next thought in his mind an undertaker would rise out of the ground with a coffin. This astonishing man, coming upon his overwrought state, made him feel hysterical. He turned to Effie and gave her both his hands. "The doctor's taking you, Effie. It's been dreadful for you. It's all over now. Try to leave it out of your mind for a bit."

She smiled sadly. "Good-by, Mr. Sabre. Thank you so much, so very much, for staying. What I should have done without you I daren't think. I've never known any one so good as you've been to me."

"I've done nothing, Effie, except feel sorry for you."

He saw her into the car. No one would not take a lift.

"Well, leave everything to me," said the doctor. The chauffeur spoke to him about engine trouble. "Yes, I'll see to that. Leave everything to me, Jenkins."

Even his car!

VI

SABRE, passed on from the ordeal of the night to the ordeal of the day by this interlude of the astonishing doctor, did not know how overwrought he was until he was at home again and come to Mabel seated at breakfast. The thought in his mind as he walked had been the thought in his mind as he had sat on, after the death, waiting for morning. After this, after the war had done this, how was he to go on enduring the war and refused part in it? He dreaded meeting Mabel. He dreaded going on to the office and meeting Fortune and Twyning. To none of these people, to no one he could meet, could he explain what he had gone through with Mrs. Perch, nor why, because of what he felt, more poignant than ever was his need to get into the war; and yet with these feelings he must go on facing these people and go on meeting the war in every printed page, in every sight, in every conversation. Unbearable! He could not.

Mabel looked up from her breakfast. "Well, I do think——"

This was the beginning of it. He felt himself digging his nails into the palms of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his hands. "I've been up with old Mrs. Perch——"

"I know you have. I sent around to the Farguses. I must say I do think——"

He felt he could not bear it. "Mabel, look here. For goodness' sake don't say you do think I ought to have let you know. I know I ought, but I couldn't. And I'm not in a state to go on niggling about it. Young Perch is killed and his mother's dead. Now for goodness' sake, for pity's sake, let it alone. I couldn't send and there's the end of it."

He went out of the room. He thought "There you are! Now I've done it!" He went back. "I say, I'm sorry for bursting out like that; but I've had rather a night of it. It's terrible, isn't it, both of them like that? Aren't you awfully sorry about it, Mabel?"

She said: "I'm very sorry indeed. But you can't expect me to say much when you speak in that extraordinary manner."

"I was with her when she died. It's upset me a bit."

"I don't wonder. If you ask me, I think it was very extraordinary your being there. If you ask me, I think it was very funny of that Miss Bright sending for you at that hour of the night. Why ever should she send for you of all people?"

"I was their greatest friend."

"Yes, I know you always liked them. But you couldn't be of any use. I must say I do think people are very funny sometimes. If Miss Bright had done the right thing, as we are their nearest neighbors, she would have asked me if I could let one of the maids go over. Then you could have gone up too, and could have come back again. I don't think she had any right to send for you."

HE HAD sat down and was about to pour himself out some tea. He put down the teapot and got up. "Look here, do me a favor. They're dead. Don't say anything more about them. Don't mention the subject again. For God's sake!"

He went out of the house and got his bicycle and set out for the office. At the top of the green he passed young Pinnock, the son of Pinnock's stores. Some patch of color about him caught his eye. He looked again. The color was a vivid red crown on a khaki brassard on the young man's arm. The badge of the recruits enrolled under the Derby enlistment scheme. He dismounted. "Hullo, Pinnock! How on earth did you get that armlet?"

"I've just joined up."

"But I thought you'd been rejected about forty times. Haven't you got one foot in the grave or something?"

Young Pinnock grinned hugely. "Don't matter if you've got both feet in, or head and shoulders neither, over at Chovensbury today, Mr. Sabre. It's the last day of this yer Derby scheme, an' there's such a rush of chaps to get in afore they make conscripts of 'em they're fair letting anybody through."

Sabre's heart — that very heart! — bounded with an immense hope. "D'you think it's the same at Tidborough?"

"They're saying it's the same everywhere. They say they're passing you through if you can breathe. I reckon that's so at Chovensbury anyway. Why, they didn't hardly look at me."

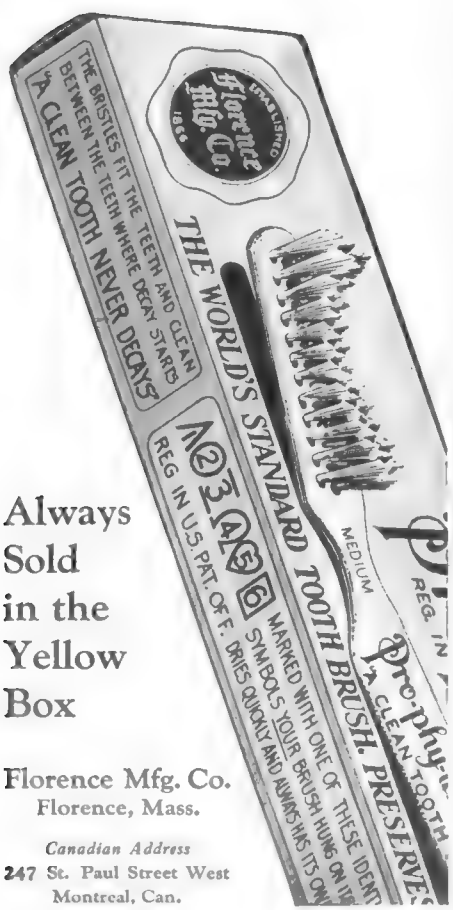
Sabre turned his front wheel to the Chovensbury road. "I'll go there."

To be continued in the May EVERYBODY'S.

NABISCO
ZU ZU
GINGER SNAPS
Uneeda Biscuit
GRAHAM CRACKERS
Uneeda Biscuit
SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT
The Ready Pantry
A shelf of this pantry is stocked with National Biscuit Company products. . . . No food occasion can take it by surprise. . . . There is always something good on hand for any meal, for between-meals, and when company unexpectedly calls. . . . You will find such pantries wherever you go. . . . Have an N. B. C. shelf in *your* pantry. . . . The day-by-day convenience and appetite-satisfaction will well repay you.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
N B C

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush


THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
Florence Mfg. Co.
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH
MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS

Always Sold in the Yellow Box

Florence Mfg. Co.
Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address
247 St. Paul Street West
Montreal, Can.

The BLACK ROOMS *in the* HILLTOP INN

(*Continued from page 8*)

indistinctly. She was suddenly seized by her impetuous host. "It is old-fashioned to tango," he said, "but only South Americans know or ever did know." He whirled her half about the room, then back to his duty post. "Splendid," he said. "It makes me homesick for Mexico. Another, later?"

But he forgot her in greeting Alida Maxwell. "Where's Lady Throicey?" he demanded abruptly.

"Coming on later."

"But Miss Westerholme is with your lot?"

The lady shook her head and slipped away. A dozen were in the Throicey party. In a crescendo of incredulity and temper the Mexican asked each one about Miss Westerholme. Some consoled, some were spiteful, but all agreed that the girl had not returned from her visit to London. A tall girl, coming behind, capped the stories. "My poor Gorey," she said maliciously, "your frontier girl is over the border and far away."

"What do you mean, Stella?" he asked roughly.

"Vamoosed—that's your word, isn't it? And Lady Throicey's afraid to come without her."

He stared at her, frowning.

"*Más hiere mala palabra, que espada afilada,*" Tip Turner murmured softly. This sympathetically uttered proverb to the effect that some words hurt more than swords brought a pleased smile to Pethick's face. He answered with another. "*Más apaga buena palabra, que caldera de agua*"—Kind words refresh like spring water; and Tip Turner nodded as she was claimed by a dancer for a one-step.

Chapter Two

The Wedding-Ring

AT COLN ARD Lady Throicey was storming up and down her hall. She looked like an American flag in a gale, for she wore a starred bodice of blue and the red-and-white stripes of her skirt tempestuously whirled as she turned abruptly in her agitated walk. An immense diamond star, barbaric in size, brilliantly twinkling, hastily set for this night only, shone on her breast. Her ladyship was going to the ball as the Lone Star State. "Nothing can be too big for Texas," she had said to her husband, "and every diamond I have is going into that star. If Gorey Pethick is spending a fortune on a ball to my sister, I can spend a few hundred on a star for my state."

She swung round as the door opened. The great star shot a million shafts over a stout blonde shepherdess.

"Rita!" the latter cried in startled admiration. "Stunning. You blind me." She planted the end of a beribboned crook on the floor, leaned on it in an attitude of languor and waited for praise. She got instead a frozen stare. "I know I'm late," she lisped, "but not so very late." Her husband's little property lay alongside of the Throicey estate, and she was the chosen satellite of her ladyship. She had been sorry to find that all the house-party had gone on to the ball and she expected a scolding for keeping her friend, but now she was dismayed. Her blue-saucer eyes widened as she saw the rise and fall of the angry surging diamond breastplate.

"Anita has not come," Lady Throicey said in a voice of despair.

"Never? You can't mean it?"

"A hill of silver!" Lady Throicey cried. "A mountain of copper! And things settling down in Mexico! The man's fortune is not measured in dollars, not even in tons. Carloads! Heaping, spilling carloads, running over! And she, just his kind! I knew it the minute they told me of him. Callie," Lady Throicey bent over and murmured the confession in a voice which trembled, "I sent for Anita the instant I heard he was coming home. I cabled. I brought her five thousand miles. I gave her—well, you know what a chance. And he fell at her feet the first time he saw her. Didn't he?"

"EVERYBODY knows that," Mrs. Callender agreed. "He went mad over her." She leaned her cheek against her crook and regretted Lady Throicey's unnecessary frankness. It had been easy to see what her dear Rita had been up to, but the elaborate plan for the capture of Gorey Pethick had never been referred to.

"Do you suppose," consoled Mrs. Callender, "that he frightened her? He is rather—well, rather overpowering, isn't he? Rita, do you think she ran away from him?"

Lady Throicey's brow was cleft in a deep frown. She reflected. Was that possible? "Friends of hers from the States came unexpectedly to London," Lady Throicey said. "She would go. She must go. I argued. I begged. But go she would. Did she ever speak about him, ever give a hint that she didn't like him?"

Mrs. Callender shrugged her plump and powdered shoulders. "Who can tell about your sister?" she replied. "She never spills the beans."

"She never did," Lady Throicey agreed. "At home we never knew what she was thinking." She paced up and down the room in her high, spangled slippers. "She was with him every day for two weeks," she cried, wringing her hands; "hunting, riding, walking. Then just at the wrong moment she bolts away. She went for a week-end. She has stayed over two. Oh, the time I have had with that man! But she promised to be back for to-night. He did it for her."

"Oh I know that. Everybody knows that. Rita, you don't seem to think of the possibility of accidents. Perhaps her auto has broken down."

"Nonsense," was the sharp retort, "nothing ever happens to Anita. She bobs up always. I thought it was going all right. I said as much as I dared. I talked of his family, his ancestors, his position here. It seemed to appeal. Anita is stubborn to drive, and she shies off in her weird way, but she's not sly."

"It's hard for you," Mrs. Callender purred sympathetically. "But, Rita dear, we really must go."

"How can I? You know his temper."

"My dear, it's nearly ten o'clock." Mrs. Callender touched the bell. The maid came with sables.

"If Miss Westerholme should come,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bloxham," Lady Throicey ordered, "get her into her clothes as quick as you can. Say that she must come, no matter how late. One of the cars will be back for her."

"Yes, my lady."

An almost weeping Lone Star State and a depressed Dresden sheperdess drove in gloom through the darkness. Then Texas had an inspiration. "We'll say she's there," she cried.

Mrs. Callender almost wept in relief. "Splendid. He'll hunt till supper."

"And then—the deluge!"

"We must stick to our story."

"Of course. If he forgets himself too badly, I'll pretend to be anxious about her and come away. That girl goes home by the next steamer."

"Cheerio," lisped Mrs. Callender as they got out.

Lady Throicey laughed that others might hear and flung back her cloak that others might see.

"She's wearing a search-light," a man said as she swept to the dressing-rooms.

When the diamond star announced her presence in the ballroom, Goreham Pethick ran, not greeting, not complimenting, but sharply demanding explanations.

"HAVEN'T you found her yet?" Lady Throicey asked, apparently astonished. Mrs. Callender laughed.

"Found—found her?" he spluttered, glaring.

She smiled in condescension. "My dear boy, get busy. She came on alone. I don't know her costume. I spied for you; she was too clever."

She convinced him that Anita was there, and that no one knew her disguise. Instantly he began robber dancing. He stole girls from their partners, danced a few steps, dropped them. He would have none but the masked ones, and of these only the slim and tall. He danced once with the Argentinian girl. He was in a white heat; the joke had gone too far; he felt himself already a laughing-stock. Everybody knew for whom the ball was meant, and she played this mean trick. He blurted all this out. Tip Turner consoled in liquid Spanish syllables. She reminded him that it was all quite fair. Even if the ball was for Miss Westerholme, that young lady had the right, if she had the wit, to carry her joke to the end. He dropped the girl abruptly. Later, he danced with Mrs. Callender. "She is not here," he charged flatly.

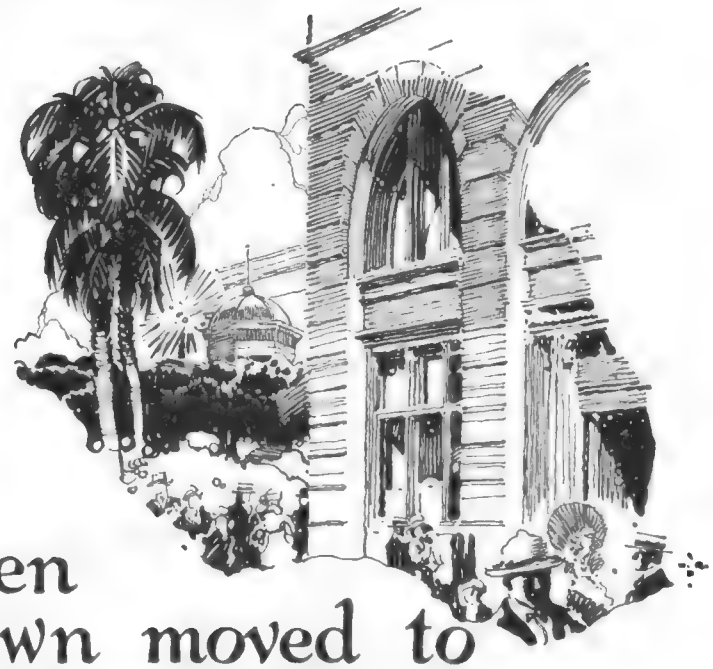
Desperation drove her to high flights. "You have danced with her," she boldly averred.

He was silent for a half-turn of the room. His dancing was so perfect that Mrs. Callender, frightened as she was, enjoyed it. His reflection ended in blunt offensiveness. "You are lying," he told her.

She fixed an infantile stare of heavenly innocence on him. It was not easy, for his face was so near that her eyes almost crossed. "You forget yourself because she's cleverer than you," she said with pained resignation. "It's her test for you. She says she'll carry it through. Find her by supper-time, Gorey, or she swears she'll slip away."

"I'm done with her," he announced, as the music ceased.

She pressed his arm and whispered in his ear. "Would she do this if she didn't care, Gorey? She does care. I know it."



When Brown moved to San Diego, California

—he didn't intend to bother about business. He'd made enough money to live on, and he and Mrs. Brown were just going to play around.

They've been "playing around" ever since, because you can't help it in those days of sunshine by the blue Pacific, with motoring, golf, polo, sea-bathing, fishing, hunting and a score of other recreations added to the social enjoyments of 90,000 residents of this hospitable seaside city.

Yet, quietly and gradually Brown's name became connected with the city's commercial life. His sons established themselves in leading enterprises. The real name of the Brown family is today inscribed on many directorates, and means much.

Within the year, thousands of practical men have learned that life in San Diego offers, to the man who has won a competence, greater opportunities for his happiness and that of his family.

That's why it is the ideal city for your permanent home. The San Diego-California Club, an organization of 1000 representative citizens, will make you welcome and you'll find immediate friends. These, and the real joy of outdoor living all the year 'round, looking forward to the interests and recreations of each new day, form the real foundations of life at

Through Pullman service is operated between San Diego and Chicago over the new San Diego and Arizona Railway, in connection with the Rock Island & Southern Pacific "Golden State Limited." A delightful, mild climate trip through Imperial Valley and magnificent scenery.

San Diego California

This booklet tells more about it. Sign the coupon and get it free by return mail.

SAN DIEGO-CALIFORNIA CLUB,
301 Spreckels Building, San Diego, California.
Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet about San Diego, California.

Name _____

Address _____

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

foresaw, when a youth, the great necessity for conserving and caring for his already weakened vision. Had he not early in life placed the care of his eyes in the hands of specialists he never could have attained the national success that came to him later.

Vision efficiency and personal success go hand in hand and the surest way to have good eyesight is to care for it while you have it. Visit your Optometrist periodically and let him see that your eyes are in good condition. If you do not know an Optometrist—write to this office and we will tell you several near you.

The Emblem of Superior Optical Service. Look for it where you obtain your glasses.

ASSOCIATED OPTOMETRISTS of AMERICA, Inc.

Home Office:
209½ E. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

Bargains That Are Rare

are now available in bonds, preferred stocks and even common stocks with long standing dividend records.

We shall be glad to send upon request our current market bulletin discussing present conditions and the position of many attractive securities, together with booklet describing the many desirable issues that are now relatively low-priced and may be purchased on convenient monthly payment terms.

Write Dept. EB-27 for our booklet "Thrift-Savings-Investment," together with helpful buying suggestions.

CHARLES H. CLARKSON & Co. Inc.
66 Broadway, - New York.
TELEPHONES: RECTOR 4663-4

He peered into her face as she sat down, and her eyes looked sympathy for love and him. "Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"I'm not her confidante, Gorey. I found out by accident. Never mind how. She's keen on you."

He was too eager to believe not to believe. His face softened. "You know her costume?"

"Of course, or I shouldn't have known that you danced with her. It was frightfully exciting. I watched——"

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Gorey! There is honor among women."

He held up his beringed hand and tapped a brilliant solitaire with his finger.

SHE stared fascinated, and his lip curled in a cynical smile; but even her daring could not invent a girl or a dress, so she glanced reproach, sadly drooped her lids, and afterward told Lady Throicey. "You have saved my life," the latter said. "Stick to it at supper. We'll say she's gone." Pethick rushed away to the seclusion of Miss Ganter's empty room and listed in memory all his numerous partners. He thought of the Argentina girl, but ruled her out. He was in a fever. He was hard hit, all right. He ripped out sonorous Spanish oaths. He was so nervous that when Miss Ganter's fox-terrier preceded her into the room and yelped at his singular costume he kicked the dog across the room. It's owner uttered a cry, but glanced at his angry face, and suppressed her indignant reproach.

"Go through every dressing-room," he ordered abruptly. "Ask every maid and every lady's-maid."

"About what, Mr. Pethick?" She had never called him that before.

"Miss Westerholme's disguise, of course."

"But you'll be unmasking soon for supper."

"They say Miss Westerholme is up to a game. She'll slip away unless I spot her before supper. She won't do that, of course. But she'll have the laugh on me. Get busy, Miss Rachel."

"Did you have a bet with her?" she asked, icily stroking her terrier.

"You know something!" he shouted.

"Did you bet gloves you would find her?" she asked.

"I dare say. I don't remember. I——"

"Well, Mr. Gorey, a bet of course is a bet, and fair play is fair play, isn't it?" She went away, carrying her dog

He ran fuming to Lady Throicey. "What that idiotic shepherdess knows, you know," Goreham Pethick charged. She swore by the star on her breast that she did not know how Anita was dressed. "She won't really go?" he asked, the veins in his temples swelling.

"Gorey," her ladyship said, "it's silly of her, of course, but she's wild Texan, remember, and we never any of us knew what she'd do next." She leaned forward confidentially. "But she wants to be found," she murmured.

"Miss Ganter has something up her sleeve," he said. "Go and put her through the third degree. It's getting on for supper-time. Remember, we have ours in the Black Rooms."

Lady Throicey had no idea she had anything to learn from Miss Ganter, but she was bound to carry out the game. She found the landlady, but instead of interrogating, begged a sight of the celebrated Black Rooms. She was ceremoniously conducted there, where she was left, Miss Ganter pleading duties in fear of questions. In that mellow old sitting-room Lady Throicey sat as in a haven of rest, and looked through angry eyes at that lovely supper-table. How inviting—and how hungry she could be, if only Anita——

She was disturbed by a yapping and eager staccato barks, and then by a voice. She leaped to her feet, listened open-mouthed, shrieked "Anita!" and rushed to the bedroom-door which she flung open. She found a terrier with his teeth set like a bull dog's in the edge of a fur coat, worrying, snarling. The room held no human being; but she knew the coat and the bag. She played tug-of-war with the terrier until she rescued the coat, then she searched the wardrobe, peered beneath the bed, and even stood on a chair and looked over its high posts.

"Anita!" The name was called with exasperated sharpness.

Anita, listening behind the secret panel, had to smile, but relaxed lips did not lessen the tight-drawn brows. The frown was so deep that if it could have been seen in that pitch darkness it would have been called a scowl.

She groped her way down the steep stairs, listened, heard nothing, silently opened the door, and cautiously peered from behind the curtain. She saw a tall young man in a heavy fur coat, holding a suitcase, standing mournfully, abject misery written in capital letters across his face.

"Dick!" she cried and jumped straight into his arms.

He hugged her till she fought for breath and rained wild kisses, most of which fell on the fringe of her mask. They jumped apart as they heard a wild cry: "Miss Ganter!"

SHE dragged him to the secret door and led him up the secret stair. She listened, opened.

Dick Wainwright flung down his suitcase, bolted doors, turned.

"No, no," Anita cried piteously. "How could I come to this madhouse as a bride when there was no bridegroom?"

She slipped the bolt out, rushed him across the sitting-room to the small bedchamber, stood in the open door, fished in the bosom of her Spanish dress and drew out a wedding-ring.

"Keep it, Dick," she panted. "They mustn't know to-night. My sister's here. A lot of people I know, too. Oh, Dick, Dick!"

"I understand, Honey."

She tore off her mask and kissed him on the lips. "I'll worship you," she said in broken words, "if you see it through."

"Can't we slip out and go on?"

"In this dress; at this hour?"

"I'm with you, Honey. Leave it to me."

"Dick, I adore you."

She pulled the door shut. The listening husband heard her name called in a piercing shriek, "Anita!"

Chapter Three

The Wedding-Supper Guests

LADY THROICEY faced her calm blue-eyed sister with laughter, with tears, with scowls, with smiles. The star on her panting breast looked a volcano in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

eruption. She had fought a terrier, had run down-stairs and up and was deeply agitated by contending emotions; so the star shot flames to the walls and cascaded sparks to the floor.

"You have behaved abominably," she gasped out, reddening in anger. "But you are here." Her cheeks paled in her relief. "Where did you get that lovely old dress?" She looked in admiration. "How did you get here? Where did you come from? How long have you been here? But nothing matters, now you're here." The lips relaxed to a smile. "Oh, the lies I've told, the lies Callie has told for you, to save you. You are shameless, heartless."

Lady Throicey stamped her foot and clenched her fist. "But now they're all gospel truth, every one, and you've brought it off magnificently." She emitted a little trill of tremulous laughter. "But you've kept it up too long. You should have let him find you out. Oh, that lovely old lace! How did you manage it? I never saw anything come off so perfectly. But oh, you might have told me! You have treated me shockingly. But never mind. You do look ripping. There's no denying that. I—oh, you'll never know what I have suffered to-night! He is in a mad temper. He's rushing about like a hound in brake fern." Her eyes hardened. "Yes, like a hound after a vixen. You are a vixen. After all I've done for you not to let me know."

THE bridegroom, catching what he could of the conversation as he put on evening clothes, clearly heard the high-pitched, exasperated voice. He moved to the protection of his slighted wife; but his hand lingered on the knob. If he had been dressed up, Lady Throicey would have been dressed down; as he had no shirt on, he did not turn the handle.

He heard a cool drawl from his bride. "When you're quite yourself, Rita," she said, "I'll prove that I've behaved rather well." He grinned and resolved to follow her lead, wherever it might take them. "She loses me," he thought. "She comes here all alone. She finds this circus. She jumps right into the ring. Splendid! I'll play clown, or ringmaster, or bareback rider, or smooth the sawdust. What she says goes." He held up his little finger whereon gleamed a bright gold band. "Darling!" he murmured, as he put an ear to the door to glean such hints as would tell him what to do.

"To-morrow night? At his house?" Lady Throicey exclaimed. "Then my letter missed you. He changed to-night here. The letter told you the ball was meant for you."

"He told me that to-night; the first I knew."

Lady Throicey stared. "You have talked with him?"

"Danced with him."

"And he didn't know you? Gorgeous, dear, simply wonderful. What a joke! How wild he'll be, at first. Anita," the voice was softly lowered and the eyes tenderly pleaded, "in that letter I warned you what to expect to-night."

Anita gave no answering hint of emotion delicately checked. "He practically told me that, too," she said, affecting to conceal a yawn.

"You are too vexing," her sister cried

Loyalty to Public Service

Almost daily something happens, somewhere in this broad land, that strikingly proves the loyalty and devotion of Bell Telephone employees.

Storm, flood, fire, tornado, explosion, wreck are met in a manner that emphasizes the spirit of service underlying the daily work of telephone people.

This loyalty, this thought of "service first," is more than devotion to an organization, great and fine as that may be. It is devotion to the whole telephone democracy, to the millions who form the telephone-using public.

And it is this same spirit of responsibility to the people which has strengthened thousands of telephone employees during the hard period of after-war reconstruction.

This spirit of service is being handed on to the new employees who have come to help us meet the enlarged demands now being made upon the telephone.

If all the facts were known, workers such as these would receive nothing but appreciation and encouragement from the public.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

And all directed toward Better Service

Earn $35-$125 a Wk

Your Opportunity in MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

A pleasant, dignified profession. Taught by actual practice—day or evening. Modern laboratories. Three months' course. No previous knowledge or experience required. No charge for tools or equipment. The men we train are in demand. Established 28 years. Country-wide recognition.

Write today for free catalog No. 32

BODEE SCHOOLS OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

NEW YORK 136 W. 52 St. PHILADELPHIA 19 N. 12th and Walnut Sts. BROOKLYN 15 Flatbush Ave.

DR. ESENWEIN

Short-Story Writing

A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

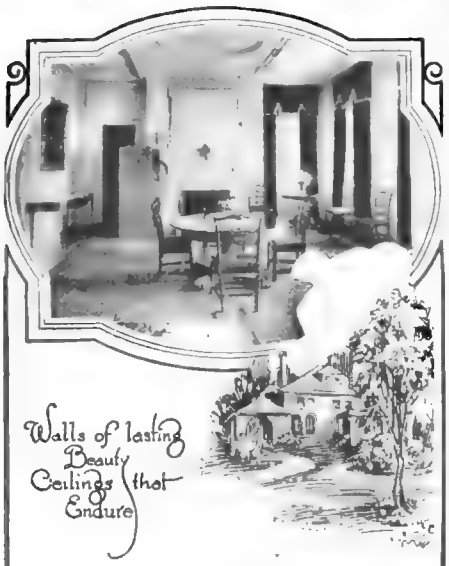
One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 347, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



In The Dining Room

When friends are in to dine, or when the family is alone, *this should be the room of abundant cheer.*

Liquid Velvet, the perfect flat wall enamel, radiates cheer. You'll be delighted with its beauty, its radiant yet restful glow, the air of hospitality it imparts.

The proper color scheme makes your home harmonious. In building anew or re-decorating, you'll get the keenest thrill in working out this scheme in Liquid Velvet tints. May we help? Our Department of Decorative Service will gladly advise you, free. Please write us in detail.

Send ten cents in coin for booklet, "That Magic Thing Called Color."

(5)

O'BRIEN
VARNISH CO.
709 Washington Ave.
South Bend, Ind.
"Varnish Makers for Half a Century"

Liquid Velvet
THE SPECIFIED BRAND

Learn Piano
This Interesting Free Book
shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, **at one-quarter usual cost.** Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete pieces in every key, **within 4 lessons.** Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."
M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio EV-24, 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

HIGHER EDUCATION
HOME STUDY
Courses in English, Spanish, Mathematics, Chemistry, Drawing, Education, Business and in 35 other subjects are given by correspondence. Begin any time.
The University of Chicago
29th Year — Division 8, Chicago, Ill.

ROUT THE ROOT WITH Zip
and permanently destroy your superfluous hair. Simple to use, rapid and effective. Harmless and painless. No burning chemicals. No electricity. Used by actresses and Beauty Specialists. Avoid imitations. At your dealers or direct by mail. Call to have *free* demonstration. Write today for **Free Book**
Mme. Bertha, Specialist, 36-D, 12 W. 40th St., New York

with asperity. "Don't play the guileless child of the Staked Plains. What do you mean? Anita, do help me. Time's flying. We may be interrupted any minute."

"It was the Spanish, perhaps, or perhaps he found me sympathetic. Anyhow, he confided in me." Anita's drawl was maddening to the perplexed sister.

Lady Throicey leaped to her feet. "What a moment lost!" she wailed. "What a chance missed!" She twirled and stood, gazing, struck by a vivid hope. "Or perhaps you didn't miss it," she cried. "Are you both fooling me? I could box your ears."

"I was almost a sister to him, no more."

Lady Throicey inspired so deep a breath that the diamond star almost cracked. A dreadful fear smote her. "Are you going to refuse him?" The question was intoned, fateful, heavy with the weight of impending tragedy.

THE listening husband dropped his collar-button as he waited for the answer. When it came, he chuckled.

"He scared me away, Rita. I made myself safe. I went on a tour with my friends. That's how your letter missed, I dare say. I left them to-day. They went on to Hereford. I got an auto, broke down and had to walk four miles to Dursley. That's what made me so late. I saw this gaudy hilltop and they told me what it meant. So I came straight here. Now, wasn't that behaving rather well? Miss Ganter fixed me up——"

"Then she knew all the time?"

"No, I pretended to come from the Arbuthnots."

"Clever, just the right thing, perfect! But it doesn't answer my question."

An instant's silence, then: "When I guessed, I ran away. That ought to have shown him——"

"Anita!" The name rang like an alarm-bell. "He'll ask you to-night. Surely you——"

"I didn't mean to give him the chance," Anita admitted. "The rabbit did it. She scented up my fur. The terrier yapped. You heard my voice. But for that——"

Lady Throicey pressed her diamond star that it might still the beating of her despairing heart. "What did you come here for, then?" she asked in an ominous voice.

"Why do you go to a ball when you are asked? I liked to dance with him. I liked to ride with him. I liked to see him throw a riata——"

"Well," her sister eagerly interrupted, "what more do you want in a husband?"

"There are other things."

"Oh, family, wealth, youth. He has them. Anita, don't tell me you are going to throw him over. If you are, I'll take you home right now. He'll tear the house down. He'll—" Lady Throicey suddenly changed her note. "His temper is easily controlled—by you. He's a rough diamond."

"Several. Have you seen his hands?"

"All yours, before this night is over, without asking."

Anita eyed her sister.

"Oh, yes, I know their story," Lady Throicey snapped, fingering her star. "Who knows where these came from? A diamond from an idol's head, or a queen's crown, or—anywhere else, shines the same. What were you going to do if I had not found you out?"

"I have a bedroom. I have an automobile. I could go or stay."

Lady Throicey delivered an ultimatum. "Choose," she said. "If it's no, I go now, and you go with me. I will not face that man after you have behaved so shamefully toward him."

"I will not go," Anita defied.

"Very well. I wash my hands of you." Lady Throicey turned with an air of finality. "You can go home with somebody else or stay here and make a scandal."

In the meantime Miss Ganter, annoyed that Miss Westerholme had pretended to be Tip Turner, had resumed family loyalty to the house of Pethick and confessed to its head. He came rushing in, to check abruptly, and stand staring, open-mouthed, in absurd astonishment.

Anita dropped a deep curtesy.

He laughed foolishly. "You!" he cried. "I don't believe it, even now." He rushed forward and gripped both her hands till she winced as the many rings cut in. "I have to take the duchess in to supper," he said. "She's waiting. We have ours here. Give me ten minutes. I'll make some excuse and come."

"Mr. Pethick!" Anita protested. "Somebody's wedding-supper. Oh, no."

"They're divorced already," Pethick laughed, turning. "I'll be back in no time."

He rushed along the gallery, chuckling. From the door of the small bedroom emerged a complete stranger to him who clasped his arm in friendly fashion.

"Delighted," this stranger said. "I overheard. My rooms, my supper. Lady Throicey and her sister and you are my guests."

"And who are you?" Pethick rudely demanded, glancing down to the ball-room floor, where masks were off and a duchess was waiting.

"I'm Wainwright. Jolly little party of four."

"Of four?" Pethick repeated in surprise.

"FOUR. Cracker-jack idea! Couldn't leave that supper uneaten, could I? Yet I couldn't bear to sit down alone."

Pethick stopped at the head of the stairway and looked in frowning perplexity into the calm eyes of this pleasant-mannered stranger. "Where's the bride?" he demanded sharply.

Wainright laughed. "Would a bride be likely to come here to-night?"

"Then how is it your supper?"

"Best man," was the bland explanation. "Presented to me. They heard of your show and headed the other way. I came to eat the supper. What do you think?"

Pethick's roar of laughter echoed against the canvas roof. "We eat with you, old man. What did you say your name was? Wainwright?" In high amusement he dashed down to an angry duchess.

In the meantime Lady Throicey had exhausted persuasion, pleading, threats. Anita inexorably refused to be queen of a marriage-feast from which her husband was banished. She stood at bay with her back against her door, prepared to bolt, when she saw Dick over her sister's shoulder. He pointed to the supper, clamped his jaws, nodded, backed away.

"He certainly looked rather well in that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dress, Rita, don't you think?" Anita said.

"Oh, you drive me insane!" Lady Throicey glared suspiciously, astonished by this sudden change of tone, with its hint of indecision.

Anita laughed and eyed the inviting table. "I am starving," she admitted. Her eyes were shining, her face was flushed. The mere sight of Dick would have steadied her; the sight of Dick with a plan keyed her to high exhilaration. She seemed to gloat greedily as she looked at the fat capon and the trim ham. She was speculating. How was Dick coming in on this? She was sure he was coming in; he wasn't the sort to be barred from his own wedding-supper.

"YOU know what it means?" Lady Throicey demanded, crossing, and putting a hand on her sister's shoulder.

Anita lifted her eyes, then drooped them slowly. "I've had the time of my life tonight," she said with the passionate earnestness of truth. "Let it end as it began, Rita. Keep him off till it's over."

"And when it's over, Anita?" Lady Throicey's voice was soft and pleading.

"Ask him," Anita murmured in long-drawn syllables, "to come in to-morrow afternoon." Her head drooped. She pressed it on Rita's bare shoulder. There was mutual pretense at an embrace which should signify sisterly love without disarranging a shoulder-strap.

"You'll be happy, dear," Lady Throicey murmured in her ear. "You'll have everything and more."

"I know. Thank you, Rita."

They gently mutually withdrew from that guarded caress.

"You'll tell him?" Anita asked.

"I promise, Anita. One last night of freedom. It's natural, reasonable to ask. And what a night!"

"What a night!" The echoed words were almost fierce.

"Hasn't he done it splendidly?"

"He's Aladdin," Anita said.

"Remember," her sister charged solemnly. "Don't give me away. You came home secretly. You came here on your own. I didn't know your costume. Callie did."

Anita laughed, edging toward the door. "If he talks to Miss Ganter," she said, "Mrs. Callendar is found out."

"Callie always does embroider too much," was the answering comment.

Anita peeped out along the gallery. Dick stood within touch. He clasped her hand and pressed it to his lips. She looked round. Her sister's vanity-bag was out. "Go into my room, if you like, Rita," she called.

"Your room!" her sister echoed with a laugh, but she went in.

A stifling embrace, careless of Spanish point and yellow brocade; then hurried instructions from Dick. "Go tell her now," he said.

Anita tripped away, checking laughter. The bridegroom looked moodily over a deserted ballroom, heard with disgust the clatter of knives and forks from the sit-down supper below, cursed Goreham Pethick, then flung his broad shoulders back and gaily advanced to meet the object of his hate.

Pethick came running. "A devil of a time getting away," he called out. "I had to pitch a staggering yarn." He

Quit Corns
any time you will

You may end corn troubles any time you will. Millions of people have done it.

Blue-jay is at your drug store in *liquid* and *plaster* form.

A touch applies it. The corn pain stops instantly. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out.

At least 20 million corns a year are ended in this simple, easy way.

The way is gentle, scientific, sure. It makes harsh methods unnecessary. It makes paring corns a folly.

This laboratory of world-wide fame created it and makes it.

Try Blue-jay tonight. Watch its action on one corn. Then you will never again let a corn ache, never let it linger.

© B & B 1921

Millions of people never suffer corns

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

WHITE HOUSE
COFFEE
DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
BOSTON-CHICAGO
The Pride of the Hostess
The Delight of the Guests
In the double-sealed double package White House Coffee reaches you in perfect factory condition. The special texture doubled sealed inner lining keeps all goodness in, all badness out.

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination. IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark Street, Suite 221, CHICAGO

LEARN TO DANCE At Home—America's Premier Ballroom Dancer will teach you by mail. Booklet Free. A. LEROY SMITH, M.B., Suite 304-A, 1482 Broadway, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster—and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

35c and 65c jars—$3.00 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTRICAL EXPERTS

Earn $12.00 to $30.00 A Day

WHAT'S YOUR FUTURE?

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand. They earn $70 to $200 a week. ***YOU, TOO, CAN DO IT.*** I can train you at home. As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training you need, and besides I give you FREE a wonderful outfit of tools and materials. Add to this the fact your success is certain — guaranteed — and you have an offer that ***cannot be beat.*** Send me your name and address; I will send ***free*** my "Wonder Book" on "How to Become an Electrical Expert."

Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 874, 1916 Sunnyside Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

L. L. Cooke,
Chief Engineer

BIG MONEY IN POP CORN EASY TO MAKE

Perrin Sold $350 One Day

Meisner, $250 in one day. Shook, $311 one day Sept. 1920. Erwins boy (going to school) makes $35 every Sat. afternoon. Erwin says $6 yields $25. No theory! No guesswork! Actual proven record of successes. Send for booklet.

Long Eakins Co., 440 High St., Springfield, Ohio

clasped Dick's arm. "Lady Throicey is a jolly good sort," he said. "Amusing and all that, and likes to be played up to. Pay her a lot of attention." He paused as they neared the door. "She's as big a star about here as the one she's wearing."

Dick nodded sagely at this intimation that he was to leave his bride to Goreham Pethick.

"You and I are old friends," Pethick continued, grinning. "Sorry; your name again?"

"Wainwright."

These two intimates marched together into the presence of two astonished ladies.

"Lady Throicey, Mr. Wainwright."

Her ladyship bowed ceremoniously.

"Miss Westerholme, Mr. Wainwright."

Anita inclined her head.

"Old friend of mine," Pethick jovially explained. "Our host to-night. His rooms. His supper."

Lady Throicey, dumfounded, looked from the table set for two to this striking-looking stranger, of such easy, engaging manners. This glance set Pethick to laughter and stirred invention.

"I better tell the truth, old man," he cried. "It's a wedding-supper all right, Lady Throicey, but the bride prefers hers down-stairs."

Dick tried to look pleasantly mournful, but only succeeded in appearing mournfully pleasant. He bowed amid constrained silence toward Pethick, thereby confirming the story. "Will you sit here, Lady Throicey," he said to that stupefied lady. She mechanically seated herself on his right. His face was unnaturally solemn, as it naturally would be in this exasperating ludicrous moment. He looked at Anita; she swept to her place with a measured dignity. Pethick, delighted at the effect of his bombshell, hid his smiles behind his swaggering mustache.

Chapter Four

The Bridegroom's Tale

THAT was a bizarre quartet in the Black Rooms of the Cornish Chough. The swarthy Englishman, with face as Mexican as his dress, each finger a baby lighthouse gleaming with gems; Lady Throicey, whose soft fair hair was bound in a fillet fastened above her long oval Greek face by a tiny gold star and whose clustering diamonds hung on her breast like a scintillant starfish; Anita, a señorita of Old Castile—so at least proclaimed her yellow brocade, her black lace, and her fine dignity of manner—but her brown hair, cream complexion and vivid coloring gave contrasting denial to the costume of Spain; Dick Wainwright, apparently cheerfully indifferent, alert eyed, pleasantly smiling, his fine plaited shirt crowned by white tie of a blameless evening dress; these four eyed one another, or rather three, with differing emotions, eyed the fourth, while the fourth successively eyed three with the beaming pleasure of a hospitable host.

"No waiters," he announced, bringing plates from the sideboard. "We'll have it all to ourselves. What do you say, Lady Throicey?"

"Much nicer," she said, in what she meant for a jolly assent; all her social training could achieve no more than a stifled utterance of awe. She had once supped on a bridal evening with a bridegroom; her own bridal, her own husband; but this experience could form no guide to conduct at somebody else's wedding feast which excluded the bride. She was so utterly bewildered that unconsciously she blurted out the truth.

"Mr. Wainwright," she said abruptly, "I simply can't eat. Your position is—so——"

"Unusual, perhaps," he returned, stepping to her side with a large tray of *hors d'œuvres variées*, "but Mrs. Wainwright has unexpectedly met old friends and is just as contented as I am. Smoked salmon, Lady Throicey; or will you have a herring marinée?"

"Marinée; oh, I adore them." Her ladyship had a palate and some dishes were irresistible to it.

"Was I wrong to tell the truth?" Pethick demanded with a serious air. This wonderful joke, all his own sudden invention, had been so brilliantly played up by this Mainwright or Mainwaring, or Wheelwright, or whatever his name was, that Pethick kept at it.

WAINWRIGHT held the tray to his bride. "Quite right, old chap," he answered cheerily. Anita pressed his finger as she helped herself.

"What she's missing!" Anita gravely commented. "I couldn't eat if I didn't suppose there was some good reason."

Pethick broke into laughter. "You surely had me on toast, Miss Westerholme," he cried. "You fooled me, all right." His glance put her on the swift defensive, thrilled her sister, and ruffled her husband. "You certainly worked it out to a fine point, Anita."

The girl straightened at this first use of her first name.

"You haven't eaten any plovers' eggs, Miss Westerholme," Dick said.

"Plovers' eggs?" Pethick echoed. "In November?"

"Plovers' eggs?" Lady Throicey exclaimed.

"Mrs. Wainwright," the bridegroom casually announced "has never tasted them, so I got some."

He went to her ladyship's side with his rare offering. She helped herself, glanced up smiling, and shook her head. "You shall not chill us with your phantom bride," she declared.

Lady Throicey had concluded that it was all a joke, that the meal had been arranged by Goreham Pethick, and that his alert amusing friend had been chosen for the fourth because he would fit in so well, and was a fellow countryman of hers. It was a perfect *partie carrée*, she thought, and very cleverly arranged.

"She weighs one hundred and forty pounds," Dick answered.

Pethick took six eggs. "How'd you get 'em?" he asked, with such eager sincerity that Lady Throicey was convinced that he had had no hand in ordering that feast.

"Some search, believe me," was the answer; "but cold-storage exists, you know. They can't be as good, of course, but my wife and I shall be home before lapwings begin to lay."

"They are just as good." Pethick took them one by one in single mouthfuls. "I say, I wish I'd known." He was envious. If he could have got enough for his big supper, he would have astonished

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

everybody. That was the craving of his melodramatic soul—to astonish.

"Delicious," Lady Throicey commended, eying this quiet American. She was burning again with curiosity.

As he replaced on the sideboard the few eggs left, Lady Throicey asked by raised brows a question of her sister. Anita responded by projecting her left little finger, tapping it with her right thumb, and nodding almost imperceptibly. Anita believed him, then.

Lady Throicey saw the bright gold band on his finger. A concealed marriage; a ringless bride dancing down-stairs, keeping her secret; a beringed husband, up here, giving it away; the bewildered Lady Throicey forced speculation away and gave attention to what really mattered. She beamed on Goreham Pethick. He was positively purring, she thought, like a stroked wild cat. Anita would have her hands full, of course, and would have something to put up with, but—what splendor of wealth, what an establishment, what rivers of gems!

"Will anybody have another plover's egg?" Pethick cried.

"Oh, no," Anita declined, with a peculiar emphasis.

She watched him take to the lot.

"AREN'T you going to save at least one for Mrs. Wainwright?" she asked of the bridegroom. She shot a glance of reproof at the greedy Mexican.

"I say," the latter cried, "I forgot."

Wainwright shook his head, laughing. "I could hardly carry an egg in my pocket, could I?" he asked. "I may not see Mrs. Wainwright again to-night, anyhow."

Lady Throicey could no longer hold herself in. "If you find it amusing, Mr. Wainwright," she said, "let us laugh, too. Am I too curious?"

Pethick gobbled the eggs, then glanced at the capon and the ham. "You carve, old man," he said. "In Mexico we hack bully beef with a *machete*." He tried to engage Anita in a duolog as Wainwright at the sideboard sharpened the carving-knife; but she turned toward the bridegroom. Pethick frowned at the half shoulder presented to him.

"Do tell us, Mr. Wainwright," Anita pleaded.

"Mrs. Wainwright is very angry," Dick said as he finally sliced the home-cured ham cut from Miss Ganter's small white Yorkshire pig. "She told me of lovely old rooms in a lonely old inn, with a bonny buxom landlady, who would take any amount of trouble. I came. Just the place. Perfect."

"I feel a pig, eating her bridal supper," Lady Throicey said sympathetically. "Thanks, if you don't mind. Yes, two slices. It looks so tempting."

The deserted bridegroom continued his equable narration as he served. "We didn't come here together. We separated in Bristol," he remarked casually.

They stopped eating to stare. He paused to commend the mayonnaise. It would be delicious with the capon; or would they prefer it with the tomatoes and the lettuce? Asked by Pethick how he secured these tomatoes in November, he explained that a special messenger had brought them from Covent Garden.

"She doesn't care what she eats," he said, "but I wished of course to show

W. L. DOUGLAS

Retail Price Reduced **$8.00 SHOES** **Quality of Material and Workmanship Maintained**

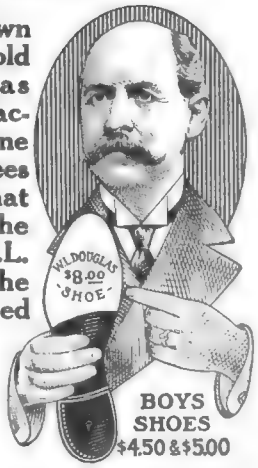
Special Shoes Hand Workmanship **$10.00** ‖ **Special Shoes** Stylish and Durable **$6.00**

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.



BOYS SHOES $4.50 & $5.00

W.L.Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated

W.L.Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
148 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

T. F. Oberkiser
Ohio

CUT OUT—MAIL TO-DAY

It May Be Worth $500 to You!

To T. F. Oberkiser, of Ohio, an answer to an advertisement like this meant a steadily growing, profitable business; an independent income. It may mean as much to you. We need representatives in every vicinity. All supplies and particulars will be sent you immediately on request. No obligation. Write to-day.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION, Box 674, Butterick Building, New York

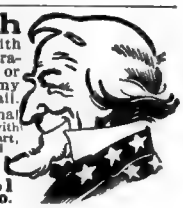
Become a Specialist in Accountancy

Write today for particulars of the most unusual course of its kind in existence. Learn how you may get a thorough training in this remarkably profitable profession and besides become a specialist in any branch you may elect. C. P. A. instructors of highest standing. **FREE BOOK** tells just what you want to know. Address

International Accountants Society, Inc.
Dept. 412 2626 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many cartoonists and illustrators earning $30.00 to $200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal individual lessons by mail. **LANDON PICTURE CHARTS** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, long list of successful students, and evidence of what *YOU* can accomplish. *Please state your age.*



The Landon School
430 National Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DEAF?

This Smile Says "I Hear Clearly"

If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments—so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided?

400,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

A New York Physician says: "It is of great value to me. I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

We offer you the
1921 Acousticon
For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
No Deposit—No Expense

Just write, saying "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." Give it a fair trial amid familiar surroundings—thus you can best tell what it will do for you.

Remember, however, that the Acousticon has patented features which cannot be duplicated. So no matter what your past experience has been send for your free trial today.

Dictograph Products Corp.
1325 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Vapo Cresolene

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

Established 1879

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the *first* indication of a *cold* or *sore throat*, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, *making breathing easy*, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection against these epidemics.

It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past forty years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by Druggists.
Send for Descriptive Booklet 12.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building
Montreal, Canada

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Women of Refinement

who wish to remove superfluous hair permanently in their own boudoirs with no risk of failure will find

THE MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS DE LUXE

a valuable and attractive addition to their dressing-tables. Get it from your dealer or send 3 stamps to

D. J. MAHLER CO., Bldg. No. 44, Providence, R. I.

her that I spared no pains. I sent to Jersey for the strawberries."

Anita shot a glance of love. She could not help it. To cover it she sprang to her feet. "Strawberries! I will not eat another mouthful. Let me go and find her. Let me bring her here quietly."

DICK had now his chance to explain to his bride how they had missed each other. "Thank you, Miss Westerholme. No. She wouldn't come. There was an awful mix-up in Bristol. I went to hire an automobile to bring us here, and I was to send it back to the hotel for her, and she was to pick me and the baggage up at the station. The auto came back without her. She had gone, they said at the hotel. I found she had got by mistake into an auto sent for a nurse. My wife and I missed, and when she found the mistake and got back, they mixed up my message. She thought I had come on here. She hired an auto and followed. When I returned for her, there was nothing for me but to come after her."

"The poor child," Lady Throicey murmured. "Yes, thank you, one more slice."

Dick, forced to further efforts, in a voice tuned to sorrow and with a long face, spun a fantastic yarn. Finding no trace of his wife, he had dressed and hung unmasked about the entrance, waiting miserably to be claimed. Then she had come, masked, in a white domino, and flirted—yes, silently, dancing without a word; and of course he had whirled her into a dark corner of the hall and clasped her, pulled up her mask, and kissed her.

"They were strange lips," Dick said with a frown of distaste.

Pethick roared, Anita tried not to smile and failed, Lady Throicey suspended an olive and looked sympathetic.

"That girl—what do you think she said?" Dick resumed. "You'd never guess. 'You! Just married,' and she actually ran. I staggered to a seat, dizzy. Then a girl came in a blue domino. 'Richard,' she said. My wife's voice, but on a new note to me; I answered cautiously, for I was awfully rattled, 'Yes, Madam.'"

"'I might have forgiven your desertion,' she told me in a voice of ice. 'I might have forgiven your thinking a masked ball was the right beginning for a honeymoon. But I will never forgive your kissing the girl I sent for you.'"

"'I thought she was you,' I stammered out.

"'That girl!' she hissed. 'I should have known you, Richard, if you had been bandaged like a mummy. I am going home. All is over.' She thrust the wedding-ring into my hand and swept away."

Dick slipped his hand beneath the table and took off the forgotten wedding-ring, lest Pethick should observe it. "Have I been fairly treated?" he demanded. "Of course I haven't. Now, please don't try and spot her, and let's drop the subject. Strawberries, Lady Throicey?"

Dick's invention was about exhausted, when Lady Throicey gave the signal to move. Pethick laid impious hands on her great star. "You're supposed to have lost it," he explained. He put it in a vase, laughing. "The duchess may believe the tale I pitched, if she sees you without it."

"So that's how you flung over the supper and her." She patted his shoulder as though disapproving, but her smile was anything but critical. "Gorey," she murmured, "she must change before she goes home. She can't take Miss Ganter's clothes away. If I—" She paused and fixed provocative eyes on him.

"Yes, yes?" he cried eagerly.

"If I should go and pretend to forget her, be very sweet to her, Gorey. Bring her straight home."

"Yes, oh yes," he promised, breathless.

"And perfect freedom for her till then? You have neglected your guests shockingly. Make up for it." She glanced at two young people standing very close together in the gallery; she whispered with an arch significant smile. "She thinks you can do nothing wrong, dear boy."

Pethick drew a long deep breath as she passed her hand through his arm. As they passed Anita, he fixed wide staring eyes of possession on her. Lady Throicey nodded significantly.

"They've fallen for it," Dick murmured.

"Dick," Anita whispered as they went down the stairs, "you are the seven wonders of the world rolled into one. I love you, I adore you, I worship you."

"I grovel before you," was the inadequate answer; but language is useless when reunited bridal pairs would praise each other for ingenious surmounting of the insurmountable.

"Only one dance with me," she cautioned. "Keep Rita guessing."

"As many with the Mexican as you need to play the game," was his answer.

"Oh, Dick, be a little jealous."

"That will come when I find I can't trust you."

"It will never come."

The entering quartet made a sensation. It consisted of a host, who had insolently deserted his guests; of missing Miss Westerholme; of a Lone Star State without a star; and of a mysterious stranger. Buzzing rumor was confirmed by the absence of the star. Another rumor flew on winged words, started by Mrs. Callendar, who soon lisped the tale of a deserted bridegroom. As everybody had hunted for Anita before supper, so now everybody secretly searched for a bride. Poor Dick was watched by a score of alert interested eyes. With a face set to gravity he sought out girls who were evidently not well known; and each was immediately suspected of marriage. He danced his one dance with Anita. No one pinned an orange-blossom to her breast. They looked instead for the flash of Goreham Pethick's diamond on her finger. Lady Throicey had never been so absolutely charming as she was during the last half of that historic ball. Goreham Pethick had never shown to such advantage. Everything went with a swing.

AT THREE o'clock Dick, dancing with Lady Throicey, whispered into her ear. "She's gone," he confided mournfully.

"Without a word?"

"Without a word. It is the end."

"Nonsense. She'll be on her knees in two days."

"She can stay on them," was the vindictive answer.

At four o'clock Dick whispered to Anita "Eat a good breakfast. We lunch in lonely London. I've sent a man back to Bristol with your auto. I'll wait with ours by the little door. Come as soon as you can. I'm off to change and get the engine warmed up."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Later Lady Throicey sipped coffee with Goreham Pethick to lure him into taking his black, for he had had one glass of champagne too many. His voice was thick and his laughter boisterous. She told him the mysterious bride had vanished and that nobody had found her out.

He crackled laughter. "Wainwright's the chap to carry on a joke," he said. "He was only groomsman and he came here to eat that supper. I invented the bride." He leaned back, swaying a little, patting his broad chest in pride.

"But, Gorey, I saw the wedding-ring!"

"Nonsense. A man might wear a plain ring."

"But it's new, and he slipped it off at supper. Gorey, there was a bride. There must have been."

"Well," he said, helping himself to a deviled kidney, "then he's the king of spoofers." He flung back his head. "Anita and he are a pair," he cried.

The truth flashed to Lady Throicey. She turned white under her powder, and she set down her coffee-cup lest it slip from trembling fingers. She glanced about and could not see her sister. "I—I think she's changing," she said in an agitated murmur. "I'll slip away." Her teeth actually chattered as she charged him once again to be gentle with Anita.

"I'll be a lamb," he assured her in the repressed howl of a triumphant wolf.

Her ladyship rushed to the dressing-rooms, dragged on her cloak, ran for her diamond star, glared at the door of Anita's room, then metaphorically picked up her skirts for flight from the terrible scene to come. A fight, even murder, at the least an offensive scene, a horrid scandal; she checked on that thought, pulled herself together and tapped on the door. It was not opened to her until she spoke. She glided in, slipped the bolt, dropped into a chair and stared from angry eyes at her calmly dressing sister. No words were needed to tell that she knew.

"What else could I do, Rita?"

"Oh, hurry! You are going, aren't you?"

"He doesn't know?"

"No, no, only me. Make haste. Save me at least a scandal. The man's drunk."

ANITA said: "I'm sorry, Rita. I had to come. I had to stay. Dick and I got parted just as he told you, and I was bound to wait for him here. Would any girl in my position own up that she had just been married? You know not. We had to see it through."

"Oh, do hurry. You have treated me abominably."

Anita shook her head as she quietly folded the skirt that had stood alone. "Dick and I had a silly quarrel at home, the very day before your cable came. I played the baby and rushed off to you. You wanted to marry me to this diamond-crusted vaquero——"

"Anita! Oh, cut your explanations. Go. That's all I ask."

"And leave this lovely lace in a muddle? I ran to the Martins when they asked me because I saw what you were up to. Dick had followed me across the ocean. He was the surprise they had for me. I fell into his arms. We found we couldn't get a license without a letter from you because I was under age, so I said I was twenty-one. And now you see why I had to hide it from you. We meant to stay here

YOU can secure for your hair all the natural beauty of health by simply giving it proper care through the use of

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

which is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the lustre, color and waviness that are natural to their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, and gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

Free Trial Offer You ought, at least, to try Canthrox since to prove its merits and to show that in all ways it is the most satisfactory hair cleanser, we send a perfect shampoo to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

For Sale at all Drug Stores
No Good Hair Wash Costs Less

One reason for the great popularity of Canthrox is that it requires so little trouble or time to use it. You just apply the fragrant invigorating lather thickly, rub thoroughly into the hair and scalp, rinse out carefully with clear warm water, after which it dries very quickly and easily.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 210, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

$1,000.00
The First Six Months!

With no experience and no capital, Homer E. Minor, better known as "The Magazine Bargain Boy" of Texas, made a net profit of $1,000.00 during the first six months he devoted to magazine subscription work. His business has increased 1,000% and is growing steadily.

You can do the same. No experience, no investment is necessary. There is no obligation. Write to-day for all particulars and supplies.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division, Box 673, Butterick Bldg., New York

Reduce Your Flesh
Exactly where desired by wearing
Dr. Walter's
Famous Medicated Reducing
Rubber Garments
For Men and Women

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne E. V. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue, New York
Philadelphia Representative: Miss Mary Kemmerer, 1029 Walnut St. Pacific Coast Rep.: Adele Millar Co. 346 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Are credited by a distinguished competent authority as being THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Made of highest grade pure, stiff bristles. The handles are beautiful tropical woods in highly finished ornamental shapes. They conform to the old proverb, "A thing of Beauty is a Joy forever." For sale everywhere.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 110 Years and the Largest in the World

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In Belgium—
A Street Scene
in Bruges

Guaranty
Service to Travelers

THIS COMPANY, with its own European branches and world-wide banking connections, offers in its *Travelers Checks* and *Letters of Credit* safeguarded funds, available the world over.

GUARANTY TRAVELERS CHECKS, in convenient denominations, can be used as ready money, yet the holder is protected against loss.

GUARANTY LETTERS OF CREDIT are orders upon our correspondents throughout the world for funds and at the same time are personal introductions.

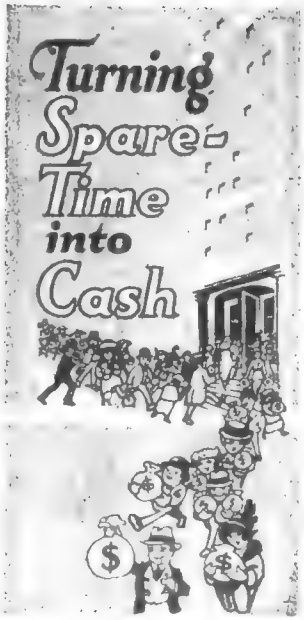
These safe and convenient forms of international money may be obtained at banks. Write to us or ask your bank for a booklet on Guaranty Service to Travelers.

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE CONSTANTINOPLE

CAPITAL & SURPLUS $50,000,000 RESOURCES MORE THAN $800,000,000

Sell Us Your Spare Time!



We will pay you liberally for every minute of it. Grasp the opportunity offered you now to become a Butterick Subscription Representative. Take advantage of our splendid, practical method by which thousands of busy men and women in all sections of the country are continually bringing into their lives new happiness through increased prosperity. They do this by simply devoting a few hours each week in behalf of *Everybody's Magazine*, *The Delineator*, *The Designer* and *Adventure*.

No Experience Is Necessary

We teach you and cooperate with you at all times. Our little booklet, "Turning Spare Time Into Cash," will tell you how to start and carry on Butterick Subscription Work successfully and profitably. Just this coupon will bring you a copy and a complete representative's outfit.

-------CLIP OUT—MAIL TO-DAY-------

Manager, STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
Box 672, Butterick Building, New York

Dear Sir:

Please send me without obligation a copy of "Turning Spare Time Into Cash" and all particulars concerning your money-making plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

quietly to-night come to you in the morning and 'fess up, and then on to Liverpool, for Saturday's steamer."

Anita had now put on the terrier-frazzled coat and picked up her hand-bag. "You see, Rita," she said as she moved toward her sister, "I haven't done anything to be freakish or mean. I've just done the best I could. And it hasn't been easy, either, I can tell you. Dick's waiting. It's good-by."

Lady Throicey rose and opened her arms, but dropped them as a heavy footstep sounded in the adjoining room. "Too late," she breathed in a voice of despair.

"It's all right, dear. Keep him busy for one minute." Anita flung her arm about her sister's neck, kissed her, tiptoed across the room and slipped out by the secret door. She just missed meeting Dick in the little hall.

Becoming impatient, he had left the automobile and gone up the main stairway. He heard voices. He listened.

"Yes, a brilliant, wonderful night, Gorey," Lady Throicey was cooing. "Tell her there was a misunderstanding. Say I thought she had gone with Callie."

"All ri', dear lady. Run along."

"Good luck, Gorey. Be very tactful."

"Oh, go on."

She came rushing out and almost caromed into Dick.

"Good night, Lady Throicey," he cried. "Thank you for coming to my supper." He held out his hand, but she only glared.

"Go!" she hissed. "She's waiting." She ran past him.

Dick entered the Black Room.

"Good-by, old man," he said cheerfully. "Thank you for a most unexpected night."

Pethick scowled at the intrusion, but brightened at the good-by. He held out his hand. "Fine game," he said, grinning vacuously. "Fine yarn you spun. You got us all guessing. Was there, or wasn't there?"

"There was, and is, and she's waiting for me now," Dick called over his shoulder as he hurried away.

Pethick grinned and dropped into a chair. His eyes were eagerly fixed on the door of an empty room, and he smiled as he heard the sound of a departing automobile. Five minutes later, at the click of the door handle, he jumped to his feet and sprang forward with open arms. They clasped the stout stiff figure of Rachel Ganter.

"Now, now, Mr. Gorey," she soothed.

"Where's Miss Westerholme?" he thundered.

"MISS WESTERHOLME?" she repeated with asperity. "You said that was her. She said as she was Miss Tip Turner. It's my opinion as she wasn't neither."

Pethick stared, dazed.

"She went off with that man as ordered the rooms and the supper and so, Mr. Gorey. I hope for her sake"—this with pious acidity—"as she's Mrs. Richard Starr Wainwright."

Pethick leaped for the doorway with a bellow; but the bride and groom were already two miles away. Dick was perilously driving with one hand. The other rested on Anita's cheek, for her head lay on his lap.

"Cold?" he asked.

"No. Happy," she murmured.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN RED *and* GOLD

(*Continued from page 69*)

A smiling little Japanese appeared, rather officious about a great lot of bags and a trunk or two that were coming in. He had a familiar look; even raised his hat and stepped forward with outstretched hand. It was Kato. And then Dawley Kane came in—tall, quiet, neatly dressed, his nearly white mustache newly cropped.

To his pale son Dawley Kane said merely, "Well!"—as he took his hand; and then was busy registering. That done, asked, "Had dinner?"

Rocky shook his head. "I don't care for any."

Dawley Kane's quietly keen eyes surveyed his son.

"What's the matter? Not well."

"I'm well enough."

"Sit down with me, can't you?" And turning to the attending Japanese he said—"You'll excuse me, Kato. I'll be dining with my son. Just a minute, Rocky, till I wash my hands."

THEY were shown to a table in the great dining-room, where the cackling was louder than in the lounge (they dine late on the Coast)—where blue-gowned waiters moved softly about as if there had never been a revolution, and wine-glasses glistened, and prettily bared shoulders gleamed roundly under the electric lights.

And Rocky, seated gloomily opposite this powerful, quiet man—who took him unerringly in, of course; dishearteningly Rocky felt that—found himself in a depression deeper than any he had known before. His father was so strong and he brought back with him the enveloping atmosphere of the mighty, splendidly successful white world in which they both belonged—a world that crushed the heart out of weaker peoples while it blandly talked the moralities. He felt it as a Juggernaut. It had the amazingly successful racial blend of character and plausibility. That would be the British quality; and, more roughly and confusedly, the American.

"Getting rather interesting up the river," remarked Dawley Kane over his soup. "How'd you get down?"

"On a junk."

"Any trouble?"

"Oh—some."

"Been here long?"

"Several days. I'm sailing Saturday."

"Sailing?" Mr. Kane raised his eyebrows. "Where?"

"Home."

"You decided not to consult me?"

"Oh, don't ride me, father! It's the next thing. I'm going back to college."

"Oh—I see." Mr. Kane looked over the menu, ordered his roast, and selected a red wine, cautioning the waiter to set it near the stove for five minutes. "It's wicked to heat Burgundy," he said, when the waiter had gone, "but it's the only way you can get it at the right temperature. I discovered that when we were here before. I gather, my boy, that you've come to your senses in the matter of that little yellow girl."

Rocky did not wince outwardly; he merely sat still. But his mind, at last, was active. And he knew—saw it in a flash—that no explanation he could possibly make would be intelligible. You

Everybody's Business

INTERESTING LITTLE ANNOUNCEMENTS CONVENIENTLY CLASSIFIED FOR QUICK READING

Agents and Help Wanted

Salesmen: Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a year. City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing system. Free Employment Service to Members. Send for Salesmanship book, list of lines and full particulars. National Salesmens Training Association, Department 143-D, Chicago, Illinois.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50: make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept 41, East Orange, N. J.

Salesmen—Become Independent—Own your business, experience unnecessary selling our $7,500 Accidental Death, $50.00 Accident, $25.00 Sick Weekly Benefits, $12.50 yearly, other amounts proportionate. Guaranteed steady income from renewals. $250,000 deposited Insurance Department. Registration Department C.—Newark, N. J.

Men Wanted for Detective Work. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former U. S. Govt. Detective, 129 St. Louis, Mo.

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week. Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431Y N. Clark St., Chicago.

Detectives Earn Big Money. Great demand. Travel. Fascinating Work. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, N.Y.

Get permanent customers for Guaranteed Hosiery and Underwear, easy by our new Sure Success Plan. Quickest introducer ever—opens way to $10-$20 a day profits. Beautiful sample outfits—liberal commissions, prompt deliveries. Wonderful opportunity. Write quick. C & D Company, Section F, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Correspondence Courses bought, sold and rented. All subjects; new or used. We save you half the original price. Economy Educator Service, 1664L Broadway, New York.

Sales Agents Wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 20 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Newest Thing Out—Lithogram Initials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 14, East Orange, N. J.

We Will start you in cleaning and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. B-C, Charlotte, N. C.

Business Chances

Get Into Business for Yourself! Establish and operate "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Drawer 94, East Orange, N. J.

Enter A Business of your own and earn big annual income in professional fees, making and fitting a foot specialty to measure; readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks; easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 19 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

For Office and Desk

Our "Modern" Duplicator reproduces 50 to 75 duplicate copies from each pen, pencil or typewritten letter, drawing, price list, or anything. Saves you money. Need one? Letter Size, $6.50. Booklet Free. L. S. Durkin, Reeves Co., Mfgrs., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Real Estate

LAND SALE!! Hardwood land in Antrim, Kalkaska, and Otsego counties, Mich., at only $15 to $30 per acre. Small down payment, easy terms. An opportunity to get a farm home close to markets, schools, churches and railroads at a bargain price. Some tracts on lakes and streams. Write today for big free booklet. Swigart, V-1263, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

130 Acres with 9 cattle, 3 horses, hay, vegetables, equipment; good buildings, $3300. Details, page 14 FREE Catalog. 1200 Bargains, 33 States. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B P Nassau St., New York City.

An Empire under irrigation, "Where the Land Owns the Water." Write for free booklet, Department E, Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, California.

Stories, Photoplays, etc.

Free Criticism. Stories, Photoplays, Ideas sold on Commission (no advance charges). Placing of acceptable MSS. assured. Plot Chart free to beginners. Submit MSS. or write, Harvard Co., 220, Ital.-Amer. Bldg., San Francisco

Write Photoplays; $25 to $300 paid any one for suitable ideas, experiences or suggestions. Experience unnecessary; complete outline sent Free to any one. Write Producers League 390, St. Louis, Mo.

Free to writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful Story and Play Writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 78, Auburn, N. Y.

Ambitious Writers of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for Free valuable instructive book, "Key to Successful Writing" including 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling. Atlas Publishing Co., 515 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Patent Attorneys

Patents. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book and Evidence Of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured—Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 10 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

Automobiles, etc.

We pay $8 a day taking orders for Insyde Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B 226, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Photo Finishing

Mail us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send six negatives any size and 20c for six prints. Or send 40c for one 8 x 10 mounted enlargement. Prompt, perfect service. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 268 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Old Coins Wanted

Watch Your Change for Old Coins. We buy all coins. We pay up to $80 for certain Large Cents. We offer Cash premiums on thousands of coins. Send 4c. Get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It will pay you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. E, Fort Worth, Texas.

Collect Old Coins for pleasure and profit. Send only 10c. Get large old U. S. copper cent, nearly size of half-dollar, and illustrated coin catalogue. Send now. B. Max Mehl, coin dealer, Dept. 8, Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Tex.

Musical Instruments

Violins—Deep, Mellow, Soulful—on easy credit terms. High grade, wonderful instruments of my own make. Development of many years' expertness. Write for book. Gustav D. Henning, 2424 Gaylord Street, Denver, Colo.

Inventions

Inventors and Manufacturers, Look! Practical inventions spell F-O-R-T-U-N-E for you. Write us what inventions you have to sell, or want to buy. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 51, St. Louis, Mo.

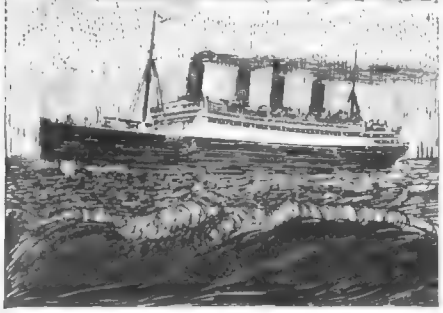
Games and Entertainment

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all Occasions, Make-Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 85, Chicago.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Going to
EUROPE?
Travel by
CUNARD-ANCHOR
THERE IS NO BETTER WAY
Apply
21-24 State St., New York
or Branches and Offices
throughout U. S. A. and Canada



LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
Standard for 50 years, and never excelled, Lablache is a safe powder for the complexion
Millions of fastidious women use it. It is the powder of undisputed refinement and stylish to use. Always sold in the plain, old-fashioned box.
Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.
BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 44
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

LAW
STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn
$3,000 to $10,000 Annually
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them—now.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 443-L Chicago

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 2360 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

can not—yet—talk across the gulf between the worlds. It was his first intelligent glimpse of the tremendous fact that Doane had so long and so clearly felt and seen. So he merely—at last, when his father looked closely at him—inclined his head and said, huskily—

"I'm going to work out this college business. That's my job clear enough."

This new attitude was to bring, later in the evening, confidences from the father.

"It's been an interesting journey for me, Rocky." Thoughtfully Dawley Kane smoked his Manila cigar. "It's enabled me to understand somewhat the delicate international situation out here. I couldn't see why our agents weren't accomplishing more. The trouble is, of course, that every square foot of China is staked out by the European nations. If you don't believe that, just get a concession from the Chinese government—for a big job—water-power development, railway building, or industrial—that part of it isn't so hard—and then try to carry it through. You'd find out fast enough who are the real owners of China. And those owners would never let you start.

"Great Britain controls this great Empire of the Yangtze Valley as completely as she controls India. France owns the South, Russia the Northwest and the North; Japan, from Korea and Lower Manchuria is penetrating the Northwest, too; they're bound, the Japanese, to tip Russia out one of these days, and they're very clever and patient about slipping into the British regions.

"They've got the Germans to contend with, too, in the Kio-chow region. But some day—either in the event of the final break-up of China or in the event of the European nations coming to an out-and-out squabble (which is almost a certainty, at that) Japan will be found to have pulled off most of the big prizes for herself.

"We'll have to fight Japan some day, I suppose—over the control of the Pacific—but in the meantime, those little people are the best bet. They know the East as the rest of us don't; they're clever, and their diplomats aren't hampered by the sort of half-enlightened public opinion that's always tripping us up in the West—sentimental idealism—that sort of thing. They've got everything, the Japanese, except money. And we've got the money. It'll be just a question of security, that's all; and watching them pretty closely. I've made up my mind to play it that way. A survey of the actual conditions out here makes our American diplomacy look pretty *naïve*. We talk idealism—open door and all—while all the rest of them are moving in and setting up shop and getting the money."

LATER, in Dawley Kane's spacious suite overlooking the park-like street where the colored lanterns of the rickshaws glowed pleasantly under the trees, the father said, laying a hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder—

"I can't tell you how happy you've made me, Rocky. It looks as if you've turned your corner. Just don't go in for too much thinking about what you've been through. There's nothing in remorse. As a matter of fact, a little rough experience is a good thing for a boy. After you get your balance you'll be all the closer to life for it. Go ahead with your college plans, get your degree, and then after a year or two in the New York office I'll bring you out here. We shall be playing for big stakes. And we shall need good men. That's the whole problem, really—the men. I had my eyes on this man Doane, but he turned out to be only a sentimentalist after all."

It was the hopelessness of it that drove Rocky out—after a respectful good-night—and over to the revolutionary headquarters. He knew that Mr. Doane worked most of the night, and took what sleep he got on a cot there.

Chapter Fifteen

In a Courtyard

I

HE SENT in his name, and waited for an hour in an outer office. For even this late in the evening headquarters was a busy place. Chinese gentlemen crowded in and out, dressed, to a man, in the frock coats and the flapping black trousers they didn't know how to wear. High officers slipped quietly in and out—in khaki, with the white brassard of the Revolution on their left arms; sometimes with merely a handkerchief tied around. Orderlies and messengers came and went. And clerks of untiring patience sat at desks.

It was a difficult hour. Rocky had only his confused emotions to guide him, and his hurt heart. There were moments even, when he didn't know why he had come. But he never thought of giving up. Whatever their curious relations, he had to see Mr. Doane, who was now the only stable figure in the rocking world about him. The man had been fine—square. That he knew now. And his nervous young imagination was veering toward hero-worship. He was utterly humble.

Naturally he was boyish about it, when they finally led him into that inner office. He said, flushing a little—

"I know you're busy, Mr. Doane—"

"Not too busy for you. I kept you waiting to clear up a few things." The man's great size and calmness of manner—the question rose, had he ever in his life known weariness?—were comforting.

"I'm sailing Saturday."

This, for a brief moment, brought the kindly though strong and sober face to immobility.

"You see, sir, I've come to feel that the best thing for me is to go back and—start clean."

A slight mist came over Doane's eyes. What a struggle the boy had had of it! And how splendidly he was working through! Thoughts came about the children of the rich in America—the problem of it.

"I—couldn't go without seeing you. You see, sir, it's you, I guess, that've put me on my feet. I sort of—well, I want you to know that I *am* on them. It's been a strange experience, all round. A terrible experience, of course. It shakes you."

"It has shaken me, too," Doane observed, simply.

"I know. That is, I see all that more clearly now. I was going to speak of it—it's one of the things—but first—Mr. Doane, will you write to me? Once in a while? I mean, will you—could you find time to answer if I write to you? You see, it isn't going to be easy, over

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

there. I've got to go clean outside my own crowd. And outside my family. They won't one of them understand what I'm up to. Not one. And—when you come right down to it, I suppose it's a question whether the thing licks me or not. "But—" his shoulders squared; he looked directly into that kind, deeply shadowed face—"I don't believe it will lick me!"

"No," said Doane, "it won't lick you."

"I shall never be able to shake China off now. It's got me. And I don't know a thing about it yet. Of course I shall be reading and studying it up."

"I'll send you a book once in a while."

"And I know I'm coming back out here some day. But it won't be as my father wants me to come. You see, I'll have money."

"A great responsibility, Rocky."

"I know. I guess I'm beginning to see that. But—I know all this must sound pretty young to you!—but I'm afraid I shall be leaning on you sometimes——"

"Write to me at those times."

"All right. I will."

"There is an amazing health in the American people."

"Yes—that's so, of course."

"It's a curiously blundering people. And there's a hard, really a Teutonic strain—that blend of practical hardheadedness, even of cruelty, with sentimentality—"

Rocky's brows came together. Mr. Doane and his father plainly didn't use that word "sentimental" in the same sense.

"—it comes down to a strain of—well, something between the old Anglo-Saxonism and the modern Prussianism. It's in us—in our driving business tactics, our narrow moral intolerance, insistence on standardizing vulgar ideas—forcing every individual into a mold—in our extraordinary glorification of the salesman. We seem to have a good deal both of the British complacency and the rough aggressiveness of the German. But the health is there—wonderfully.

What America needs is beauty—not the self-conscious swarming after it of earnest and misguided suburban ladies—but a quiet sense of the thing itself. Beauty—and simplicity—and patience—and tolerance—and faith. Prosperity has for the moment wrecked faith there. Simply too much money. But you'll find health growing up everywhere. Just let yourself grow with it. You've been deeply impressed by China. But if I were you, I'd let all that take care of itself. Never mind what you may come to feel next year or ten years from now. It may be mainly China or mainly America. Just work, and let yourself grow."

AT THE door they clasped hands warmly. And then, finally, Rocky got to the point.

"Mr. Doane—this is what I wanted to say—I saw Hui Fei this afternoon, and—"

Doane was silent; but still gripped his hand.

"—and we talked things all out. She knows I'm—knows I'm going back. And—this is it: You don't mind my—I think you ought to find time to go over there and see her. She seems puzzled about—I don't know quite how to say all this. You know how I've felt—feel. Of course, the thing is to look the facts in the face. I guess I'm man enough to do that." His voice was unsteady now. "I'm not the one. I never was. She was dear about it, to-day, but— I think you ought to see her. Oh, I'm sure it isn't just her father's will."

Rocky found himself, without the slightest sense of ungentleness on the part of Mr. Doane, through the door and confusedly saying his goodby before the patient clerks and the waiting crowd in the ante-room. He walked back to the hotel with a warm glow of admiration and friendship in his heart. There would be—he knew, even then—sad hours, probably bitter ones, in the long struggle to come. But this talk was going to help.

II

ON DOANE the boy's announcement had almost a crushing effect. His spirit was not adjusted to happiness. The strain of the work was a blessing. He framed, that night and during the following day, innumerable little chits to Hui Fei—pretexts, all, for a visit that needed no pretext. And the day passed. Self-consciousness was upon him; and a constant mental difficulty in making the situation credible. And there was the pressure of time; and awareness that to Hui Fei—perhaps even to the Witherys—his silence would soon demand a stronger explanation than the mere pressure of business. He had to keep reminding himself that the girl was helpless, that he himself was the only guardian whose authority she could recognize; his reason whispering from moment to moment that she would not touch the money he had so promptly put at her disposal. No, she would wait.

It was his old friend Henry Withery who brought him to it; appearing late on the Saturday afternoon, determined to drag him off for dinner: Withery, looking every one of his forty-eight years, patient resignation in the dusty blue eyes, and a fine net of wrinkles about them. His slight limp was the only reminder of tortures inflicted by the Boxers in 1900, out in Kansuh. He had taken over the T'ainan-fu mission for a year after Doane left the church in 1907; and during two years now had been here in Shanghai.

"There's no good killing yourself here, Grig," he said. "We've not had ten minutes with you yet, remember. And we must talk over that girl's affairs. She's very sweet about it, but it's plain that she's waiting on you."

His tone was genial; quite the tone of their earlier friendship, with nothing left of the constraint that had come into their relationship during Doane's difficult years on the river—the years that couldn't be explained, even to old friends. And Withery knew nothing of the curious personal problem of his and Hui Fei's lives. His manner made that clear. It remained to be seen whether Mrs. Withery knew. Doane, it will be noted, was still struggling, as of settled habit, with the thought of freeing the girl from the obligation laid upon her.

But Mrs. Withery didn't know, didn't dream. She was quite her whole-souled self. He might have been Hui Fei's father, from anything in her manner. He felt a conspirator.

Her father's tragic end accounted altogether for the girl's silence. She met

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"A few years ago I was making $15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! An opening came and I was promoted—with an increase. A little later another raise came—I could save $25 a month. Then another—I could save $50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department. We have a thousand dollars saved—and there is a real future ahead!"

For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can prepare right at home in spare time for the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Choose your career from this coupon and mark and mail it now.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2665 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting and Rys.	ADVERTISING
Electric Wiring	Window Trimmer
Telegraph Engineer	Show Card and Sign Ptg.
Telephone Work	Railroad Positions
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	ILLUSTRATING
Mechanical Draftsman	Cartooning
Machine Shop Practice	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Toolmaker	Private Secretary
Gas Engine Operating	Business Correspondent
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	Cert. Pub. Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Common School Subjects
Architectural Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
Concrete Builder	Railway Mail Clerk
Structural Engineer	AUTOMOBILES
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Mathematics
Sheet Metal Worker	Navigation
Textile Overseer or Supt.	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising
Pharmacy	

Spanish
Teacher
Banking

Name
Present Occupation
Business Address
1-1-21
Street and No.
City State

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

You can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash each week.

FULL PARTICULARS AND BOOKLET FREE

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
208 Ryrie Building, Yonge and Shuter Streets, TORONTO, CANADA

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & Co
695 Woolworth Bldg., New York; 625 F Street, Washington, D.C.
801 Tower Building, Chicago; Hobart Building, San Francisco

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

How to Reduce Your Weight

YOU CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I know you can, because I've reduced 45,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It's so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthusiastic.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height and weight, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 20
215 N. Michigan Blvd. CHICAGO

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

him naturally, though, with a frank grip of the hand.

It was a pleasant enough family dinner. They talked about the Revolution, of course. No one in Shanghai at the beginning of that November talked anything else. Hui Fei quietly listened; her face very sober in repose. She seemed—she had always seemed—more delicately feminine in Western costume. She was more slender now; her face a perfect oval under the smooth, deep-shadowed hair. Her dark eyes, deep with stoically controlled feeling, rested on this or that speaker. Doane found them once or twice resting thoughtfully on himself.

After dinner Mrs. Withery, with a glance at her husband, laid a sympathetic hand on Hui's shoulder.

"MY DEAR," she said, all friendly sympathy, "Mr. Doane's time is precious, these days and nights. I know that you should take this opportunity to talk over your problems with him. I shall be hustling about here—suppose you take him out into the courtyard."

Without a word they walked out there; stood by a gnarled tree whose twisted limbs extended over the low tiled roofs. There was a little light from the windows.

The long silence that followed was the most difficult moment yet. Doane found himself breathing rather hard. In Hui Fei he felt the calm Oriental patience that underlay all her Western experience. She simply waited for him to speak.

He looked down at her, quite holding his breath. He was fighting off, with all his strength and experience the warm sweet feelings that drugged his brain. She seemed almost frail out here, in the half light. A great wave of tenderness swept over him.

"My dear—" he began; then, when she looked frankly up at him, hesitated. He hadn't known he was going to begin with any such phrase as that. He got on with it— "I'm wondering how I can best help you. If I were a younger man there would be no question as to what I would have to say to you." Utterly clumsy, of course; with little light ahead; just a dogged determination to serve her without hurting her.

"I think a good 'eal of wha' they tell me you're doing"—thus Hui Fei, in a low but clear voice; not looking up now. "I've almos' envied you. Helping li' that."

"It must be hard for you— with all your mental interests—to sit quietly here."

"My min' goes on, of course," she said. "Yes, it isn' ver' easy."

This was getting them nowhere. Doane after a deep breath, took command of the situation. Sooner or later he would have to do that.

"Hui dear," he said now—very quietly, but directly—"this is a difficult situation for both of us. The only thing, of course, is to meet it as frankly as we can. I learned to love your father——"

She glanced up at this; her eyes glistened as the light caught them.

"—but we can not blindly follow his wishes. He had seen and felt the West, but he died a Manchu."

Her soft lips framed the one word, "yes." The softness of her whole face, indeed, was disconcerting; it was all sober emotion, that she plainly didn't think of trying to hide.

"And I'm sure you'll understand me when I tell you that I cannot accept his legacy."

She startled him now with the low but direct question—

"Why not?"

"My dear—" He found difficulty in going on.

"I don't know what I ought 'o say." He barely heard this; stopped a little. "I don' know wha' to do."

"Can't you, dear—isn't there some clear vision in your heart—don't you see your way ahead? Remember, you will always have me to help—if I can help. It will mean everything to me to be your dearest friend."

"I want 'o work with you," she murmured.

"I haven't dared believe that possible," he said, thoughtfully.

"Do you wan' me to?"

"Yes. But it has to be clearer than that." He was stupid again; he sensed it himself. "There is so much of life ahead of you. It's got to be clear that wherever your heart may lead you, child—that you shall have my steady friendship. The rest of it can grow as it may."

"I wan'—"

He couldn't make out the words; he bent down close to her lovely face.

"I want 'o marry you."

They both stood breathless then. Timidly her hand crept into his and nestled there.

"Tha's the trouble"—her voice was a very little stronger—"there isn' anything else. It's ever'thing you think an' do—ever'thing you believe. We're both between the worl's so——"

THE noise in his brain was like the pealing of cathedral bells at Christmas time. It frightened him. Yet in this rush of ecstatic feeling he suddenly saw clearly: The fabric of their companionship had hardly begun weaving. All his experience, his delicacy, his fine human skill, must be employed here. Ahead lay happiness! It was still newly incredible— And there lay—extending before them in a long vista—their intense common interest. The thing was to make a fine success of it. Build through the years.

And happiness was greatly important. He had so nearly missed it. Looking up through the branches of the old tree, he smiled.

Then he led her into the house.

"Have you had your talk already?" asked Mrs. Withery, pleasantly.

"We've settled everything," said Doane. "We've going to be married."

"Ver' soon," said Hui Fei, trustfully.

THE END.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SAVE 50c to $10.00

On Your Next Frock by Using the Deltor

It shows you how to save from one quarter of a yard to one and three-eighths yards of material.

The saving amounts to $2, $4 and as high as $10 with expensive materials. Even with average-priced materials, it saves more than the cost of the pattern with the Deltor.

Perhaps it's a suit you want or one of those smart sport coats or a trim little dress to wear with your Spring furs or one of those intricate colorful negligées or an evening dress from Paris?

Whatever you want, if it is clothes, you can have it successfully for a negligible cost by following the wonderful patented invention for making your clothes at home.

The DELTOR

is a series of sketches, a picture-lesson enclosed with your new Butterick Pattern, showing *your* suit, *your* dress, from the time you cut it out until it is completely finished. There is just enough printed instruction to make the pictures talk.

Cutting

Cutting charts aren't new? This one is! It doesn't show size 36 only when you have bought 42. It doesn't show it for 40-inch goods when yours is 54. It shows the pattern-drafter's own "trick-lay" for every size and every width of goods. And in so doing, it often saves you dollars in material.

Putting Together

And then—you won't have to debate any more as to what to do first. And whether that's the back or the front of the sleeve. And how the belt goes on. And why, oh! why, you can't seem to make the cuff behave. It's all in your Deltor. In pictures. With nice little brief instructions.

Finishing

And there's a page of inestimable value—a page of finishing instructions, those little-big things that make all the difference between a French model and a Sixth Avenue imitation. Not general finishing instructions, but specific instructions for making that one dress, of *your* material, in *your* size.

*Best of all, when you've made a dress by the new way—**the Deltor way**—you not only have the dress itself, and all the money you would have spent if you had to buy it ready-made, or go to an expensive dressmaker for it, **you have the real beginnings of a dressmaking education.***

Just get The Delineator

BUTTERICK

Style Leaders of the World

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

All out-doors
invites your Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN